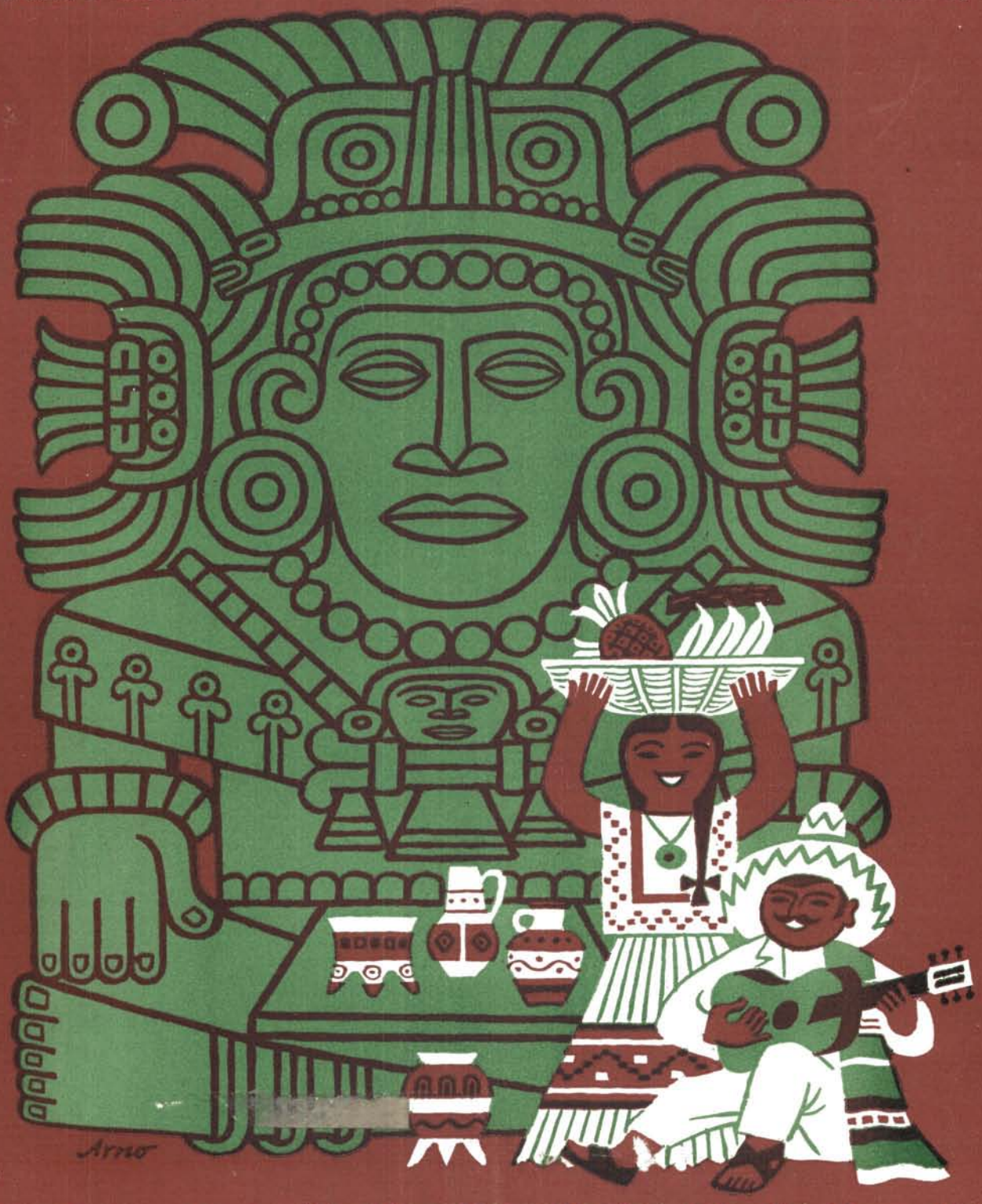
PASSPORT TO MEXICO: A SPECIAL SECTION

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY SEP 13

Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS SEPTEMBER 15, 1951



Contributors on Mexico: *Tom Lea, Henry Parkes, Salvador Novo, Añita Brenner, Herbert Weinstock, Horace Sutton, Philip Raine, Jean Charlot, Luisa Alvarez and others*

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See MEXICO during American's

Fiesta Fare Season

SAVE 50% OF YOUR RETURN FARE!

Mexico offers many pleasant surprises, but the most pleasant surprise of all is the low cost of vacations in this playland "South of the Border." On Flagship travel alone, you can save 50% of your return fare during American's Fiesta Fare Seasons. Savings, in most cases, will cover expenses for many days—or better still, pay the cost of one of American's wonderful 3 to 10 day tours.

Fiesta Fare Seasons apply from Sept. 15 thru Dec. 15 and from March 15 thru May 31. A generous 15-day round-trip limit is provided which may run past the end of the season if you begin your trip on or before the last day.

AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

September 15, 1951

Cover Design by Arno

Features

Page

SOME FEARS ARE LEGITIMATE
By Bonaro W. Overstreet 10

PASSPORT TO MEXICO
A Special Section 37

Reviews

LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar 12

THE STRANGE CHILDREN
Reviewed by Frances Gaither 13

MANY ARE CALLED
Reviewed by Ray B. West, Jr. 14

THE MANGO ON THE MANGO TREE
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman 14

FALLEN AWAY
Reviewed by Ann F. Woife 15

GREEK POETRY FOR EVERYMAN
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 16

THE GREEKS
MEN AND GODS
Reviewed by C. A. Robinson, Jr. 17

THE DREAM OF ALCESTIS
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer 18

WHITE COLLAR
Reviewed by D. W. Brogan 19

THIS IS COSTELLO
Reviewed by Harold B. Hinton 20

THE LOBBYISTS
Reviewed by Lindsay Rogers 21

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4

LITERARY I.Q. 20

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 23

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Arthur Knight 24

LITERARY CRYPT 28

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby 30

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 912 35

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goldman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 37, September 15, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

Important OXFORD BOOKS *on Religion*

Monday to Friday is not Enough

By THE REV. FREDERICK M. MEEK, D.D.

Out of his years of experience and his profound knowledge of the needs of men and women today, a noted minister has written a book of spiritual guidance that will be eagerly read by thousands of thoughtful Christians.

Dr. Meek deals with absolutes that can be depended upon — the essential Christian truths. His practical inspiration will help everyone to make Monday-to-Friday life not an oppressively futile period endured because of compulsion, but a rewarding part of Sunday-to-Sunday living.
The Pulpit Book Club Selection for September. $3.00

The Shorter Oxford Bible

Edited by G. W. BRIGGS, G. B. CAIRD *and* NATHANIEL MICKLEM

An edition that includes all the most frequently consulted passages from the Old and New Testaments skilfully edited carefully annotated, chronologically arranged. *The Shorter Oxford Bible* makes it possible to read the Bible as a consecutive, coherent story. It is an excellent guide to the study of the complete Bible. "This is a valuable book."—*Saturday Review.*
With suggested syllabus, 2 maps. $1.85

Christianity and Reason

Edited by EDWARD D. MYERS

In this vitally important contribution to modern thought, seven members of the Guild of Scholars unite in an effort to explain Christianity and secularism. The issues analyzed here between science and religion, faith and reason, natural and revealed theology are basic to contemporary theological thought. $3.00

The Christian Sacrifice

By THE REV. W. NORMAN PITTENGER, S.T.D.
author of *The Historic Faith and a Changing World*

The significance of Holy Communion in modern life is interpreted by an outstanding religious scholar. Dr. Pittenger traces the historical origins of eucharistic worship, stressing the importance of the rite as the central action of the Christian Church. His inspired interpretation is thought-provoking reading for every layman and clergyman. $3.00

A SMALL CHILD'S BIBLE
By PELAGIE DOANE. Seventy of the best-loved stories from the Bible retold with simplicity and reverence for young people. With 7 full-color illustrations. Catholic and Protestant editions. $3.00

TEN SAINTS
By ELEANOR FARJEON, *illustrated by Helen Sewell.* A reissue of this popular and beautiful book in both Catholic and Protestant editions. $3.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

CHARLES W. MORTON's wise and pithy compendium "How to Protect Yourself Against Women" (Lippincott) shapes up as one of the sure-fire nonfiction favorites of the fall. As Al Cap remarks, "No guy who doesn't do a comic strip has a right to be so funny." Typical of his handiwork is this brief but definitive wrap-up of the "guest conductor," reprinted by permission:

When a columnist goes off on his summer vacation he leaves his writing obligations to "guest conductors."

The formula for guest conductors is not too difficult: the columnist simply picks out what he thinks are the most important people of the day who happen to think, at the same time, that he is the most important columnist of the moment. Beginning at the top, the columnist works down the list until he has corralled enough "guests" to last him through the fortnight on Fire Island.

The result is that the column is usually signed during the period by an assortment of ex-hoodlums, ball players, sweater girls, the Cabinet member who happens to be dreaming the hardest about becoming President, the restaurateur who gives the columnist most of his free meals, an Assistant Postmaster General who once got a job for the columnist's brother-in-law, a novelist who hopes that the publicity will get him a Hollywood contract, and by various clients, literate or otherwise, of the reigning Public Relations wizard. Thus equipped,

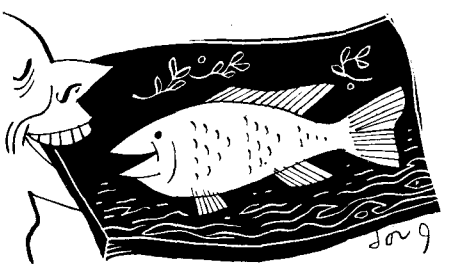
the columnist takes farewell of his public by reminding them of his own immense distinction as a figure in American life. But even we big fellows, he sums up, need a bit of vacation, just like you little chaps.

The guests then take over with a series of "tributes" to the columnist. Their efforts usually open up with a disclaimer that they had not realized what important people they had become until the columnist invited them to be a guest conductor, ha-ha-ha, etc., etc. They confess to a childhood ambition to be a columnist—always wanted to Write. The rest of the column is given over to anecdotes about the vacationing columnist and what a great guy he is.

At the end of two weeks the columnist himself comes back on the job and resumes the steady grind of telling his readers what a great guy he is.

HARPO MARX PROVED the exception to Charlie Morton's rule when he took over one day for vacationing Mike Connolly in *Daily Variety*. Harpo, it appears, had a few hacks to grind, and accomplished his purpose with this stinging parody:

TOM WINS FINALS at La Jolla in SPTUJL. . . . Republic will remake GWTW without C. G., who has previous commitment to tour



with "Showboat." . . . Katz may wax with Sax. . . . Let's put the welcome mat out for Mel Lenter, who's due in Wednesday from Pasadena. Hi, Mel. . . . Daily Double today: Jane Lowell with Peter Toylan, she don't know! . . . Katz flies north. . . . Steins No. 2 Grease now available. . . . Katz flies west. . . . WB recalling S. L. for 3 PD. . . . Worry note: No Skouras picture in the paper for three days. . . . Katz flies south for Hablitz. . . . Hedda's editorial, which hit it right on the head, which what we need is better pictures. Atta, Hedda!

WHAT LEADING MARRIED man and young starlet quietly took seven rooms at a motel in La Jolla, all with bath! Little does she know that his her knows. . . . Skouras joins Katz. . . . Leo leaves MGM, may form independent. . . . Katz flies west. . . . Preview cards at last night's sneak confiscated by postal authorities. . . . Katz grounded. . . . J. Wintery, v.p. of KFI AM and TV, TWA'd in from NY after NARTB and NBC sessions. Will UAL back to MCIMPD at NYC briefly, but will return immediately to supervise opening of Tippy and Cobina at Mocambo. . . . Katz thumbs east. . . . Music Hall discontinues gumdrops. . . . Dick's editorial says that there's nothing wrong with bad pictures that good boxoffice won't cure. Atta Dick! . . . Katz stranded in Kansas. Will open drive-in. . . . Fitz quits Spitz. . . . Irving Berlin will not change agents. . . . Pascal given green light. . . . Pascal given red light. . . . Pascal, color blind, starts shooting Monday. . . . Katz arrived in Milwaukee. Katz joined Blatz. . . . That's all for today, see you tonight.

THE REST OF THIS COLUMN IS IN PANTOMIME! . . .

"AMONG FRESH-WATER FISH," notes Paul N. Dubois, the Ike Walton of Worcester Mass., "the bass is conceded its place among the gamest, wiliest, and most exciting to catch. When it comes to the bass's eating qualities, however, there are marked differences of opinion. Admittedly it does not have the delicate taste of the trout or the perch. On the other hand, there are some who maintain that when it is prepared properly, though said preparation is long and painstaking, bass is a dish fit for a king—or even an author. At our Rod and Gun Club recently a member submitted the following recipe, which may intrigue TRADE WINDS readers: 'Soak the bass in sauterne wine, sweet basil, and mint overnight. Sprinkle well with salt and tack to a board. Let it dry in the sun for two days. Wash in milk spiced with brandy. Stuff with slices of green apple and ground peanuts. Roast in oven after surrounding fish with vegetables and candied sweet potatoes, and soaking board in bourbon. Take whole from oven. Throw away the bass and eat the board. Small shavings may be preserved as gourmet's tooth picks!' " . . .

Monkey Business

Mortimer Adler, the "Great Books" professor at the University of Chicago, says that men are not descended from monkeys after all.—News item.

Time was, when we would have rejoiced
To hear the views of Adler voiced,
Renouncing Darwin, hailing Bryan,
And man no more the monkey's scion.

However, thanks to monkey-shines
Of men, the human star declines,
And it's the monkey, shocked and sated,
Who's glad to hear we're not related.

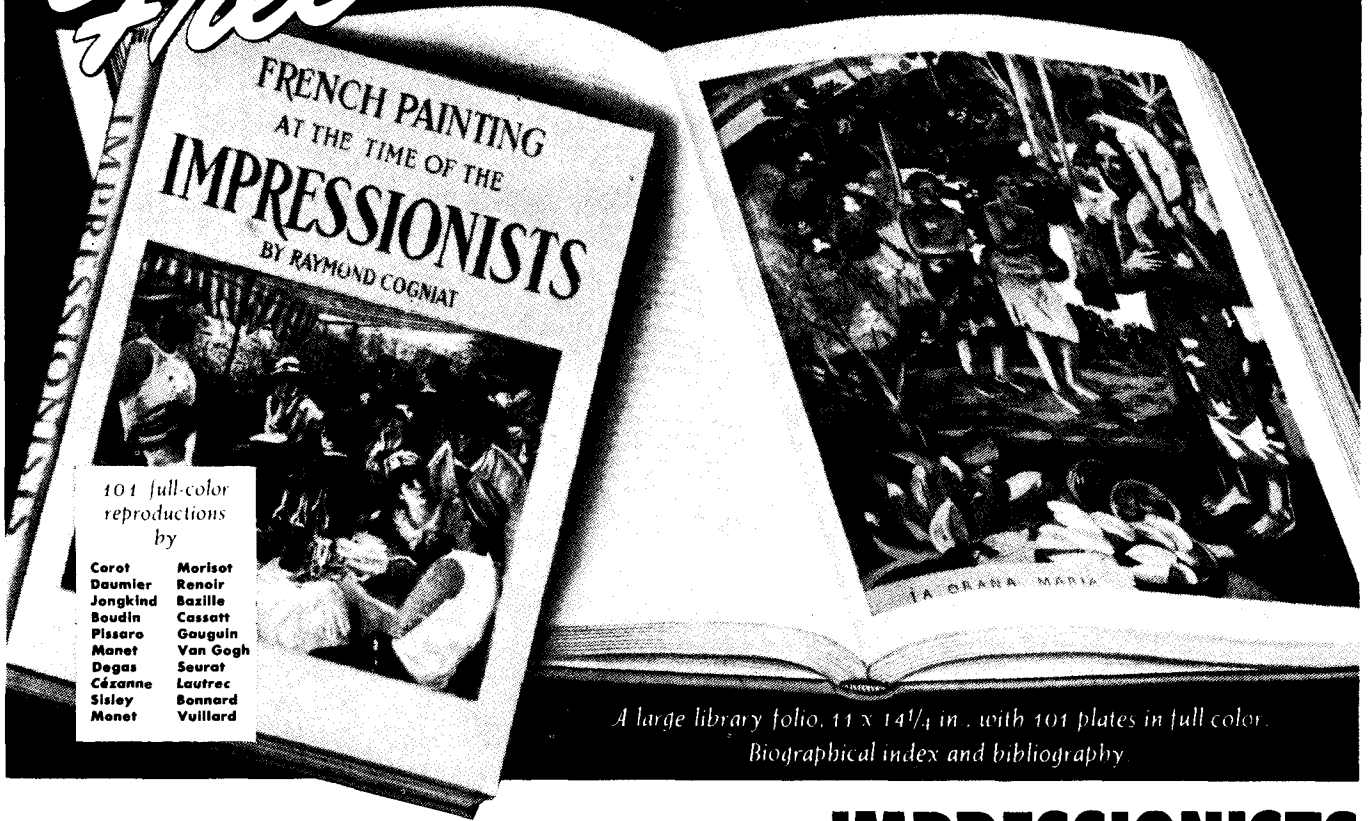
—RICHARD ARMOUR

ROSE SELLERS, president of the Library Association of the City Colleges of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL ART BOOKS

Free TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE *Art Book Guild*



FRENCH PAINTING at the time of the IMPRESSIONISTS

By RAYMOND COGNIAT

Richly and faithfully illustrated with special plates made in France . . . elegant in typography, lavish in design . . . this sumptuous volume is probably the most handsome art book available anywhere in the world!

Here are the gems of that star-like shower of exciting and wonderful paintings which for twenty-odd extraordinary years flowed from the brushes of the struggling founders of Impressionism. Here is the record of their struggle — their beliefs, their techniques, their message. With interpretive and critical text by the president of the French Art Critics, this unique book is a tribute, an analysis, and a magnificent gallery of fine art.

Retail price: $9.50 ***FREE TO NEW MEMBERS***

YOUR PRIVILEGES AS A MEMBER

When you join, we send you the beautiful and unique *French Painting At The Time Of The Impressionists* FREE.

Also, as a Guild member, you get a *free* subscription to the interesting Guild brochure, *Art in Books*. This informative monthly booklet tells about art books of all publishers and describes the next Guild selection. For each four selections you accept, we send you an *additional*, valuable Bonus Book *free*.

You don't buy any book unless you really want it. All you pay for each book you want is the special low member's price plus a small fixed mailing charge, *after* you receive the book. Savings on selections run as high as 40%, sometimes higher. If you do not want to receive the forthcoming book, you simply return a printed form. You enroll for no fixed term, and you may cancel your membership at any time after you accept four Guild selections.

ALL Art Book Guild books . . . your FREE membership gift book, the selections and your FREE extra Bonus Books . . . are in the publisher's original editions. They are beautifully illustrated, handsomely designed books you'll be proud to own.

Why not get the extraordinary "Impressionists" at no charge? Here is your chance to collect fine art books that become a treasured "museum without walls."

$17.00 worth of books to new members for $5.50

This coupon makes you a member with all privileges

THE ART BOOK GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.
Dept. S-4, 296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, FREE as a gift upon joining, *French Painting At The Time Of The Impressionists*. With it, send as my first selection *Modern Art In The Making* at the special, low member's price of $5.50 plus 38c postage and packing charge. I will receive *Art In Books* free every month. I will receive a *free* Bonus Book for each four selections I buy, and my only obligation is to accept four Guild selections the first year I am a member.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

Start Your Membership With

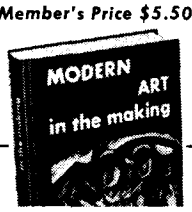
MODERN ART IN THE MAKING

By BERNARD MYERS

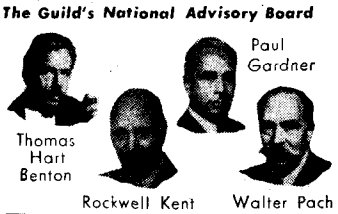
457 pages, more than 200 reproductions, 6 in full color. Bibliography and Index.

The fascinating, behind-the-scenes stories of Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, Picasso and others who developed modern art in Europe and America. Said the *Saturday Review of Literature*: "Dr. Myers succeeds admirably in establishing the modern creative artist as a vital force."

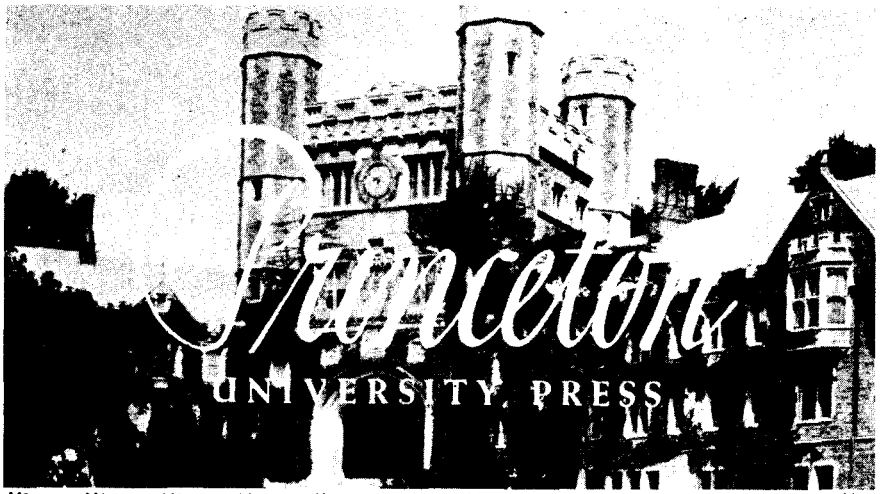
Retail Price $7.50
Member's Price $5.50



The Guild's National Advisory Board



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Letters of Benjamin Rush

Edited by LYMAN H. BUTTERFIELD. Full of flavor and zest, this collection of over 650 letters, two-thirds of them never printed before, is a companion piece to Rush's *Autobiography*. Written between 1761 and 1813, the letters trace Rush's career, from student in Scotland and England to signer of the Declaration of Independence and Philadelphia's leading physician. He writes to John Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Witherspoon, and a host of others. Two fascinating series of letters chronicle the failures of the hospital service in the Revolutionary War and the Philadelphia yellow-fever epidemic of 1793. Rush, the private individual, is revealed in the letters to his wife.

2 vols., 1,388 pages, 6x9 inches, illustrated, $15.00

The Autobiography of Benjamin Rush

Edited by GEORGE W. CORNER. The first complete edition of the autobiography, including also the "Commonplace Books" for the last quarter-century of Rush's life. "A major contribution to the materials of Revolutionary history."—*London Times*. "The first really satisfactory edition ever published."—*Allan Nevins*. "Likely to speak to us and our children with the intimacy that Franklin's autobiography spoke with to an earlier generation of Americans."—*The Nation*. *Illustrated, $6.00*

The Letters of Benjamin Franklin and Jane Mecom

Edited by CARL VAN DOREN. The delightful correspondence between Franklin and his favorite sister contains more letters than he is known to have written to any other person. As the personality of Jane Mecom emerges through them, we understand the reasons for the esteem in which her brother held her. "These letters illuminate, often in picturesque language, life in colonial America, and throw light on the always fascinating personality of Benjamin Franklin."—*The New Yorker*. "A model of enlightened scholasticism."—*Virginia Quarterly Review*. *Illustrated, $5.00*

These books are published for the American Philosophical Society

At your bookstore *Princeton University Press*

New York, tells me that reserve-room librarians have to cope with requests like these:

1. May I borrow a Husband for the weekend? (Husband's "Applied Psychology").
2. I want to take out Ely's Appendix (to the "Outline of Economics").
3. Miss, have you got a Beard? ("The Rise of American Civilization").

Miss Sellers should hear of the lady in a Westchester library who begged, "Have you a good book on serious marital problems? My husband is one." Or the goings-on in a library in Grand Forks when Hoare's English-Italian Dictionary was added to the catalogue. . . .

PETER, THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON of Ziff-Davis's Sol Zatt, has inherited some of his father's flair for publicity and hyperbole. He invited the whole family to Gramercy Park School's summer closing play, in which, he promised, he was to star as a thunder shower. When they arrived they discovered that he played a raindrop. . . . Commercial candor still flourishes in New England. Near the *Atlantic Monthly* offices a furniture store displays a big sign boasting, "Twelve years without a sale!". . . Thanks to readers who identified the poem dug up by Howard Potter for the August 25 TRADE WINDS as "An Overworked Elocutionist" by Carolyn Wells. The unbowdlerized text may be found in "Best Loved Poems of the American People" (Garden City Publishing Co.). . .

BETTY STEARNS REPORTS on a bang-up cocktail party at the Main Street Book Store in Chicago where two prominent authors, James Jones and Willard Motley, met for the first time. They liked one another better and better as the party progressed, and as a final gesture of esteem Motley picked up a copy of "From Here to Eternity," draped his arms around Jones's shoulder, and confided, "You know, this is the best damn book I've never read."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 911)

GRAHAM:
MY WINDOW LOOKS DOWN EAST

Our Maine world is best seen . . . in early October . . . Nature's beauty rises to a crescendo . . . We who live in the country take part in the ceremonial ritual of fall. We see transfiguration before death and carry the memory . . . through winter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many pounds are sirloin steak?

☐ 250 lbs.

☐ 150 lbs.

☐ 50 lbs.

Sirloin on a plate comes as thick as you want it and as big as your appetite (or your pocketbook).

Sirloin on a steer comes surrounded by hamburger, chuck, stewing beef and a lot of other cuts. The meat packer has to buy them all. And sell them all, too.

The part that is sirloin figures out like this: **From a 1000-pound steer, you subtract 400 pounds of hides, hoofs, inedible fats, etc. That leaves 600 pounds of "eatin' meat."** ***But only 8% of this, or around 50 pounds, is sirloin.***

That's why you pay more for sirloin than for most other cuts. The price of each cut, you see, is determined largely by how much there is of it and how much people like it.

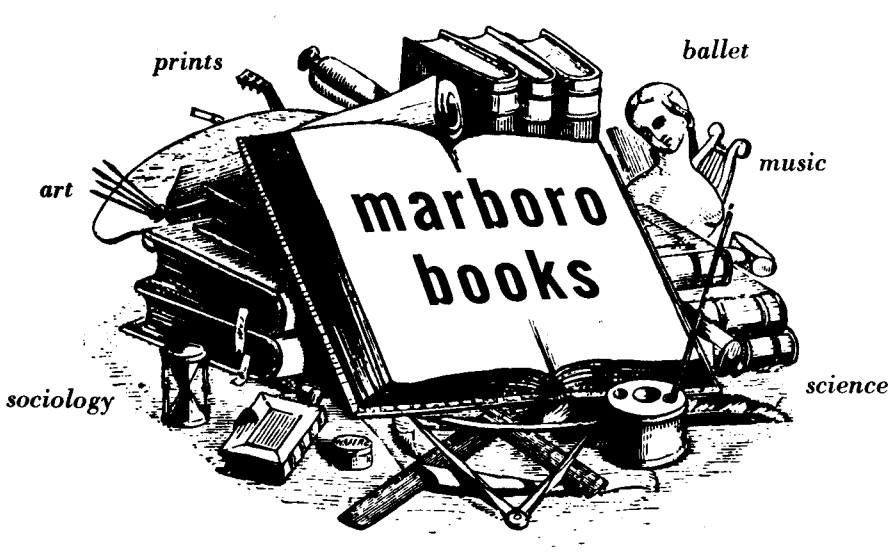
Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping." They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice sets the values.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVINGS UP TO 80%



☛ Brand-new original editions you'll be proud to own ☛ many prices slashed far lower than you ever thought possible ☛ satisfaction guaranteed on every purchase from Marboro Books.

ORDER WITH THIS COUPON

marboro books Dept. Y9, 117 E. 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the book bargains circled below.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C. O. D.

21	23	28	41	42	91	126	167	177	251	257	270	285	286	288
294	296	319	330	358	365	370	372	373	374	381	405	410	415	418
422	430	434	436	442	449	450	451	452	453	458	459	460	462	463
466	467	470	471	472	473	475	476	477	481	483	486	487	488	489
490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	503	504			

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

New York residents add 3% city sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U. S. A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return books after 10 day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

When in New York—shop at MARBORO'S STORE 8 E. 59th Street

470—Existentialism

By Jean Paul Sartre. Here is the heart of Sartre's philosophy—that man is personally responsible for what he does—that there are no values external to man—that man may therefore choose different values. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Now only* **1.49**

495—Problems of Men

By John Dewey. *Democracy and Education, Human Nature and Scholarship, Value and Thought, William James* and *James Marsh*—all brilliantly discussed by a great American philosopher. 424 pages. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **2.95**

491—Katherine Mansfield Stories

A collection of her best stories as selected by her husband, J. Middleton Murry. Beautifully bound hard-cover volume containing 12 famous tales. Illus. by Leon Jacobson. *Now only* **.59**

494—Bertrand Russell

A Sketch of His Life and Work. By H. W. Leggett. This pictorial biography presents his unorthodox views on sex, marriage and education as well as an intimate view of Bertrand Russell as man and philosopher. Illus. with 28 photographs. *Now only* **1.98**

490—Poems of Death

An unusual collection of poems, chosen by Phoebe Pool, that bring together the varying responses to death of many great minds. With 16 original lithographs in color by Michael Ayrton. *Now only* **.97**

488—Autobiography of Maxim Gorky

Trans. by Isidor Schneider. 3 great books in one 640-page volume. *My Childhood—In the World—My Universities.* An unexcelled picture of Russian life in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Pub. at $3.75. *Now only* **2.49**

492—The Crown Jewels of England

16 full-color illustrations by Paxton Chadwick of the most popular sight of Historic London—*the crown jewels.* Accompanied by Oliver Warner's interesting account of the principal pieces and of the Coronation Service. *Now only* **.95**

503—The Picture of Dorian Gray

By Oscar Wilde. Beautifully bound, hard-cover edition illustrated by Leo Manso. Wilde's razor-edged wit and exotic fancy at its fabulous best. Introd. by Frances Winwar. *Now only* **.59**

489—An Interpretation of Shakespeare

Hardin Craig, Prof. of Shakespeare, U.N.C., brilliantly discusses all 33 of Shakespeare's plays, as well as his sonnets and long poems. *Now only* **3.88**

486—Are Clothes Modern?

By Bernard Rudofsky. Over 300 illustrations. Color Diagrams. A famous work on Contemporary Costume, showing how the best costume design is the expression of our present-day ways of life. Pub. at $8.75. *Only* **2.89**

487—Atoms of Thought

By George Santayana. Ed. by Ira D. Cardiff. An anthology of sayings and opinions of the great philosopher. Indexed. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

296—Contemporary American Sculpture

Ed. by C. Ludwig Brummé. Intro. by William Zorach. 130 full-page, 9½" x 12" plates—the very best in contemporary sculpture. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.49**

381—Picasso Ceramics

An 11" x 15" portfolio of 16 glorious full-color reproductions of Picasso pottery work. The very texture of the plates is shown with remarkable fidelity! Each reproduction cut to the shape of the original and mounted on a mat for framing. Foreword by Suzanne and Georges Ramis. Printed in Switzerland. *Very special at only* **3.95**

319—Lost Treasures of Europe

Ed. by Henry LaFarge. Great cultural monuments of Europe which were destroyed in World War II. 427 photographs of "lost treasures" as they appeared in all their glory before the ravages of war. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

476—The Music Lover's Almanac

Ed. by William Hendelson and Paul Zucker. Valuable and interesting material on all phases of the world of music arranged in almanac form. 365 articles—one for each day—and 220 illustrations. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Now only* **1.49**

466—Our Fair City

Ed. by Col. Robert A. Allen, author of *"Washington-Merry-Go-Round."* A scathing expose of graft and corruption in 17 typical American cities. *' Rips the false faces off certain leading citizens by naming names"*—Walter Winchell. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Now only* **1.39**

286—Aristophanes: Five Comedies

Handsomely illustrated by Lazlo Matulay. The peak of the Greek master's achievement—The Knights, Lysistrata, The Clouds, The Frogs, The Birds. *Only* **1.24**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

475—Ballet Sketches of Degas

Four stunning reproductions whose extraordinary quality seldom, if ever, has been equaled. Each plate measures a full 17" x 13" . . . each printed on a different tinted, textured stock—one admirably suited to the particular subject.

All four Degas prints now only **1.49**

483—Sketching Is Easy

By Arthur Zaidenberg. Hundreds of illustrations. A practical handbook lavishly illustrated so that anyone can learn how to draw objects, animals and the human figure. *Pub. at $2.95.* *Only* **1.98**

504—Les Chasses a Chantilly

A portfolio of 11 antique paintings of the French hunt, superbly reproduced in full color and gold. Unusual prints of rare charm and delicacy—ideal for framing. *Only* **.97**

372—Renoir

Incomparable full-color reproductions produced by the world's finest craftsmen. Ten of Renoir's greatest paintings faithfully printed on 8" x 9¾" tipped-in sheets. Text by Milton S. Fox. *Only* **1.24**

481—Dictionary of Science and Technology

In English, French, German and Spanish. Separate indexes in French, German and Spanish permit two-way reference with English entries. Complete with conversion tables and technical abbreviations for engineering and scientific use. *Pub. at $6.00.*

Now only **1.98**

126—Children's Classics

Gilt-decorated 8-volume set. Robin Hood, Black Beauty, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Pinocchio, Alice in Wonderland, Hans Brinker, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Arabian Nights. 2,000 pages. Sturdy red library cloth binding. *Pub. at $20.00.*

Eight volume set only **5.88**

23—Torture Garden

A startling novel of passion and horror. Unexpurgated English version of Octave Mirbeau's forbidden French classic makes your blood creep with its startling revelations of Oriental evil. *Only* **2.98**

472—Dictionary of Unusual Words

By Edwin Radford. An arranged collection of unusual expressions and words with the story of how they came about. Everything from *"above board"* to *"zounds". Pub. at $3.75.* *Now only* **1.98**

462—Astronomy

By Robert H. Baker, Ph.D., Prof. of Astronomy, the Univ. of Illinois. *Fourth edition.* 461 pages. Hundreds of illustrations. The whole subject of astronomy treated simply but authoritatively. *Pub. at $4.25.*

Only **1.39**

473—Dictionary of Word Makers

Pen Pictures of the People Behind Our Language. Short stories about the people whose names have passed into our language—*Downing of Downing Street, Eros of erotic, Sax of saxophone, etc.* With illustrations by John Nicolson. *Pub. at $5.00. Now only* **1.98**

41—Theatre World

Three volumes that present a complete record of the Broadway stage from 1944 to 1948. Edited by Daniel Blum. Each volume presents over 500 photographs of scenes and personalities from all theatrical productions of a single season. Includes a synopsis of each play. *Pub. at $6.00. All 3 volumes only* **1.49**

365—The Plays of Chekhov

Nine great plays by the master of the modern theatre. *The Sea Gull, The Cherry Orchard, Three Sisters, Uncle Vanya,* and others. Woodcuts by Howard Simon. 328 pages. *Now only* **.59**

471—Encyclopedia of Religion

"Embraces tens of thousands of articles on all the significant religions of the world . . . a truly great achievement"—N. Y. Times. Ed. by Vergilius Ferm with 190 collaborators. 844 pages. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Now only* **5.95**

467—Our Sovereign State

Ed. by Col. Robert S. Allen. Exposes the exciting inside story of backstairs politics in a dozen typical states in America. *Pub. at $5.00. Now only* **1.49**

285—The Record Book

The Best Available Guide to Fine Recorded Music. David Hall evaluates the domestic and foreign recorded music of 780 composers. An indispensable book for anyone interested in good music. 1394 pages. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

436—Quo Vadis?

By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Illustrated. The famous Curtin translation of the spectacular story of Nero's Rome and the early Christians. 422 pages.

Only **1.49**

459—A Short History of Chinese Art

By Hugo Munsterberg. A lively and comprehensive survey of Chinese art, from pre-historic times to the priceless masterpieces of the Manchu Dynasty. Illustrated with fifty superb examples. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **2.39**

493—Men Without Women

14 short stories by Ernest Hemingway—tales ranging from the bloody bull rings of Spain to the steaming fight canvasses of New York. Beautifully bound, hard-cover edition illustrated (and with a note on the author) by John Groth. *Now only* **.59**

373—Van Gogh

Incomparable full-color reproductions produced by the world's finest craftsmen. Ten of Van Gogh's greatest paintings faithfully printed on 8" x 10" tipped-in sheets. Text by Meyer Schapiro. *Only* **1.24**

294—Winnie the Pooh

Four Books in One. By A. A. Milne. Delightfully illustrated by E. H. Shepard. *Christopher Robin, Winnie, Piglet, Heffalump—all in these famous children's books.* *Only* **.59**

453—The Rape of Lucrece

By William Shakespeare. Deluxe, large-type edition with 21 striking, full-page drawings by J. Yunge-Bateman. Beautiful 8½" x 11" volume with leatherette binding. *Pub. at $7.50. Now only* **1.98**

422—Everyman's Dictionary of Music

Compiled by Eric Blom. 706 pages. The 10,000 entries include 3,000 Composers—1200 Musical Terms—1300 Titles—200 Instruments. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.39**

374—El Greco

Incomparable, full-color reproductions produced by the world's finest craftsmen. Ten of El Greco's greatest paintings faithfully printed on 8" x 10" tipped-in sheets. Text by John F. Matthews. *Only* **1.24**

251—Oscar Wilde

A biography by Andre Gide, French Nobel Prize winner. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Gide's personal memories of Wilde before his imprisonment make fascinating reading. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Now only* **.97**

460—Freud: Dictionary of Psychoanalysis

Ed. by Nandor Fodor & Frank Gaynor. Preface by Theodore Reik. Long-awaited reference dictionary of psychoanalysis—*all the basic terms and concepts as formulated, defined and explained by Dr. Sigmund Freud himself! Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

410—Jules Verne Omnibus

4-volumes-in-one. 822-page unabridged volume—*20,000 Leagues Under the Sea—Around the World in 80 Days—The Blockade Runners—From the Earth to the Moon.* *Only* **2.95**

405—Early American Locomotive Prints

Eight hand-tinted prints of old locomotives (Mogul, eight-wheeled "American," Hudson double-ender and others). Reproduced on fine quality, heavy stock, these 8¼" x 5½" prints are in great demand for home decoration. *Pub. at $4.00.*

All 8 hand-tinted prints in full color only **1.98**

442—The New World

First Pictures of America made by John White and Jacques Le Moyne and engraved by Theodore De Bry. With Contemporary Narratives of the Huguenot Settlement in Florida and the Virginia Colonies. Edited and annotated by Stefan Lorant. 9" x 12". Beautifully printed and slip-cased. *Pub. at $20.00.*

Only **8.66**

451—Currier & Ives Prints

Now you can decorate your home with these charming views of 19th century America—*at remarkably low cost.* Eight of the most popular Currier & Ives prints, including *Clipper Ships, Central Park Winter, Railroad Trains, Fruits and Flowers, etc.*—each authentically reproduced in full-color on an individual 9" x 12" sheet. *Pub. at $3.00.*

Very special—all eight for only **.97**

450—Posters of Toulouse-Lautrec

A Set of Four Full-Color Prints Ready for Framing. Printed by Andre Sauret in Monte Carlo, these large 9¾" x 12¾" reproductions match the original posters in richness of color and accuracy of detail.

Four Parisian posters only **1.98**

449—Vesalius

The Illustrations from His Works. J. B. deC. M. Saunders and Charles D. O'Malley, Editors. *"A great medical classic . . . a scholarly work and a beautiful one."*—*N. Y. Times.* All the illustrations from all of Vesalius' works. 96 full-page (9" x 12") plates. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Very special at only* **4.88**

458—Kahlil Gibran

A biography. An excellent life of the great Lebanese mystic by Mikhail Naimy, leading literary figure of the East. Illustrated. *Pub. at $3.75.*

Only **1.49**

358—Proust's Way

By Francois Mauriac. This unique revelation of Marcel Proust's personality exposes the intimate thinking and suffering of a great writer. *Pub. at $3.00.*

Now only **.97**

477—Fin de Siecle

Ed. by Neville Wallis. *With a note on the period by Holbrook Jackson.* Works by the greatest writers of the Yellow Book era—*Wilde, Beerbohm, Swinburne, etc.* More than 25 illustrations by *Beardsley, Toulouse-Lautrec, Whistler, Rothenstein, etc.*

Now only **.97**

418—Gold Rush

The Journals, Drawings and Other Papers of J. Goldsborough Bruff . . . April 2, 1849-July 20, 1851. 794 pages, 92 drawings, 11 maps. A vivid picture, in words and sketches of life on the gruelling, perilous journey. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **3.49**

463—Strange Loves

A Study in Sexual Abnormalities. By La Forest Potter, M.D. The strange, erotic world of twilight men and women. **2.39**

330—The Woodcuts of Aristide Maillol

Ed. by John Rewald. 176 reproductions of exquisite woodcuts. The arts of love and bodily pleasure recorded with lofty sensuality—a purity of line unequaled in modern art. *Orig. pub. in a limited edition at $18.00.* *Only* **5.88**

91—Roget's Thesaurus

The New Authorized Revised Edition. An indispensable book that instantly provides *the right word at the right time. Sturdily-bound, handsome library edition. 705 pages.* *Only* **.97**

288—Photographie 1947

Famous French publication offers 115 beautiful examples of modern camera art, portraying nature, the human body, the arts. Several in full color. 10" x 12¼". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

177—Scottish Clans and Their Tartans

By Sir Thomas Innes of Learney. 36th edition. *96 full-page Tartans in full color.* Clan map of Scotland, histories of the Clans, list of names entitled to wear Tartans. Bound in Tartan Cloth. 275 pages, 3¼" x 4¾". *Only* **1.44**

28—The Works of Charles Dickens

Handsome 8-volume set containing *David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Tale of Two Cities, Oliver Twist, Christmas Carol,* etc. Illus. 2830 pages. Red de luxe library cloth binding, gilt-stamped. Orig. $20.00. *8-volume set only* **5.95**

370—Dictionary of Word Origins

By Joseph T. Shipley. Stories of the words we use—how they grew across centuries and countries. Thousands of word histories, old and new. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

415—The Nile

By Emil Ludwig. Story of Solomon, Alexander, Caesar, Bonaparte and countless other adventurers who followed the course of the Nile. Illus. with maps and photos. 618 pages. *Now only* **.97**

452—Art and Life in America

By Oliver W. Larkin. The vast panorama of American history told in terms of its paintings, sculpture, arts and crafts. Magnificent, 8½" x 11½" volume with 417 illustrations. 576 pages. *Pub. at $7.95.*

Now only **3.88**

434—Home Decorating Prints

A series of 10 superb outdoor scenes to beautify your home. Each full-color reproduction on an individual large-size 12" x 15" sheet. *Farm scenes, water scenes, clipper ships, fox hunting,* etc., as painted by Frederick J. Waugh, Gordon Grant, Camille Adriani and other noted artists. A decorative "mat" border frames each print. *Pub. at $6.00.*

Set of 10 prints only **.97**

42—Psychology

By William James. Introduction by Ralph Barton Perry. 478 pages. 6 helpful diagrams. James' vividness of illustration has made this the most attractive of psychological studies. *Only* **1.24**

270—Complete Book of Ballets

The Standard Guide to Classic and Modern Ballet. By Cyril W. Beaumont. 900 pages. Illustrated with 96 photographs. Covers every phase of the ballet from 1800 to the present day. Most famous ballets described in full. *Only* **2.98**

167—Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne

Wayside Edition in 8 volumes, with biography and introduction by Henry James. Illustrated. Contains *The Scarlet Letter, Tanglewood Tales, The Marble Fawn, House of Seven Gables,* etc. 2600 pages. De luxe cloth binding. Gilt stamped and decorated. *Complete 8-volume set only* **5.95**

430—The Best of Times

By Ludwig Bemelmans. Gay, witty impressions of Europe re-visited told with the author's customary charm. Illustrated with 160 of his own inimitable drawings, 50 in brilliant full-color. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **.97**

21—Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex

By Drs. Willy, Vander, Fisher, and other authorities. A complete and up-to-date discussion of sexual practice with 186 detailed explanatory illustrations including 32 color plates and a concise directory of sexual terms. *Only* **4.95**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Some Fears Are Legitimate

BONARO W. OVERSTREET

OF ALL the emotional forces that pattern our behaviors fear has the most insidious power to make us do what we ought not to do and leave undone what we ought to do. Under its influence, and trying to escape its influence, we seem fated to give it a yet stronger hold upon us.

This compounding of fear has gone on, we can assume, as long as man has been self-consciously man. It goes on also in most of our personal lives, so that these, as the years pass, often become less confident and free instead of more so. If today we live in a time of crisis it is in large measure because the fear-born follies of our individual and group pasts have piled up in the present. Errors of omission and commission crowd us now, demanding of us a swift new wisdom about destructive fears and the conditions that foster them.

There are fears and fears. There are fears that are legitimate: doubly legitimate in that they attach to real dangers and are with reference to these dangers sufficient without being excessive. Also, however, and in multitude, there are illegitimate fears: fears that stem from inner conflict and that, projected upon the world, make the world seem fearful. It is to these that we have given chief attention; for with their insidious power to make us do what is not called for they are the great disrupters of personality and interpersonal relations.

Legitimate fears link man to reality. Under their influence he builds shelters against the elements; establishes law as the foundation of society; learns to preserve food between harvests; studies the nature of disease; sets up various forms of insurance; and invents objects that range from fire extinguishers to shatterproof glass. To the extent, in brief, that he recognizes actual danger and rightly appraises its character man sets about reducing the hazards of being mortal and being human.

Illegitimate fears are a fog that obscures reality. They make man see the most ordinary and benign objects as monstrous and prevent his seeing where destructive danger lies. Under their influence his whole life can become a panic effort to defend himself against threat without his ever being able, for all his anxious preoccupation, to develop that courage which Plato long ago defined as wisdom concerning danger.

"Love casts out fear," Aldous Huxley reminds us in "Ape and Essence"; "but conversely fear casts out love . . . Fear also casts out intelligence, casts out goodness, casts out all thought of beauty and truth . . ." If we assume—as we must, to make his words valid—that he is speaking of the kind of fear that obscures reality and keeps the individual self-centered we can add yet another item to his catalogue: fear casts out the discriminating power to know what should be feared and how it should be feared. That power is something we cannot afford to lose—not in an age like ours when both our personal lives and hopes and our shared cultural tradition are at risk.

NO MEMBER of our generation who has a mature sense of reality and of responsibility can experience a literal freedom from fear. However secure his own stakes may seem, he well knows how frail they would prove in the face of world-storm. He cannot forget, moreover, the burden of suffering that rests upon mankind and the likelihood that, unless insight replaces blindness at a myriad points of interhuman contact, that burden may grow to intolerable proportions. He cannot forget that the very well-being he enjoys, and that he is tempted to take for granted as grounded in the nature of things, has no actual foundation except in a system of values that is now everywhere under threat. Finally, he feels the ancient fear shared by all good men that he himself may render inadequate service to the values he cares about: that he may be preoccupied with the unimportant when he should be alert to the common danger; that he may keep still when he should speak up, and play safe when the running of great risks is called for; that he may misread complex events and trends as to become an unwitting supporter of that which should be repudiated.

To understand fear means more, in

Bonaro W. Overstreet, former teacher at Mills College, University of Michigan, and University of California, is the author of "Courage for Crisis," "How to Think About Ourselves," and other books. This essay is drawn from "Understanding Fear," a book to be published by Harper on September 19.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brief, than to understand the devious hold upon us of those internalized fears, guilts, and hostilities that make us see the world as it is not. It means also to understand how to be wisely, responsibly, and productively afraid. We come, then, to the question of which factors now operating in the human scene we should fear as dangers and treat accordingly.

First, we need to fear certain tendencies of the human mind—including, we dare not forget, our own individual mind.

Some of these tendencies make us obtuse when we need to be sensitive, blind when we need to be insightful. Such is the tendency to accept the familiar as right and natural—so that we find it hard, looking at human arrangements as we know them, to distinguish the familiar good from the familiar evil. Such, again, is the ethnocentric tendency to see our own group and own culture as superior to others—so that we in the Western world, for example, find it hard to believe with our emotions, even though we may believe with our intellects, that dark-skinned people, the world's majority, deserve the same rights and opportunities that we want for ourselves. Obtuseness, whether lodged in our own mind or elevated to the level of national policy, is a grave danger, now, to the human future—and needs to be feared as such.

Other common tendencies involve us in irrational forms of self-defense. Thus, often, not wanting to feel the weight of the human problem, we block it out of consciousness and pretend that everything will come out all right or that we at least are doing all that is called for if we attend to our own affairs. Like small children at the stage where they think they are invisible if they cover their eyes and cannot see, we act as though we could insulate ourselves against catastrophe by looking the other way.

Another self-defensive tendency is to explain, as proper and necessary, behaviors of our own and of our own group that we would quickly label as aggressive and wrong if they were practised by others. A related tendency is to try to argue down and overcome all who disagree with us rather than to try to find a way in which the prides and rights of all can be considered.

THE WORLD has become too small and its problems have become too critical for these tendencies to operate harmlessly. They make it too likely that someone, some group, or some nation will spark off a catastrophe that no person, no group, or no nation will be then able to control. These tendencies are dangers to be guarded against warily and wisely.

Second, we need to fear a certain type of personality wherever we find it in a position to exert influence over policies or other lives: the authoritarian personality. This is the hostile, power-seeking personality that can never feel satisfied or secure in a situation of equality; that thinks in terms of status and that defines success in terms of power over others.

This type of personality is destructively anarchic in that it can never emotionally accept laws as equally binding upon all—including the lawmaker. Envying and admiring power, it exempts the powerful from the standards imposed upon lesser folk; and in its own exercise of power it thinks of itself as a law unto itself. Since its choices of what to do with power are dictated by an attitude of pervasive hostility, often rationalized as realism, it engages with a clear conscience in practices that are cynical, unjust, and cruel; and, with the proper trappings of power at its command, it rallies to its support those who are for themselves frustrated seekers of power or who are looking for a strong man on whom to lean and from whom to borrow status.

The authoritarian personality has been with us always—but we are only beginning to recognize it for what it is. As we measure its capacity to inflict suffering and to undermine the basic principles of our culture we come to know how greatly it is to be feared as a force in human affairs and how resolutely we must oppose its influence.

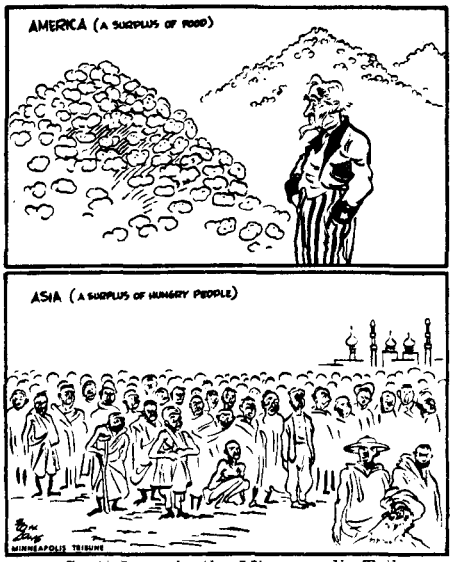
Third, we need to fear the enroachment upon our free institutions of totalitarian practices sponsored by groups that set themselves up as the guardians of democracy. Such groups betray their true nature, as we can see if we keep our wits about us and our eyes and ears open, by their flouting of the principle of due process of law and their readiness to resort to extra-legal means to maintain "order." They betray their true nature, also, in their readiness to brand as radical even such reforms as are strictly constitutional and evolutionary. They betray it further by the many evidences they give that they do not care about the basic dignity of man and distrust the average man's capacity for self-government. They betray it, finally, by their contempt for intellect and reason and their willingness to employ the methods of the rabble-rouser.

It is not enough for us to avoid these groups or mildly to deplore their influence. They are irresponsibly wrecking lives and reputations among us and are invading our free institutions. We need to fear their corroding

(*Continued on page* 32)

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Diet for Disaster."



—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Two Surplus Problems."

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

"A Couple of Guys Named Joe."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *A few years ago some students of literary trends were getting ready to announce that the period of Southern primacy in fiction was about over. Since then Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, Eudora Welty, and many other important newcomers have made them thankful that they never actually uttered the pronouncement. This week another major voice comes out of the Upper South: William Styron, whose "Lie Down in Darkness" sufficiently resembles the work of his fellow Southerners to invite comparisons, but whose excellences are so undeniable that they give their author a prominent place of his own. Caroline Gordon, one of the earliest products of the Southern renascence, has a fine new novel, "The Strange Children." Roughly comparable to the Southern primacy in fiction is that of* The New Yorker *in the short story. A new collection by one of its ablest contributors should tell not only a great deal about the magazine, but about the present state of the short story. Edward Newhouse's "Many Are Called" does both.*

Domestic Tragedy in Virginia

LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS. By William Styron. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 400 pp. $3.50.

By Maxwell Geismar

I SHOULD say at once that "Lie Down in Darkness" is a remarkable and fascinating novel—the best novel of the year by my standards— and one of the few completely human and mature novels published since the Second World War.

How many of these novels have there been, really? The trouble with John W. Aldridge's recent study of the New Writers was that by and large they were all writers of the second or third class. Mr. Styron's book, like the work of any genuine fresh talent, suddenly makes this clear and breaks through the conventions that are fashionable today.

First of all, "Lie Down in Darkness" has no "thesis." There is nothing in it about a "frame of reference" or the decline of values. It is simply a domestic tragedy—the story of an upper middle-class family in the Tidewater society of Virginia; but a story that becomes completely absorbing and is treated with brilliance and boldness of insight, with great compassion, and with a sense of dreadful and tragic comedy, too.

The novel opens with the death of the oldest daughter, Peyton Loftis. Through a series of cut-backs, a fluid and shifting sequence of time and place, a narrative technique that moves from the depths of individual lives to some absolutely marvelous group scenes, the story traces her history. The father is a weakling, attractive, sensitive, desperate. He is you—me—any man over forty who has come to the end of his rope and still thinks he can get by. He loves his daughter, has had an affair with a delectable Tidewater matron—one of the novel's high comic portraits—makes a desperate and futile attempt to salvage his family life, ends up, always, in a drunken stupor.

The mother has had a nervous collapse and tries to save herself through religion; the loss of both her husband's and her daughter's love are factors here, and she, too, tries to escape from the trap that what?—life, her own temperament, the cruelty of others or the laws of chance—have created for her. There is also a defective younger daughter, Maudie, who is one of the original elements in the tragedy. The influence of William Faulkner's work is felt in the story, but the tone, highly civilized, without histrionics or "effects," is closer to that of Ellen Glasgow's "The Sheltered Life," and here, as in that admirable novel, the nuances of intimate personal relationships are used to convey the meaning and texture of a society.

Mr. Styron has no moral here either and never mentions the decay of the modern world. There are simply a series of big scenes—a birthday party, a football game, a wedding—which are a mixture of sheer horror and wonderful satire. The main characters in the novel are dreadful, of course, but understandable to the point of discomfort; the minor char-

THE AUTHOR: To hear him tell it, William Styron never expected to loom as a star on the literary horizon (*vide* accompanying review and the book's jacket, pre-publication fanfare, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*). He didn't read inordinately as a youngster—well, perhaps more than average, but not to the point of myopia. N-o-o-o—he didn't exhibit unusual imagination—not really. He didn't even plan to be a writer. Like his father, a marine engineer, all the boys down home in Newport News, Va. (enormous shipbuilding center) grow up to be engineers—or at least draftsmen, and what writing he did on his prep-school paper (Christchurch in Virginia) he considered merely extracurricular fun. It wasn't until at Duke (A.B. '47) that he worked up an interest in writing—that is, short stories. The instructor liked "some" of his work and encouraged him, but the thought of a *novel* didn't occur until Hiram Haydn—whose short-story course he later took at the New School for Social Research (NYC)—suggested he enroll in his (Mr. Haydn's) novel course also. He (Mr. Haydn) said, "Have you an idea for a novel?" and he (Mr. Styron) said, "No, but I'll think one up in three seconds," and then and there turned a slowly simmering short-story plot into a slowly simmering novel (three years, staked by sympathetic parents). Part of the time was consumed rewriting the first third because he "was so terrifically under the influence of Faulkner" (whom, incidentally, we, and others have, noted he resembles: slant of eyes, dark and dominant, and curve of mouth). Only two of his characters had any real-life basis, and he soon lost sight of that factor "as he got involved in keeping the story moving." The book notwithstanding, he has no knowledge of psychology, normal or otherwise. "I work by instinct. In the end you get some kind of poetic insight not possible if you work formalistically. I'm sure all the artists I admire—Faulkner, Twain, Melville, Joyce, Flaubert—worked the same way." What the new fair-haired boy of American letters will write next he is not sure, but just back in circulation after a recall to Marine duty: "I want to write the rest of my time." —E.P.H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acters are usually dreadful because there is nothing, after they have spoken their pieces, that is worth understanding. There is Dolly Bonner, towards the opening of the story, her hips tightly draped in black, even in spring; and the husband, Pookie, a real-estate agent. "What about this New Deal . . . gonna give all the money to people who never worked for it, gonna give all the money to a buncha no-count niggers." "Nigras," Dolly says.

The story itself moves on several levels at once, as all good novels do; the characters, like images seen through a prism, are reflected from every side until the distortions of their personality are finally resolved in not their own views of themselves, but the novelist's central and sympathetic view of them. But Mr. Styron is particularly good on the visual level of his craft; we are *at* all these ghastly parties, ceremonials, and festivals of a middle-class business society that has inherited the trappings of the planter aristocracy. We not only understand and are identified with the main figures in the tragedy, but watch them behave in their worst moments of folly. The writing itself, graceful and delicate, is rigorously controlled as the medium through which the story is revealed—not as a medium for the author's personality.

Perhaps the final reverie of Peyton Loftis herself is forced and somewhat artificial; and neither the Negroes nor the New York City figures in the book are quite as successful as the studies of the upper- and middle-class Virginians. The novel is almost too well built; for, completely absorbing as it is and held as we are by the mounting tension in which every episode contributes the proper weight to the whole narrative, we miss, in the end, that sense of looseness through which the older novelists could pause in their story simply to view people as people and consider life itself in its extravagant and unforseeable formlessness. Everything fits in here a little too closely.

Mr. Styron's danger, in the future at least, is in this area. To reverse Edmund Wilson's theory that the wound of the artist when subject to discipline becomes the bow or his strength as an artist, Mr. Styron's bow—his remarkable facility as a craftsman—may become his wound. "Lie Down in Darkness," though, for the present, is practically perfect.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials." The third volume in this series of critical essays will deal with the novelists of the 1900's.

Disillusionment of a Child

THE STRANGE CHILDREN. By Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 303 *pp.* $3.50.

By Frances Gaither

DOWN in Tennessee it still matters a lot who your grand-parents were. When the mother of Caroline Gordon's young heroine telephones on a matter of life and death, she begins: "Sheriff Beauchamp? . . . Mister Will, this is Miss Sally Fayerlee's granddaughter." Lucy's own grandfather is old Professor Maury, who prefers fishing to family visiting. And Lucy, be it known, is a firm chip off that old block. Half unwilling, half unable, to recall her infantile past abroad, she armors herself in homely vernacular. Too feminine to resist flattery wrapped in French, which she "forgot coming over on the boat," she is yet too honest to succumb to coyness. "That *je ne sais quoi* look in your eye . . . How do you suppose you got it?" "Tending to my own business," says Lucy.

This is exactly what she is doing when we first meet her. In dog days down there at three o'clock in the afternoon her mother, of course, is upstairs, taking a nap. Her father is in his studio, writing his book on the Civil War. Even if he should come out to walk up and down, just thinking about it, it wouldn't be wise to speak to him because his idea might get away from him. Jennie, the cook, is sleeping off a toothache in her vine-covered cabin. Lucy, with "Undine" tucked under her arm, crosses the road to climb up and sit down on the Holy Roller Rock with "Prepare to Meet Thy Lord" painted on it. She has just opened the book at the place where the handsome knight comes riding on a white charger when a car stops in the road and a man jumps out to run and seize her and toss her high in air.

Though she is startled and she really cannot remember Uncle Tubby as he urges, she is outwardly unruffled, displaying a self-control that soon makes him name her a *belle dame sans merci*. Under his playful but confident wooing —for he is a man of feeling and fully versed, besides, in all the arts beguiling to feminine creatures—her wary coolness melts to love; and the moment when he carves the hearts on a young beech tree is for Lucy sublimely tender.

Uncle Tubby's visit, however, turns out to be a barely veiled rendezvous with Isabel Reardon, arriving on his heels with her husband. Lucy's mother, bedeviled by having a houseparty wished on her the very day Jennie has toothache, fears the worst; and well she may: Isabel possesses both beauty and unhappiness, a combination fatefully seductive. So the rosy-bricked, high-pillared house and even the hallowed grove of the young beech tree have now to be desecrated by a two-to-three-day drama of tired moderns incessantly drinking and talking in their brilliant, elliptical, special language, toward an end that can make nobody happy, least of all dear Uncle Tubby.

Meanwhile the Perseids fall at night in the soft Southern skies. By a country roadside occurs a meeting with great-uncle Fillinger Fayerlee, who sits at a cave-mouth, has himself doused with buckets of branch water, and lures passersby to listen to memorable discourse on the Virgin Birth. On a nearby mule-farm Lucy's second great illusion crashes literally on hard-packed earth. A brush arbor is built by the Holy Rock, where by lantern light the Sanctified worship with strange and deadly snake-handling rites. Lucy, stoutly surviving, expiates by last-minute restitution a secret crime having to do with a jeweled crucifix her magpie fingers have abstracted from the rich and benevolent Mr. Reardon.

The whole tale is wrought with delicate precision and captivating grace—always and especially as to this child of natural dignity and infinite appeal, traced evanescently in one enchanted moment of her ninth year. One feels like nudging old Aleck Maury and pointing, as if to a falling Perseid: "Look! Look now! a darting trout is quick with beauty, sir. Yes, yes. But don't miss Lucy glancing by."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urban, Urbane, and Suburban

MANY ARE CALLED. By Edward Newhouse. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 384 *pp.* $3.75.

By RAY B. WEST, JR.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE has published two earlier volumes of stories, "Anything Can Happen" and "The Iron Chain." Of the forty-two stories presented in this volume, "Many Are Called," three appeared in the earlier volumes, and the remaining thirty-nine have been printed in *The New Yorker*. Therefore, if you like what has become known as "*The New Yorker* story" not much need be said. You will like these. What has been gained over the magazine publication is an ordering which breaks the stories up into eight groups, in each of which the characters and places are vaguely the same and in which the problems are similar. There is also a kind of chronological development of subject-matter, from events following the First War but preceding the Second (childhood), into the Depression years (rebellion), the war (the big experience), and into the postwar present (parenthood).

What interests me most about these stories is that they seem so completely to represent what so many writers have written about but no one has adequately defined—the "typical" *New Yorker* story. The *New Yorker* story is essentially a story of local color, usually, but not always, dealing with urban or suburban characters and settings. Reading it is like reading *Reader's Digest* or like looking at *Life* without reading the editorial. It is designed to present you with colorful facts in a pleasant but not obtrusive manner. Within its limitations many good stories have been written, but the editors of *The New Yorker* seem generally to prefer stories which deal—as Mr. Newhouse's do—with facts concerning fashionable life in pseudo-sophisticated circles: the relationship of husband and wife in modern suburbia, problems of the modern mother and father with the young child, the problem of child in relation to mother and father, the relations of father with his boss in New York.

In the war stories it deals with the relations of the young officer with "the Old Man," or it flashes back to city or suburbs, and we see the lonesome and confused young wife confronted by her old boyfriend, her husband's best friend, or her mother-in-law. Occasionally it raises significant social issues such as the problems of race prejudice and the education of the child. At their best the war stories raise the issue of military heirarchy. When such questions make their appearance, however, the story usually retreats into oversimplification, sentimentality, or the disarming wise-crack.

I once read a whole year of *New Yorker* stories within the space of a few days. My feeling then was the feeling I had when I had finished "Many Are Called." The stories began well, even excitingly. They raised important issues, clothed them in the concrete reality of fictional art, then either disregarded the whole problem or sentimentalized it. Mr. Newhouse has all of the virtues and most of the faults of this kind of story. In "The War for Tony," for instance, which poses the important problem of a young father's attempts to save the mind—and soul—of his bright young son from the assaults of superstition and prejudice, he oversimplifies finally by suggesting that the Negro maid's radio provides a solution. The implications here are not wrong, they are uncontrolled. Likewise, "Position of the Soldier," which is in many respects an excellent indictment of ignorance and brutality in military discipline and which might easily have gained real density by exploring the levels of psychological insecurity implied, ends with a cheap "clincher."

Mr. Newhouse has a talent for portraiture and storytelling. If he could just once pause long enough to examine the implications of his subject matter-matter, he would certainly write fewer stories, but the chances are they would be really good.

Ray B. West, Jr., is an editor of The Western Reserve *and on the faculty of the State University of Iowa.*

Like Lost Children

THE MANGO ON THE MANGO TREE. By David Mathew. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 260 *pp.* $3.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

"ASTRINGENT" is a word that appears more than once in this novel. Archbishop Mathew uses it to refer to several of his multitudinous gallery of characters, but its best reference is to his own writing, to the quality of his thinking. Good writing generally offers a clear image of the writer's mind, and here in this consummately well-written book we are in direct contact with a mind keen, subtle, astringent, at once flaying and ecstatic according to the classic pattern of the intellectual man of God. It matters not too much what literary device he has chosen upon which to embroider. As it happens, it is a device already staled with much use, one often unprofitable in listless hands; but not so for Archbishop Mathew, who wields it freshly and with crisp attack. The vitality of a literary instrument is in the instrumentalist.

Here we are presented once again with the heterogeneous group of people marooned by some accident—in this instance a forced plane landing—for an indeterminate length of time. Instead of dispersing toward their private worlds as they had anticipated, this group of people set down in Africa beside their limping plane must regard themselves as joined for a time by a common mischance. They must now look at one another, probe for conversation, discover points of unity and conflict, draw aside to reflect, interact, seethe like incompatible elements in a nameless compound. We have seen this before—in the grand hotel or on the isolated mountaintop or in the lifeboat or in the sealed mine—but not, I think, to equal advantage. Archbishop Mathew's drama is no catchpenny arrangement of suspense and passion. It may, indeed, seem to many no drama at all. The plane comes down, the passengers move about, talk, or reflect, or do both at once in a shimmering display of consciousness on many levels (Joyce here, of course; the master's lesson well learned), wait about for other flights or for this one to be continued, and then take off again.

Archbishop Mathew works, as I have said, within the Joycean method of personal revelation. For each of the men and women on the plane he has produced an individual stream of consciousness, made of all the shreds and patches of past experience, memories,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotions, references, and cross-references—and produced it swiftly, in dizzying shots and dabs of color. They seem, indeed, for all their sentience, to be wholly made of shreds and patches, all of them (with certain notable exceptions) torn at the seams by a centrifugal force that threatens their mental, if not their physical, integrity. All these voyagers, different men and women, Italians, French, British, Africans, are yet alike in their desperate sense of rootlessness, like lost children wandering in the woods. And we must recognize here the pattern and direction of the Archbishop's parable. What is the one and the only healing element that can make men whole? Why is is that the hippopotamus in Eliot's poem can never reach the mango in the mango tree? There is another stanza that reads:

> Flesh and blood is weak and frail,
> Susceptible to nervous shock;
> While the True Church can never fail
> For it is based upon a rock.

I am not certain that Eliot did not carry his poem beyond this stanza to an ironic climax; but this stanza in its simplest interpretation remains the text of Archbishop Mathew's novel. In the light of this you will see how the few flashes of light fall upon Ivor McKenna, the British navigator who turns in natural instinct to confession, upon Josiah Selwyn, the native African missionary, and upon Christina Winstanley, journeying happily to join her husband, Julian, the Archdeacon. All else is yeasty darkness of spirit, the disheartening spectacle of man attempting to explain the world out of reasoning and passion, alike arid and alike flayed by the Archbishop's mordant wit.

I think it is possible for the reader to question, as he will, the validity of the Archbishop's single dogma without suffering any loss of pleasure in the charm and brilliance of the story which clothes it. There would be no need to argue with him about many mansions, for there is his own literary, if not philosophic, recognition of them in his treatment of the many who are in theory lost to hope. For they, like M. Lemaire, the logical and acerbic Frenchman, and Mr. Rose, the wandering Jew, have a sound and noble integrity that comes from their creator's understanding of the variety of life and thought. He is too good a writer to distort or disguise the materials he uses, as is plain to be seen in his joyful castigation of those, too, who claim the faith. His book is certainly too good in a variety of ways to be hung on the tag of any one of them.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Edward Newhouse—"talent for portraiture."

David Mathew—"keen, subtle, astringent."

Margaret C. Banning—"artistic integrity."

Spiritual Odyssey

FALLEN AWAY. By Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: Harper & Bros. 314 pp. $3.

By ANN F. WOLFE

NO POPULAR novelist portrays the clever worldlings of the Midwest's upper middle class more perceptively than the lady from Duluth. As a serious observer of American society Margaret Culkin Banning is a writer to be reckoned with. Above the bright gossip of her smart clubs and the expensive tinkle of her poolside martinis rises the clamor of today's social problems in their impact on the human spirit. In "Fallen Away," a prose version of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," the problem is the Catholic attitude on divorce.

Mrs. Banning's newest heroine is a Catholic who, striving to give up her religion, learns the hard way that the soul cannot know peace without God's grace. Long divorced from her drunken cadger of a husband, Barbara Braniff falls in love with non-Catholic Kenneth Craig and vainly tries to get an episcopal dispensation to marry him. Kenneth, a distinguished young railroad executive, marries Barbara in a civil ceremony.

Into the happiness of their life together Nina, Kenneth's divorced wife drives the first wedge. Now married to a rich Catholic, the unscrupulous Nina makes no secret of her macabre passion for Kenneth. Religious influences deepen the wedge. A Catholic tycoon who disapproves of Kenneth's marriage to Barbara endangers the young executive's career by keeping him off an important railroad committee. After hearing a bitter sermon on divorce Barbara loses her unborn child. Strain torments husband and wife over the entertainment of Kenneth's relatives during Holy Week.

Pretending that she needs perspective on her marriage, Barbara goes to Austria on a three-months' job with UNRRA. There she discovers that, while she has lost her faith, she cannot help defending it. In the contest between Communism and Catholicism over the repatriaton of refugees she gets a group of Yugoslav orphans transferred to Italy.

Back home with Kenneth, Barbara takes up married life under an arrangement that affords little happiness for either of them. Even the death of her divorced husband brings no relief; Barbara refuses to be married in the Church.

God's grace finally catches up with her and opens the door of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spiritual prison to which her will has sentenced her.

Unfortunately, the theme of God's pursuing grace often sinks under the weight of religious dialectic. Barbara's spiritual odyssey must make way for sermons on marriage, arguments on divorce, statements and restatements of common misconceptions about Catholicism—that social and political solidarity of the faithful, the fear-inspiring power of the "black robes," and the rest. At best, Barbara, with her helplessness in the face of leisure, her failure to hold the extra drink gracefully, and her quasi-political indulgence in petty flirtation, is none too heroic a figure.

Mrs. Banning does better by Kenneth as she interweaves his love for Barbara with his patient endeavor to adjust to a bewildering marriage. While he shares with Barbara the social weaknesses of their class, he emerges a stronger, more vital character than his wife. It is only as an illumination of life and an authoritative commentary on our society that "Fallen Away" achieves artistic integrity. On that level Mrs. Banning has never spoken more eloquently.

Fiction Notes

THE LOST SEA. By Jan de Hartog. Harper. $2.50. Make an emphatic note of Jan de Hartog's offering to the current spate of tributes to the sea. Some have stressed its strength, others its science. Here we find its warm and gentle magic. In a sort of nautical "Brigadoon" fashion this tale of the ephemeral Zuider Zee, with tough fisherfolk, feuding factions, lilting legends, and moments of high adventure, weaves its way undeviatingly into the structure of sheer fantasy. Or is it fact? Does this little orphaned Dutch boy wake or sleep? In any case he is certainly shanghaied as a "sea mouse" by the notorious Black Skipper, a giant of earth and water, experiences an eventful voyage, enduring severities, taking part in a battle, relishing one memorable saga of a drunken "Liar," and finally escaping to return to his family, replete with tall and, oh, such beautiful stories. He knows himself to be a born liar. As such he salutes invention, standing proudly apart from mundane matters. If ever he can improve on the one about the soul-sacrificing mermaid, more power to him.

This is entirely palatable whimsy. In that vibrant half-world between boy and man, where what is merges with what seems to be, where there is much to fear, much to worship, and

(Continued on page 28)

The Ancient World.

Since the turn of the present century the proportion of American schoolboys and schoolgirls studying the classics has steadily diminished. We would be in real danger of losing the ancient world's priceless heritage if it were not for our English cousins. Because the languages and literatures of Greece and Rome remain staples of their educational system hundreds of British scholars continue to lavish skill and devotion upon them. Thus it is no accident that all of the volumes reviewed below save one—that by Professor Theodore Morrison of Harvard—are by British hands. Most of them are attempts to render into present-day English the verses and stories that are among Greece's chief glories. (F. L. Lucas's "Greek Poetry for Everyman" is one of the most successful). The American anxious to learn something about the Greeks is not likely to find a more useful, reliable, and economical volume than H. D. F. Kitto's "The Greeks."

Inspired by Hellenic Muses

GREEK POETRY FOR EVERYMAN. Compiled and translated by F. L. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co. 414 pp. $3.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

FOR THE past twenty-five years F. L. Lucas, Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, has been making English translations from the entire range of Greek non-dramatic poetry, beginning with Homer, whose identity and vital dates are still subjects of dispute, and ending with Joannes Barbucallus, who lamented the desolation of Berytus—now Beirut—when it was destroyed by earthquake in the middle of the sixth century A.D. "Greek Poetry for Everyman" contains the selected fruits of those long, extensive labors. Some of these translations have appeared in earlier volumes; but they are now

gathered together for the first time, and the whole work displays the high excellence that distinguished its previously published parts.

"All translations, indeed, remain inadequate," writes Mr. Lucas in his preface. But immediately afterwards he asks: "Who would burn our Bibles and demand that we read Hebrew literature in Hebrew or not at all?" The answer is obvious, and the truth is that we of the English-reading world stand in much the same relation to Greek literature that we do to Hebrew. Not only has the ability to read Greek ceased to be an indispensable possession of the liberally educated man; it is almost certain that the number of those capable of judging and savoring Greek style has declined even more sharply than the number of mere readers. Yet, without that ability to judge style—not as one parroting a teacher, but on one's own—how can there be any real appreciation of Homer or Theocritus or Pindar? Again the answer is obvious.

So, if most of us must unhappily be condemned to read Greek poetry in translation, it is fortunate that there are still scholars—although only a very few—who, like Mr. Lucas, are men of letters and even poets, as well as scholars. And it is good that Everyman should have a volume like the present one, in which an attempt has been made "to combine all the best of that [Greek] poetry in a single homogeneous book, with the introductions and notes needed by the non-classical." It may be said here that Mr. Lucas's introductions and notes are not only informative but often delightful; and it may be added that for the sake of the same non-classical

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reader the translator has "marked the length of syllables in proper names or their accentuation, wherever there seemed any possibility of mispronunciation." There is also a Chronological Table of Greek Literature and Art, Greek History, and Events Elsewhere, designed to keep the record straight and to remind us—among other interesting facts—that Confucius and Heraclitus were contemporaries, that Ezra returned to Jerusalem two years after the execution of Socrates, and that the fall of Constantinople coincided with the end of the Hundred Years War.

This anthology, as Mr. Lucas says, "contains extracts from the poetry of nearly fifteen hundred years . . . as long a span as separates us from Roman Britain, or Hitler from Attila." But almost half the volume is devoted to translations of long passages from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," linked by brief summaries in prose; and in these passages Mr. Lucas displays his power as effectively as elsewhere he displays his grace, sensibility, wit, and prosodic versatility. His English "Homer" has, when required, great speed and urgency; it errs neither on the side of archaism nor of modern colloquialism; and his renderings of Homer's elaborate similes are brilliantly successful.

In addition to Homer, of course, all the other great names are here—along with little ones—and are well represented. Hesiod, on whose "hands we seem to feel the very blisters made by the handle of the plough"; Alcaeus, "a great fighter and a great hater" who "took as his main themes love, wine, and war"; Sappho, whose single subject was love; Theognis, who declared: "Not to be born at all is the happiest lot for mortal"; Anacreon, "most famous for poems he never wrote"; Pindar, of one of whose "great crashing phrases" Mackail has written: "Its impact is as irresistible as that of the wedged colume of fifty shields in depth that rammed the flower of the Spartan army to wreck at Leuctra"; Callimachus, who lived "in the lengthening shadow of giant predecessors"; Theocritus, who has been called by Symonds "the most brilliant ornament of that somewhat artificial period of literature," and who has been cited by Lucas as "an example of what a real poet *can* do even if he has the misfortune to be born in an age of decadence, when everything seems already said"; Meleager, son of the Syrian Athens, and father of the Palatine Anthology —all these and many, many more are present, rendered into English with knowledge, skill, and feeling. The great Greek dramatic poets must be sought elsewhere. But here is abundance.

Of Marathon and Olympus

THE GREEKS. By H. D. F. Kitto. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 256 *pp.* 35c.

MEN AND GODS. By Rex Warner. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 223 *pp.* $3.

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

H. D. F. KITTO is a first-rate British scholar who knows how to write. I recommend his little book on "The Greeks" heartily and without reserve to every one, whether specialist or layman. He has not composed a history of Greece, but, with deep maturity and quiet excitement, a character sketch of the ancient Greeks. Most wisely he has included excerpts from their literature.

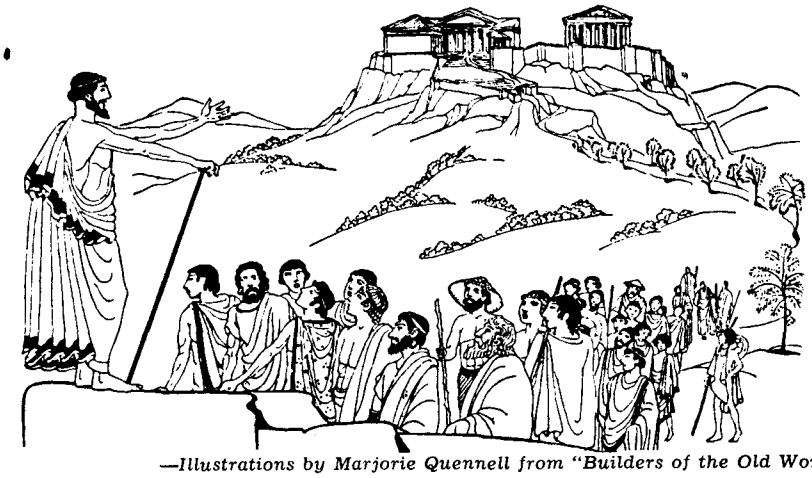
One way to determine what manner of people the Greeks were is to ask what they were not. Aeschylus, who fought at both Marathon and Salamis, was able to catch the fundamental difference between Greek and non-Greek. In his "Persians" the Persian queen asks a question to which no one has found the answer, "What is this Athens, of which all men speak?" But perhaps the answer was best suggested by the ancient playwright himself when he set the quality of Athens in the democratic spirit of her people and let a Persian give the incomprehensible response, "They bow to no man and are no man's slaves."

Here, then, is Kitto's theme, the biography of a militarily weak and materially poor people, who had a totally new conception of what human life was for and showed for the first time what the human mind was for. The older civilization of the Near East—those of Egypt and Mesopotamia for example were often extremely efficient in practical matters and sometimes in their art not inferior to the Greeks, yet they were intellectually barren. Those who doubt the intellectual supremacy of the Greek in history or who feel the need of sustained and significant thinking today will find Kitto's book both an eye opener and an inspiration.

* * *

A BOOK on Greek myths published in 1951 has to be pretty good when you remember the competition. Not only is there Bulfinch's "Mythology," on which we all grew up and which can be had in a Modern Library Giant, but also G. Schwab's "Gods and Heroes" (Pantheon, 1946), Edith Hamilton's "Mythology" (Little, Brown, 1949), and for children Sally Benson's "Stories of the Gods and Heroes" (Dial, 1940).

Rex Warner's "Men and Gods" proves that there is nothing to the stories of the Greeks in themselves, for everything depends on the telling. Few adults will enjoy his tales—thirty-two of them, on Perseus, Jason, Midas, Oedipus, etc.—and certainly children should be protected from them. Greek myths are glorious and fascinating. They take you through every emotion; you are thrilled and you are tortured as the story unfolds. Warner, however, has stripped the stories bare. Power, magnificence, beauty, poetry, accumulating tragedy will not be found here, but merely the factual plot in all its stark and chilling brevity. Even the Greek gods turn up in their Roman equivalents (Jupiter for Zeus, and so on), the chief result of Warner's reliance on Ovid. Ovid's "Metamorphoses" is, of course, the main source of popular knowledge of mythology. It is a poem remarkable for the rapidity and fluency of its narrative, its pathos and grace and charm, but Warner cannot match Ovid as a storyteller, nor can he point a moral.



—Illustrations by Marjorie Quennell from "Builders of the Old World."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conjugal Devotion

THE DREAM OF ALCESTIS. By Theodore Morrison. New York: The Viking Press. 119 pp. $3.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

WHEN Euripides first did "Alcestis" there were grounds for suspicion that the tale was by no means of recent vintage. That was nothing against it—a story that's good is worth the retelling, especially if the storyteller has something to add to it. And the sacrifice of Queen Alcestis, who volunteered to die in place of Admetus, her husband, whom the gods had doomed unless he could find a substitute, makes a good story: a theme on which many and various interpretations can be placed.

Rationalist and feminist that he was, Euripides took an exceedingly dim view of Admetus's part in the matter. The King of Thessaly, who was not anxious to die (but who is?), showed himself in a most inglorious light. He was so full of his own situation that he was oblivious of the rights of others to a full life on earth; when his aged parents declined to take his place in the Lower World he just couldn't understand them; while, when his devoted wife offered herself in sacrifice, he accepted with small emotion other than self-pity.

Ignoring the cynical direction of Euripides's version, Plato saw the story of Alcestis principally as an example of a wife's devotion. Centuries later, for Gluck's opera "Alceste," the librettist Calzabigi purified Admetus of the taint of selfishness by having the bereaved king follow his wife to the nether-world and thus prove his devotion in no way inferior to hers. Browning, too, more recently took the sting out of the story by infusing his version (in "Balaustion's Adventure") with the glow of true love between man and wife that was his tribute to Elizabeth Barrett.

When Professor Morrison comes to tell the old tale, therefore, he has a respectable body of predecessors (including, by the way, Rainer Maria Rilke, whose brief narration has a gently ironic touch which leaves Admetus neither a subject for scorn nor an object of our admiration). In the Morrison version Admetus comes off rather well. His selfishness is obscured, or rather denied; he himself disbelieves in the oracle of doom and does not degrade himself by going around looking for a sacrificial substitute. Indeed, when Alcestis offers her life in place of his and begins to waste away while his own health improves he is very much upset. There is a kingly public-service touch to his upset; he is concerned lest the situation increase the hold of superstition on his people.

It must be said at once that, save in the third section of this poem—the dream-sequence which gives "The Dream of Alcestis" its title and which rather unexpectedly suggests the phantasmagoric quality of "The Waste-land" more than once—with this rather large exception, the level of intensity is low. The studied banality of the diction, the muted wit, the colloquialisms (which have a New England quality) at times suggest the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," with less irony than John Erskine was able to muster.

Perhaps a straight drama would have been a better vehicle for Professor Morrison's purpose after all. The long narrative poem—especially when, as in the present case, much of it is couched in dialogue form—is something of an anomaly nowadays.

Ancient World Notes

THE GREEKS AND THEIR GODS. By W. K. C. Guthrie. Beacon Press. $3.75. Before some works of scholarship the only proper attitude is one of humility. Such a work is this new book on Greek religion by W. K. C. Guthrie, Fellow of Peterhouse and Reader in Classics at Cambridge University. Mr. Guthrie, who quite recently has given us a book on the Greek philosophers, now tells us what he knows about the Greek gods. This is the knowledge which inspires awe. One may be almost certain that he knows more about these gods than any man now alive, an impression gained not from claims which the author makes but from a straightforward reading of his book. After a discussion of two centuries of scholarship in this field Mr. Guthrie introduces us to the divine family, Zeus, Hera, Apollo, Hermes, Poseidon, Artemis, and Athena. He wants us to know something about the origin of these personable deities and about the relations they maintained with the citizens of the city-states. Other chapters treat of gods and men in Homer, the contributions of the Ionian poets and philosophers, Dionysos, more on Apollo, Greek views of heaven and earth, the Chthonian deities who inhabited the regions underneath the earth, the hopes and fears of the ordinary man (as evidenced, among other places, in sepulchral inscriptions), the Orphics, and, finally, the religious opinions of Plato and Aristotle. Only the demigods—fauns, nymphs, satyrs, and such—are omitted, and they with conscious intent. The book is more than "a kind of religious companion to the Greek classics." It is a brilliant example of scholarship by a don whose writing manages to be as gay as it is learned, as sprightly as it is profound.

—Robert Bierstedt.

PAX ROMANA AND WORLD PEACE. By Lawrence Waddy. Norton. $3.75. The grandeur and decline of Rome is an inexhaustible theme. Mr. Waddy's analysis, though aimed more directly at British readers, will also have its relevance and fascination for Americans. For he writes with a dual purpose: to present an accurate and intelligible picture of the Roman achievement and to show, by

(Continued on page 31)

Dimensions Cycling Round Me

By Gustav Davidson

FROM nothing strange, from nothing dread or rare,
A music sounds in the transfigured air.
Somnambulant, I neither sense nor share
The apprehended or the unaware.

'Mid seas of time, finite and infinite
Dimensions cycling round me, dark and bright,
I bear (a swimmer with no land in sight)
Toward nebulous horizons, washed by night.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S.A. *Four of the books discussed below directly concern virtually every person who reads these pages. The tone of modern American life is set by white collar workers—the proud middle class to which nearly all of us either belong or aspire. Yet C. Wright Mills's "White Collar," reviewed below, is the first work to investigate the class factually and analytically. Professor Mills's book is certain to be warmly debated. Everyone knows that our laws are in large part the product of pressure groups, but Karl Schriftgiesser's "The Lobbyists" is the first volume that traces the growth of lobbying and assesses its role in contemporary life. Crime organized and unorganized is the subject of two sensationally written but useful books: Robert H. Prall's and Norton Mockridge's "This Is Costello" (a companion piece to Estes Kefauver's "Crime in America") and Howard Whitman's "Terror in the Streets."*

Rise and Decline of a Class

WHITE COLLAR: The American Middle Classes. By C. Wright Mills. New York: Oxford University Press. 378 *pp.* $5.

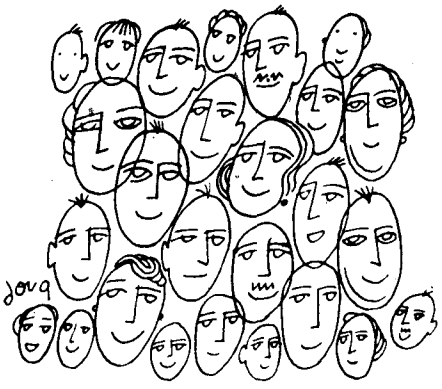
By D. W. Brogan

WE LEARN from a recent dictionary of Americanisms that the phrase "white collar" applied to a social class was first noted in print just after the First World War. But the thing and the attitudes associated with the social phenomenon of the white-collar class or classes, group or groups, is of course much older. Even in a more simple age when it paid Abraham Lincoln to recall the days when he was a rail-splitter, Stephen Douglas to recall his days as a cabinet maker, even Andrew Johnson to recall his days as a tailor, it paid them —and a great many others—because they had moved into the white-collar class. For even then the social prestige and financial rewards that came from being a manipulator of symbols rather than a manipulator of brute matter were great. The first Rockefeller was a bookkeeper, Carnegie a telegraph clerk, Morgan a banker, and around them clustered not so much the men who had risen from the oil field or the blast furnace, as other bookkeepers, clerks, lawyers, bankers. There was then nothing irrational, merely traditional, obviously artificial in the prestige of the white-collar class, and it was easy, if not altogether plausible, to see it as a class, uniting what was after all a minority of property owners and "brain workers" on the way to becoming property owners against the sellers of mere muscle and manipulative skill, the "workers" to whom Marx was promising the world, but who were not as a rule successful in wresting from the white-collar class its control of economic power and its higher share of the total take.

It is the thesis of this stimulating and lively book that the stereotypes of that remote and dead age still cloud the American mind. The greater part of the American people have no chance and not even much hope of acquiring a real economic independence. The old middle classes, the merchants, the lawyers, the doctors, the more prosperous farmers, the small manufacturers had this chance and took it. The view that they still have it and are taking it still survives. It is under cover of the interests of the small businessman that the big businessman operates. It is under the cover of the old, independent family doctor that the real unit of medical practice, the large, costly, exclusive, restrictive hospital, operates. Abraham Lincoln hanging up his shingle distracts attention from the great corporation law firms. The existing independent small economic unit can only work in the interstices of the great corporations. And they know this. The small businessman may shout for free competition; but he means "fair" competition, that is, he doesn't mean competition. The American big and middle farmer who gets hot under the collar at the mention of state control or Socialism is too shrewd not to know that his profits come as much from government subsidy and price manipulation as from skilled farming or good or bad harvests. (Professor Mills might have noted the irony of the fact that the farmer, long the dupe of high tariff sophistries which made him pay the cost of American industrialization, is now taking his revenge and his cut!) Whether we like it or not, economic power is concentrated, and the answer to that concentration is concentration, political action, the big union—politics in the widest sense.

True, not all white-collar workers see this. The myth of the opportunity to rise, to become one of the big shots is still appealing. Yet Professor Mills suggests that it is losing its old appeal. He even finds an ingenious explanation for the popularity of books like "Death of a Salesman" and other exposés of the price of business success that make failure more palatable. If you see it's a rat race you don't feel so sore at not winning it; you may even try to get out of running it, go for security not success, a change in attitude that Professor Mills notes but perhaps doesn't stress enough. On the other hand, the old golden story of the triumphs of the courageous and virtuous poor has still its appeal, as the success of that successor of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," so clearly shows.

The white-collar class is economically giving ground for many reasons, and one is that it is too big. It is a commonplace now that the simple Marxian process that was to produce a conscious proletariat hasn't worked out that way in the advanced industrial countries. It is the clerical, public relations, and selling sections of the employed public that have been growing. Nor is it surprising to learn that the economic spread between white collar and manual worker is narrowing; in some cases and at some times the wage is better than the salary and the white-collar worker has to be satisfied with the diminishing asset of superior social prestige, the prestige of the class in general, the prestige of the kind of job. (A girl in Bonwit-Tellers feels better than a girl in



D. W. Brogan, fellow of Peterhouse and professor of political science at Cambridge, is the author of "The American Character" and other books.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Macy's. She "meets nicer people.") But as general education spreads the cash and, in the not very long run, the intangible rewards of the comparative scarcity of "educated" people shrink. The United States may soon, as Professor Seymour Harris has pointed out, be faced with many millions of college graduates for whom no employment in accord with their estimate of their worth is available. And it won't be very long after that before the cash differential is transferred to the other side and then the prestige will go too. "*HE's* only a white-collar worker" may be the contemptuous attitude of the machine tender, (provided of course that cybernetics haven't ruined his position, too).

Sociologists are notoriously given to jargon, and it is a pleasure to report that Professor Mills eschews the mere trade patter. Only when he comes to the department store does the influence of the environment overcome him and some of the literary habits of copywriters infect his style. But even when he is pushing his points as hard as he can (and he is a vigorous point-pusher) he writes clearly and plausibly (often convincingly as well). Of course he is not always quite convincing or right (I mean he doesn't always agree with me), but this is a book very well worth reading. And it is especially interesting for a British reader, from a country where the legend of the *carrière ouverte aux talents* has never really taken root, where the racial barriers so common in America play a minor role, and where the "danger" of too much education is only appearing on the horizon. Professor Mills has suggested, to me at least, lots of themes for reflection. I wish he had given more material for reflection on the symbolism of "white-collar" status, the role of class language (it is that rather than accent in America), of social status in work indicated by clothes. There is, for example, the white-collar symbol itself. It has been taken over in England from America, but until this century at least the symbol was on the other side of the tracks,—the "horny-handed son of toil" v. the others. And one of the marks of the American worker was that he wore gloves to save his hands. It is all very significant; I wish I was quite sure of what. For I remember a United States Senator in the Senate lunch-room saying to me when a colleague (a member of a great political dynasty) arrived, "I see X is wearing a colored shirt, so I can afford to now." If you are secure enough you can, like an old English peer, wear any collar you like—or none.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE ROVING KIND

Mrs. Willard Ward, of Asheville, North Carolina, is the contributor of this week's quiz. As she says, not every lady listed below was "a nice girl, a proper girl" like the one in the song, but each did resemble her in being "one of the roving kind." These ladies roved (or tried to) from the gentlemen in column one to those in column two. Allowing 2½ points for each correct tie-up, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. Guinevere	( ) Philip Carey	( ) Steerforth
2. Francesca	( ) Charles Bovary	( ) Bosinney
3. Becky	( ) Aleksey Alexandrovitch	( ) Count Vronsky
4. Hester	( ) Arthur	( ) Steve Sankey
5. Natasha	( ) Edwin Clayhanger	( ) Philip Ray
6. Marguerite	( ) Siebel	( ) Leon
7. Mildred	( ) Ham Peggotty	( ) George Cannon
8. Emily	( ) Enoch Arden	( ) Lancelot
9. Emma	( ) Mark	( ) Arthur Dimmesdale
10. Annie	( ) Lanciotto	( ) Edmund Darrell
11. Isolde	( ) Soames Forsyte	( ) Lord Steyne
12. Anna	( ) Roger Chillingsworth	( ) Forcheville
13. Hilda	( ) Gabriel Oak	( ) Paolo
14. Irene	( ) Sam Dodsworth	( ) Sergeant Troy
15. Bathsheba	( ) Sam Evans	( ) Anatole Kuragin
16. Connie	( ) Swann	( ) various Londoners
17. Fran	( ) Frank	( ) Tristan
18. Nina	( ) Rawdon Crawley	( ) Mellors
19. Odette	( ) Lord Chatterley	( ) Arnold Israel
20. Mrs. Murrant	( ) Andrew Volkonsky	( ) Faust

Mastermind of Crime

THIS IS COSTELLO. By Robert H. Prall and Norton Mockridge. New York: Gold Medal Books. 190 *pp.* 25¢.

By Harold B. Hinton

THE Senate Crime Investigating Committee started on its inquiries in the spring of 1950 convinced it could establish the existence of a national crime syndicate, organized with unbelievable efficiency and reaping untold profits. Its final conclusion was that no such simple picture of the crime problem in the United States could be presented.

The writers of this book disagree. They tell us there is a closely knit master gang which runs all really profitable crime in the United States, and that the chairman of the board of this outside-the-law corporation is Frank Costello, born Francesco Castiglia, an alumnus of the East Harlem gangs.

Whether they establish their case is a matter which may well be argued by their attorneys and Costello's in some libel trial of the future. For the average reader the writers have produced something like a detective story with real names. Those of us who have not followed through the years the killings, chiselings, betrayals, and phoney reformations they chronicle will be highly interested in the tapestry of circumstantial evidence they have woven.

In general their pattern follows that originally exhibited by Virgil Peterson, the operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission. He is a former agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation who for a generation has painstakingly compiled the criminal records of the leading hoodlums of the country.

Mr. Peterson has never had the slightest hesitation in naming names in public. He has never suffered a libel suit nor the physical chastisement supposedly inevitable for those who pay too close attention to matters that are none of their business as estimated by the underworld. Mr. Peterson is a rather mild-mannered exponent of the theory that these gangland heroes are cheap punks who are scared to death of honest folk.

He is the author of the educated guess that organized gambling in the United States has a gross "take" of $15,000,000,000 a year which the authors of this book credit to Senator Estes Kefauver, who headed the Crime Investigating Committee in its early days. Consciously or uncon-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciously, Messrs. Prall and Mockridge have followed Mr. Peterson's technique of taking the police records of the main characters in the underworld of today, noting amazing coincidences in association and activities, and drawing apparently reasonable, though perhaps unprovable, conclusions.

Their book is divided into chapters dealing not only with Costello, but with Joe Adonis of New York and New Jersey; Charles (Lucky) Luciano, New York mobster now living against his will in his native Sicily as the result of deportation; Frank Erickson, the roly-poly gambler now serving his first two years in jail; Tony Accardo, Jake Guzik, and Murray Llewellyn (The Camel) Humphreys, whom they nominate as current chieftains of the Chicago Capone gang; Mickey Cohen and Jack Dragna, the alleged titans of the Pacific Coast.

A moralist might object that the authors have unduly stressed the high (if temporary) wages of sin. Every character they mention, according to their account, smokes expensive Havana cigars, drives several Cadillacs, and wears two-hundred-dollar suits. A careful reading, however, reveals that this impression springs from the literary clichés which seem to be inseparable from writing about gangsters. Only Edgar Wallace, an Englishman, seems to have been able to describe our hoodlums so as to make their false suavity and over-blown luxury appear reasonable.

The authors have also permitted themselves the poetic license normally associated with writing about such doings. They give direct quotations, for example, of what the late Charlie Binaggio told the Chicago mob when he is supposed to have reported to them he couldn't pay back the money they had provided for him to corrupt Missouri and Kansas City officials to "open up" the state to gambling. This inability, they deduce, led to Charlie's particularly messy death from pistol wounds in a Democratic ward club in Kansas City.

"It's all gonna work out all right," they quote him as having said to Tony Accardo and Charlie Fischetti—a phrase which, if uttered, might rank high among famous last words.

These minor flights of fancy, however, detract only moderately from a fast-moving book which ties up in a convenient package many facts and deductions most of us would do well to keep in mind.

Harold B. Hinton, member of The New York Times *Washington bureau, followed the investigations of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee.*

Billion-Dollar Pressures

Karl Schriftgiesser—"accumulates details."

THE LOBBYISTS. By Karl Schriftgiesser. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 253 pp. $3.50.

By LINDSAY ROGERS

MOST CITIZENS think of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States as simply providing that Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of religion, speech, or press. But the Amendment goes on to assert a more ancient right which was admitted as early as Magna Carta, and which by the eighteenth century not even a despotic government would stoop to deny. Hence the First Amendment also declared that Congress shall make no law abridging the "right of the people peacefully to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances" and thus legalized "the art and business of influencing lawmakers," which in 1950 was estimated to have a turnover of a billion dollars.

In the early days of the Republic when great issues of public policy had to be decided the right of petition had a broad meaning. But when the first tariff measures were passed private interests, anxious about their profits, sent their emissaries to Washington to work on representatives and senators. By 1832 the word "lobby" had been coined: "To frequent the lobby of a legislative assembly for the purpose of influencing members' votes." Those who practised this newly labeled profession became more and more numerous. The number of national organizations actively engaged in lobbying in Washington is now estimated at 4,000 and in 1950 they were represented by 2,074 individually registered lobbyists or nearly four for every Congressman.

In size and method the phenomenon is peculiarly American. In Great Britain, for example, the Cabinet is the conduit through which all legislation must pass, and party discipline is so strict that lobbyists could not earn their fees. Interests must work on those who frame party programs. But Congress and the state capitols offer opportunities to petitioners who are paid not only by private interests, but by the taxpayers as well, for government bureaus work their wiles on the lawmakers. The Army's Engineer Corps, for example, to which the Hoover Commission paid some attention, has been described as a "lobby that can't be licked."

Mr. Schriftgiesser deals with lobbying and "pressure groups" past and present. His story is well known in outline, but it takes on importance and becomes forbidding as it accumulates details that have not been reported before or, if told piecemeal, left no impression. Who now remembers Senator Hugo Black's investigation of the lobby that fought the public utility holding company legislation or even the Buchanan Committee's hearings of last year?

In the author's opinion, "the perfect lobby" has been the National Association of Real Estate Boards, which delayed and emasculated the Federal Housing Bills. Using the testimony before the Buchanan Committee, he anaylzes the Regulation of Lobbying Act, which was passed in 1946, points out its deficiencies (in respect to registration requirements and publicity for expenditures), and makes proposals for tightening it up. One problem that has recently emerged is "lobbying by foundation"—the tax-free institution, which can obtain its income in the form of charitable contributions and use it for books and pamphlets on "economic" subjects, and not for pressuring legislators.

There is no likelihood that lobbying activities will lessen. They will persist, Mr. Schriftgiesser thinks, "as long as legislation continues to be made by a Congress elected by the people," unless, I may add, political parties are able to discipline the legislators who

(*Continued on page* 26)

Lindsay Rogers, professor of public law at Columbia, is author of "The Problem of Government," "The American Senate, and other books."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1951, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Need for Big Words

"WHY DO YOU keep your greatest writers in jail?" the interviewer asked.

The question was put to me during a radio broadcast over the New Delhi radio station. It had been made clear to me that the All-India Radio, as the Government network is called, would take no responsibility for the opinions of the interviewer, although it had a ruling against controversial political discussion. The interviewer was not on the staff of the radio station but had been selected because of his identification with Indian arts and letters. The purpose of the interview was to elicit information about writing and publishing in America.

Before I could even find out precisely what the interviewer had in mind when he asked about our greatest writers being in jail, he expanded his question.

"Take your most important writer, for example, Howard Fast. Very few writers are addressing themselves to the big issues of the times, as he is doing. Few American writers possess his skill. Yet because he refused to tailor his work to the requirements of the politicians and warmakers he was thrown into jail. Is this not so?"

Once again I started a reply, intending to say that the interviewer's information was in serious error, when he continued along the same lines.

"I understand, too," he said, "that it is extremely difficult for honest writers in America to express themselves. Is this not so? And is it not true that the literary landscape in America is becoming increasingly barren, and that you have no poets or writers to take the place of such great men as Walt Whitman? What is happening to your poetry? Your theatre, too, is not what it used to be. Back in the Nineteen Twenties and early Thirties you had a lively and stimulating theatre. Today much of the vitality and integrity of your theatre have vanished. How do you account for this?"

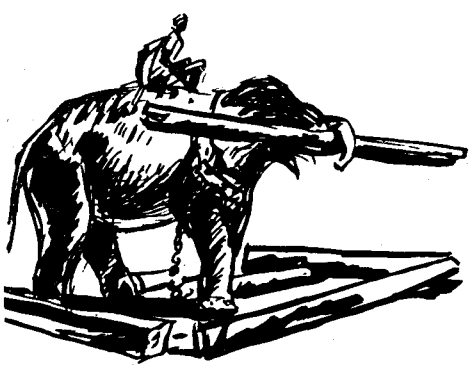
It seemed clear to me by this time that the interviewer was less concerned about eliciting information than he was about getting across a point of view damaging to the United States. He had asked a half-dozen questions without affording the opportunity for a reply. Not all the questions were related. His tone was accusatory and occasionally caustic, creating the impression that I dared not answer him honestly.

It was difficult to decide whether to reply sharply, getting into an argument, or to offer a calm, reasoned, factual answer.

Since it was the listening audience that had to be persuaded, I decided to do the latter, and proceeded point by point to correct the information on which the questions were based. I didn't get very far.

"Now tell us about your composers," the interviewer interrupted again. "Tell us why it is that your composers are so uninspired. Great leaders such as Stalin inspire great songs. Has any composer in America felt inspired to write a great song about Truman?"

I felt that continued restraint would be useless. I replied that I was sorry to observe that his questions were lacking in good will, although the reference to Marshal Stalin left little doubt as to their general orientation. Speaking personally, I said that I as an American was happy that no composers had written songs to President Truman. That was the privilege of dictators. It was perhaps interesting to recall, I added, that Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini had no difficulty in having songs written about them. Whether the composers acted out of inspiration, bootlicking, or fear was a somewhat different question. Whatever the practice of totalitarian states, glorification and excessive veneration of political leaders were out of style in America.



The interviewer indicated he had no quarrel with the American people but only with those leaders and those elements of the population that were destroying our democracy. "Why is it?" he asked, "that American schoolteachers are being dismissed if they refuse to speak in favor of racial and religious prejudice? Why is it that . . ."

I felt justified in interrupting in order to ask for one question at a time, and also for specific evidence. Just when and where were teachers dismissed for the reason he gave?

"In New York City," he said blandly. "Teachers in New York City are fired if they refuse to teach prejudice against Negroes and Jews."

At this point I addressed my remarks directly to the listening audience, calling attention to a serious misstatement by the interviewer. I said that my office was in New York City and that I could offer first-hand, unqualified proof that the statement they had just heard was an outright falsehood, leaving it up to the listeners to judge for themselves the general accuracy of the questioner.

The interviewer said his information had come from friends in the United States. When I pressed him for something more specific — number of teachers dismissed, dates, or persons involved — even press clippings indicating the existence of such a controversy — he said he preferred to stand on the private information of his friends.

* * *

In fairness to All-India Radio, I should say that this was the only radio interview, out of a half dozen in various parts of the sub-continent, which took this particular turn. All the others took the form of forthright, cordial, constructive questioning genuinely seeking information about America and the American people.

The New Delhi radio interview, however, did seem to me to reflect a considerable segment of Indian public opinion about the United States. This is not unnatural. The West is viewed against a background of master-subject relationship and white supremacy. Every move we make in Asia—whether political, economic, or military—is regarded with serious misgivings or suspicion. Meanwhile, news dispatches from the United States have a negative emphasis, tending in the main to picture us as selfish, acquisi-

(Continued on page 27)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Viereck and the Nation

SIR: Peter Viereck's "Sermons of Self-Destruction" [*SRL* Aug. 18] was most timely. Perhaps the best way of characterizing the attitude of the "Lumpen-intellectuals" is by designating it sophomoric, an overworked word, but one which is in this case literally true. For it is not only those "near the top of the literary and journalistic world" who cling to the Stalinoid type of "realistic cynicism." On the literal sophomoric level dewy young lids are constantly "opened" by pretentious tracts. Although we are told that intellectual rebellion is a *sine qua non* for mature intelligence, the mind of the "Lumpen-intellectual" is too often frozen at that first blissful point of enlightenment. And this process usually takes place before the nature of politics and political society is learned. Perhaps Prof. Viereck would agree that this failure to recognize political decisions as results of a balance of forces and of give and take is the basic cause of the "Lumpen-intellectual's" substitution of some sort of mystical Utopia for the supreme political fact of the day—the threat of Soviet Russia.

GEORGE K. ROMOSER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Peter Viereck's article prompts me to offer the following comments:

1). Mr. Viereck asks the impossible. No mere intellectual, no matter how clever or conscientious he is, can proceed at a full gallop in two opposite directions at once, which is what Mr. Viereck wants. Such a feat demands the talents of an acrobat, a politician, or a poet.

2). Mr. Viereck commits a political and logical error which has become all too frequent in polemical writing of late. An actual assault upon freedom of expression by a public authority is not to be equated with a supposed assault upon it by a private individual, however placed. The editor of a magazine in the free world has always had the final and absolute say as to what appears or does not appear in its pages. This holds true for journals of every shade of political opinion, from *The New Statesman* and *The Nation* to *Fortune* and *Business Week*. That is part of what freedom of expression means; I do not think that even Mr. Viereck would go so far as to deny it. One may disagree with an editor's policies, but cannot correctly accuse him of violating anyone's rights by refusing to print his letter; rather, the editor is exercising his own.

3). I would challenge Mr. Viereck's contention that American conservatives recognize and respect anti-Stalinist Socialism as an ally against Stalinist Communism. In practice they may do so, but many of them nevertheless waste a good deal of time and breath abusing the British Labor Government and trying to blackmail it into coming around to our way of thinking by more or less veiled threats of a cessation of American aid if Socialist reforms continue to be carried out. Such tactics are not likely to win for us the good will of the British people.

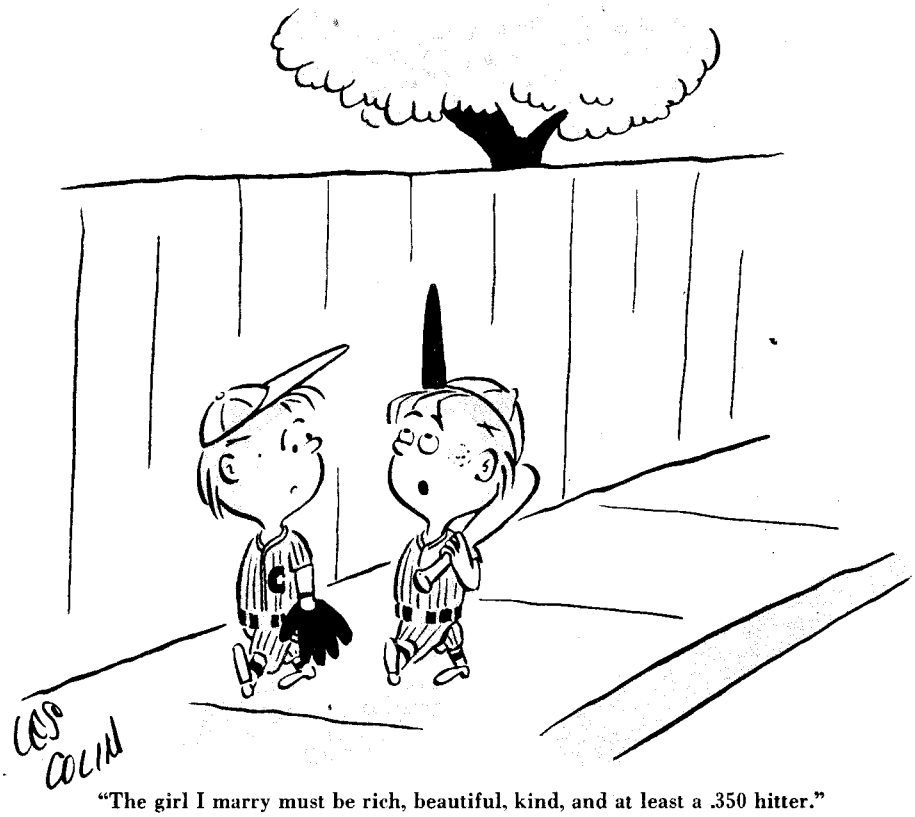
4). We cannot, as Mr. Viereck fondly hopes, effectively dissociate ourselves from our less respectable allies (Franco, Tito, Peron, Chiang, the Greek Government, etc.) while we are still dependent upon them for military support and advantages (troops, bases, raw material, etc.). We must take the moral consequences of our policies. Accordingly, it behooves us to give up all pretense that what we are fighting against is an ideology or a principle, or, in fact, anything but a hostile power whose existence endangers our own. Once we do this, be it noted, the ideology or principle of Communism will no longer be officially objectionable to us as such, but only in its connection (by no means indissoluble: *vide* Tito) with the hostile power.

5). Even more basically Mr. Viereck's article makes a violent and (in my opinion) ill-advised appeal to the emotion of patriotism, which is the most difficult emotion of all to keep within sane bounds once it has been aroused. In excess it may be fatal to that sense of proportion which Mr. Viereck is rightly anxious to foster.

6). As for Mr. Viereck's main political thesis, which on the whole is valid, and his composite portrait of the Lumpen-intellectual, which is not quite so valid, both were covered, with more wit and peneration and without gratuitous flagwaving, in an article by Arthur Koestler in *Life* some time ago.

S. P. DUNN.

New York, N. Y.



"The girl I marry must be rich, beautiful, kind, and at least a .350 hitter."

SIR: Many thanks to Peter Viereck for his splendid article. It made me squirm uncomfortably to see myself mirrored in several of the "six earmarks of the true Lumpen-intellectual." Mr. Viereck's article was for me a well-placed kick in my neutral position. And I am relieved to find myself in agreement in a positive way.

I feel that so many vital truths are dealt with so logically and so clearly that I want more people to read it.

For a little peace of mind thanks again to Peter Vierick.

VAL LEVISON.

Dayton, Ohio.

SIR: Thank you for publishing the fine, clear thinking of Peter Viereck. Let us have more of this inspired kind of writing. America and the world are certainly in need of it.

E. KILPATRICK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Either as is or expanded Peter Viereck's "Sermons of Self-Destruction" ought to be bound in pamphlet form for circulation beyond the area of the already convinced. It is excellent, need *I* say.

HARRY SALPETER.

New York City.

SIR: I have read "Sermons of Self-Destruction." To you and to Peter Viereck fifteen pieces of silver.

THEODORE A. WEBB.

Dexter, Me.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

MEXICAN PRIZE-WINNER

AN UNBELIEVABLE number of Mexican-made films cross the border every year. Most of them we never hear of. Untitled and unsung they quickly pass into the oblivion provided by some 400 Spanish-language houses spread across the country. And although an occasional picture has been purchased for art-house distribution, none has ever been really successful. Often handsomely photographed, they generally prove overlong and over-romantic for North American tastes. Their pace is leisurely, with frequent protracted song interludes. Production-wise they remind one strongly of the pictures from Hollywood's Republic Studios. But there is nothing either romantic, leisurely, or Hollywood about Luis Bunuel's "Los Olvidados," "The Lost Ones" (Oxford Films), which won the prize for direction at the Cannes Festival this past summer. If reminiscent of anything it would be "The Quiet One" of a few seasons back—only next to the street urchins of this Mexican picture, "The Quiet One's" little problem child appears like an altar boy. For them stealing pennies from a blind man is only a point of departure, a sort of warming up until they can get really started. Even young Pedro, the nicest boy in the gang, expresses his anger by beating a pair of chickens to death.

Definitely not a film for the sensitive stomach, "The Lost One" can—and does—justify its scenes of detailed violence and depravity. They all spring from incidents uncovered and vouched for by Mexican educational and penal authorities. But, as the film carefully states at the outset, the problems it deals with are by no means exclusive to Mexico. They hold equally true for any large industrial center where poverty is rampant and children go uncared for and unloved. Pedro's mother resents him because his father had left her. Julian's father is a drunkard. Another boy was simply abandoned in the marketplace.

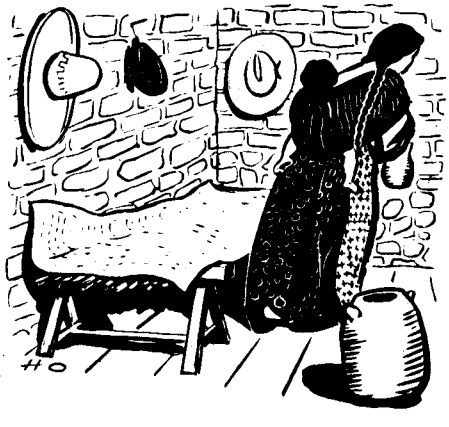
Into this purposeless, hungry band strides Jaibo, just escaped from the reformatory. Because he can get money for them, robbing the blind and the crippled, he quickly establishes himself as their leader. Tall, muscular, completely amoral, Jaibo moves easily from robbery to murder. Pedro witnesses this crime and is forced by the older boy to share the guilt. Sent to a reform school for the theft of a knife actually stolen by Jaibo, the boy gets away and denounces him both for the theft and the murder. Jaibo clubs him to death, only to be shot down himself by the police. The final scene shows neighbors disposing of Pedro's body, not wanting to get themselves "involved."

Such is the story structure of "The Lost Ones." Actually its linkages of characters and incidents are much closer and subtler than any mere outline could indicate. In a powerfully conceived dream sequence Pedro asks his mother for meat; then, just as she is about to give it to him, Jaibo rises slow-motion from beneath the bed to snatch it away from him. Later in the film Jaibo sleeps with Pedro's mother. The gang's first depredation is against a blind street musician; at the end of the film it is he who directs the police to Jaibo's hide-out. Pedro beats the chickens with the same frenzy that Jaibo finally turns on him.

Close-knit though the action may be there are scenes and faces that seem to break through the interstices to burn themselves indelibly in the mind—the senseless attack on a helpless cripple in his dolly cart, Jaibo smashing the blind man's drum while he lashes wildly with his broken stick, Pedro and the other boys pushing the horses round on a carousel to earn a few pesos, the gouging, tearing street fight between Pedro and Jaibo. Each sets the pulses racing madly though the mind reacts with instinctive rejection and horror. "This can't be true," we cry in protest. But the telling, even more than the documentary evidence offered at the outset, assures us that it is true—and will remain true as long as poverty, ignorance, and lovelessness remain. Hope isn't in this film. Only anger.

For Luis Bunuel, the director, "The Lost Ones" is a personal triumph. Some twenty years ago he startled the art world when in collaboration with Salvador Dali he produced "Un Chien Andalu," a classic of surrealism. A few years later he made a literally unforgettable documentary on Las Hurdes, a disease-ridden district of Spain. Surrealism was transformed here into a kind of super-realism by which the intensity of his feeling for these depressed, stunted people was driven into every frame. Now after years of successful commercial filmmaking in Mexico the two strains at last are merged. There is surrealism in Pedro's guilt dream, in such strange within-frame juxtapositions as the black rooster gazing fatefully at the fallen blind man. And super-realism in the rubble-strewn lots which are the boys' playgrounds, in the mean and crowded hovels where they live, in all the sordid facts of life on Mexico's streets. Photography, low-keyed but sharp, is by Gabriel Figueroa, Mexico's best. The result is a film that probably won't let you sleep nights—but which you can't afford to miss.

THE NOTABLE TEAM of Zanuck and Mankiewicz, the team that brought us "All About Eve," takes another turn at bat with "People Will Talk" (20th Century-Fox). And while they don't exactly strike out, neither do they sweep the field the way they did with their earlier triumph. It seems to be a case of just trying too hard—trying too hard this time simply to repeat a box-office success. Oddly enough the trouble does not lie with the story. Based on the famous German play, "Dr. Praetorius," it has to do with a whispering campaign directed against a particularly popular doctor and teacher. He is accused by a jealous faculty member of using mystic powers in his healing. Questions are also raised concerning his silent, mysterious, and formidable assistant, Shunderson. Because all turns out well, Mankiewicz probably felt he could use this fairly serious theme for comedy, and he casts as the beleaguered Dr. Praetorius the *farceur* Cary Grant. As a result it becomes almost impossible to suppose that anyone could take Hume Cronyn's fussy splutterings seriously. Grant is too obviously a good chap, bustling and cheerful and most respectably prosperous, while Cronyn's part is both written and played too broadly for real menace. An untidy start, show-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
MYRON McCORMICK • DIOSA COSTELLO
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"GENUINE ENTERTAINMENT, full of brains, talent, wit, humor and splendor." —Brooks Atkinson, Times
BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
in
"Two on the Aisle"
Hilarious Musical Revue
with ELLIOTT REID
and COLETTE MARCHAND
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER THEA., B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

ing unmistakable signs of story tampering, makes it even more difficult to fix the characterizations. Which is too bad because within the frame of this story a number of important questions are raised for the first time on film — questions of psychiatric treatment of the ill, psychosomatic medicine, psychopathology. But Mankiewicz applies the sugar-coating so lavishly that the pill is almost lost. Trying to humanize a medical concept by making it funny, he succeeds mainly in dehumanizing his people. Despite an extremely efficient cast that includes Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie, Walter Slezak, and Sidney Blackmer, despite an expensive and handsomely mounted production, despite all of Mankiewicz's bright dialogue, "People Will Talk" never quite comes off. —Arthur Knight.

SRL Recommends

Los Olvidados: Reviewed in this issue.

The Medium: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find" Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*SRL* Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee William's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

Whistle at Eaton Falls: Dramatizing an actual event showing the constructive role organized labor can play in a community. (*SRL* Aug. 18.)

The River: The philosophy, tradition, and ritual beauty of India fully realized in a simple story directed by Jean Renoir and photographed by nephew Claude. (*SRL* Aug. 4.)

The Frogmen: The camera stars in this account of underwater demolition teams during World War II. (*SRL* July 21.)

Bright Victory: Intelligent screenplay based on Baynard Kendrick novel "Lights Out," showing physical and value readjustments made by blinded ex-GI's. (*SRL* July 21.)

Ace in the Hole: A boozed-up reporter seeking big-time comeback makes carnival of Albuquerque tragedy similar to Floyd Collins case. (*SRL* July 7.)

Native Son: Richard Wright playing Bigger Thomas in his story about a Negro chauffeur who accidentally kills a white girl. (*SRL* July 7.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

Excuse My Dust: A musical joshing the era when few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. (*SRL* June 30.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

20th Century-Fox presents
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA
TECHNICOLOR
starring
GREGORY PECK
SUSAN HAYWARD
Scientifically Air Conditioned
NOW! RIVOLI B'WAY AT 49th ST
Doors Open 9.30 AM

WORLD PREMIERE
SUTTON Theatre
East 57th St. • PL 9-1411
NOW
Gian-Carlo Menotti's
The Medium
Starring Marie Powers with Leo Coleman
and introducing Anna Maria Alberghetti
Directed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti

"A vastly enjoyable musical comedy—Lavish and uproarious."—Atkinson, Times
SHIRLEY BOOTH
JOHNNY JOHNSTON
in
A Tree Grows In Brooklyn
Air-Cond.
ALVIN THEA., W. 52 St.—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

hand wrought jewelry by
arthur king
14 kt gold ring with uncut aquamarine or a choice of genuine stones. $30.00 including tax. Mail orders filled.
arthur king
679 lexington ave. (at 56th st.)
new york 22.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANA

(*Continued from page* 21)

use their labels, and there are no signs that this will come about.

In 1913 Woodrow Wilson defeated a tariff lobby by appealing to public opinion: "It is of serious interest to the country," he declared, "that the people at large should have no lobby and be voiceless in these matters, while great bodies of astute men seek to create an artificial opinion and to overcome the interests of the public for their private profit." Mr. Schriftgiesser's interesting book should have an effect on public opinion and only those whose interests are so selfish that they are unwilling to disclose them will object to the principle on which he insists: "When any citizen petitions the Government for a redress of grievances he should stand up and say who he is and what he wants, why he wants it, and who paid his way."

Americana Notes

NEW CASTLE ON THE DELAWARE. Edited by Jeannette Eckiman. New Castle Historical Society, New Castle, Del. $2.50.

DELAWARE HISTORY: New Castle Tercentenary Issue. Historical Society of Delaware. Wilmington. $1.50. The Dutch landed at what became New Castle on the Delaware and stayed there until the British took over after the acquisition of New Amsterdam. It was not long, but they established a delightful and important Dutch town which became later one of the most attractive of English colonial cities, second only, if second, to Williamsburg. By one of the ironies of history, Williamsburg declined until so great was its decadence that only the vast generosity of the Rockefellers made it possible to reconstruct it for a memorial in our day, and a reconstruction, rebuilt after painful research and some guessing, it remains.

The history of New Castle is different. Its neighbor, Swedish Wilmington, early became prosperous. But the intellectual, legal, and governmental authority of New Castle remained dominant upon the lower Delaware, until the beginning of the railroad age. Then first a tiny railroad connecting the Delaware and the Chesapeake Bay drew travelers for Washington past the little city which had been their resting p' :e, and what was to become the Pennsylvania railroad, bypassed it entirely, and while Wilmington became a great industrial city New Castle quietly declined into a provincial town.

Therefore, it did not have to be reconstructed. It mouldered, it grew prim and proud. It kept its beautiful buildings though it did not keep them up. "Of old New Castle it can be said that had the loss of colonial records and those of early statehood been complete, a significant history would still exist in the architecture that still remains from those periods." Some of it had to be restored, but not reconstructed. Although the old tile-front Dutch house that I remember in my youth is gone, yet some of the earliest habitations remain, and the Court House where William Penn received the "turf with a twigg upon it a porringer of river water and soyle" which symbolized his ownership of his new land, and the chief residences, the old church, the public buildings are nearly all there. It is an ancient capital as near complete as is possible in an age like ours, and its tercentenary is this year. —HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

TERROR IN THE STREETS. By Howard Whitman. Dial. $3.50. Mr. Whitman has concerned himself with the non-Kefauverian or un-Costelloed aspects of crime. His criminals show more brutality and passion than profit, and their activities are completely unorganized. Their brand of crime he calls "crimes against people"—casual murder, unprovoked assault, mugging, rape, penny-ante robbery, and the molesting of children. The inclusion of some highly respectable statistics and some highly sensational cases supports Mr. Whitman's argument that this kind of violence has lately increased both in incidence and depravity.

Unquestionably such crime poses terrible dangers to simple family living. Fathers, reacting nervously to the terrors of a sidewalk hold-up, have been insouciantly murdered by trigger-happy hoodlums. Children have been scarred psychologically and, under circumstances of tension, sadistically killed by sexual perverts.

But while Mr. Whitman writes angrily and at length of these outrages there's some doubt whether he clears or beclouds the problem. Most of the trouble, he says, can be traced to the inefficient and corrupt "politicians" who control our metropolitan police departments and to patrol by radio car instead of by foot. Thousands of flat feet cry their protest; but the author, in his rather uncritical love for the old-fashioned neighborhood bobby, shouts, "Put the cop back on the beat."

Of all solutions that is perhaps the most banal and least penetrating. Beat-pounding may possibly prevent a few muggings—provided our cities had the budgets and tax resources to pay for greatly enlarged police forces *and* provided low-paid bluecoats could be recruited in a tight labor market. Nor is the radio car a frivolous modern gadget that, in this book's telling, induces stenographer's spread in its occupants and arrives at the scene after the crime. In petty matters millions of motorists know better; in serious offenses it covers ground equal to scores of sidewalk-bound patrolmen and employs infinitely superior communications. All in all Mr. Whitman's indictment is just if cliche-ridden in the worst form of slick magazine style, but his corrective measures might leave us with even less defense.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

LIFE ON THE UPPER SUSQUEHANNA, 1783-1860. By James Arthur Frost. King's Crown Press. $2.75. South of the main line of the New York Central, eastward from Utica, lie the headwaters of the Susquehanna River, a stream which comes to full growth across Pennsylvania and Maryland and then flows placidly into Chesapeake Bay. The river's birth-country is a pleasant, hilly, sparsely populated area in which a community of a thousand members is a metropolis. It is a land of little change, but it has responded to the same social, political, and economic impacts that have produced more violent results in more populous regions. Mr. Frost, working largely with manuscript sources, newspapers, local histories, gazetteers, and official manuals, has achieved a microcosmic study that is much more than a mere factual narrative. His conclusions are brought into broad focus in a final chapter which relates specific details to the national setting. The result is an effective reconstruction of more than local interest, and a model worth general adoption—the application of sound scholarship to the high concerns of the courthouse steps and the village green.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEED FOR BIG WORDS

(*Continued from page 22*)

tive, predatory, immoral, militaristic, bigoted. Any person whose knowledge of America is based primarily upon what he finds in most of the Asian press can hardly be blamed for having distorted views of the United States. Day after day he reads about insults and injustices to non-white peoples; he reads about newspaper publishers, members of Congress, and prominent public figures making warlike statements; he reads that anyone who openly advocates peace in the United States is generally regarded as a subversive; he reads that elected public officers demand that we use wheat for India as a club to force India to go along with American policy. Then he reads that the Soviet keeps calling for peace in the world; he reads of great peacetime hydroelectric projects in Russia; he reads of Soviet sympathy for the historic struggle of the Asian peoples to complete their independence from Western colonialism.

Just as there seems to be a disposition in many quarters to believe the worst about us, there seems to be a tendency to give the Soviet the benefit of every doubt. In a sense this generosity of view towards the Soviet is somewhat reminiscent of America in the late Twenties and early Thirties. At that time America was in a process of social and economic upheaval. There was a quest for certainty—for answers to questions which seemed to challenge the very essence of democratic institutions. We were looking for a way out. The Soviet came forward as a champion of economic justice. That many Americans at the time should have responded uncritically to the ideological glamour of the Soviet is not strange. We lacked the historical insight and experience to enable us to see totalitarian dogma for what it was. Our literature at the time—fiction and non-fiction both—reflected this uncritical acceptance of the Soviet system as the authentic answer to the challenges of a fast-moving industrial age. The enchantment, however, steadily diminished as Soviet Communism revealed itself in political purges, the harnessing of Soviet art and science to ideological purposes, the German-Russian non-aggression pact, the coup in Czechoslovakia, and the attack in Korea. Communism acted and America took note.

Today in India the intellectual climate has known no such maturing process. News from and about the Soviet in recent years has been generally favorable. The social and economic

So frightened and pathetic — holding a piece of a doll

This is Elena. Her father was killed in an air-raid. Her mother, returning ill and broken from a prison camp in Germany, has not worked since 1945. With her own tired hands, and with old pieces of wood and tin, Elena's mother put together a pitiful shack. You can imagine how bitter cold it is in winter. Last year, Elena, trying to warm herself at their brazier went too close and fell in, painfully carbonizing her little left hand. Her mother writes "She cried so very much that I promised myself that for the coming year my child would have warm clothes and a doll. Where can I find such things for my little one? How can I protect her and help her?"

The war still goes on for Elena and such children. Your help can mean love and security and finally rehabilitation. The Plan is dedicated to Peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children . . . we need your help to help them!

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level . . . we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his/her needs.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and thus a sense of belonging is created.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England and is registered under #VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them, please?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

55 W. 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Nancy Craig, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry LeSuer, Ned Calmer, Joan Bennett.

©1951 FPP for WC Inc.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LO 4-6647 SRL-9-51

55 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year: If possible, sex..... I will pay $15. a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ) yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State..... Date.....

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems in India are so acute, and the need for a champion so great, that the historical and political record of the Soviet has been largely ignored.

Organizationally, however, the Communist Party in India is weak. The party is outlawed in many of the states, and many of the top leaders are in jail. Some have been executed. This paradox, that Communism should be weak organizationally but strong ideologically, is perhaps explained by the fact that a distinction is made between the general idea of Communism and the operations and machinations of the Indian Communist Party. Leaders are jailed or shot—not as Communists especially but as political terrorists and criminals. The fact that the Soviet itself may be the headquarters of the terror and that India may be on the timetable of Soviet expansion—through internal or external means or both—does not seem to be viewed as a political or military reality.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Soviet prestige in India is the sole result of propagandist operations. The propaganda is there, and in copious doses; but the Soviet has been riding the historical forces. Communist penetration is not merely the result of economic injustice, as is often argued in connection with the need for land reform. It is the result of a vast complex of reasons of which agricultural feudalism is only one. There is first of all the struggle for freedom against colonial imperialism, with which the Soviet has identified itself. Related to this is the longing for self-respect and personal pride—the result of long generations of social and political inequality. Here the Soviet Union points to the absence of prejudice or racial discrimination within its borders. Then there are the encroachments of an industrial age with its attendant problems — for which the Soviet insistently claims it has the answers.

This is not to say that there is any shortage of Soviet propaganda as such. Soviet films may be few in number but are highly effective in content. Large-size, beautifully illustrated magazines about the Soviet are sold far below cost — almost at a give-away price. Booklets and pamphlets denouncing the "American attack on Korea," or extolling life in the Soviet, seem to have a fairly large distribution. But this propaganda machine is actually secondary to the front-line political operations of Communism in India, which on the surface and underground attempt to exploit whatever historical and current factors are working for the overthrow or replacement of the present Government.

All of which may suggest that the problem for us in India may go far beyond the need to expose Soviet pretenses to humanitarianism for the counterfeit claims they are. Indeed, the problem stretches beyond the operation of an information service about America—important though that is—or even a program of economic assistance—valuable though that in itself may be. The problem is deeply historical. Somehow we have to fight our way back to the high position we held in 1920, when people everywhere looked to us as the brightest symbol of humanitarianism the world had ever known. We won that position not with dollars but through moral initiative. Woodrow Wilson spoke of the meaning of America in human terms and identified us with the community of man. That was before we ourselves became cynical of ideals. We live today in the Age of Choice. The preponderance of the world's peoples are engaged in choosing between alternatives, one of which is generally identified with Soviet Russia, the other with the United States. If we truly believe in influencing a correct choice we may have to talk and act a bigger and more meaningful role than the one we have defined for ourselves thus far.

These are big words—much easier to say than to spell out in specific terms. True enough—but there is need today for bigness—in words as in everything else. The small words don't seem to have worked too well. —N. C.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 430

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 430 will be found in the next issue.

XFN HFPGUIUHFX UD

BNIHEPW FEI PXI

DETXEIXPM EBFNWNTXI.

—SEXXFNZ ZUGG.

Answer to Crypt No. 429

Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of traveling. —MARGARET LEE RUNBECK.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

an infinity to hope for, Mr. de Hartog moves with a sensitive sureness. He sings a sighing chanty and one that is very sweet.

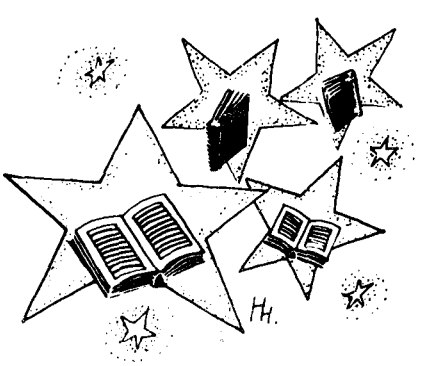
—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

A CERTAIN WOMAN. By Victor MacClure. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3. The story of the Magdalene has always possessed a strong dramatic impact and emotional appeal. The direct juxtaposition of the sinner with Christ heightens the power of the universal redemption motif. Since Mr. MacClure is an able craftsman, his version of this drama is readable and interesting. But it is not unfair to remark that the material does more for him than he does for it. We feel the sincerity with which he approaches the story, but he has not probed it to any great depth to invest the simple skeleton of Biblical narrative with much significant illumination.

There are conflicting opinions about Mary of Magdala. Mr. MacClure accepts the tradition that identifies her with Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha and Lazarus. Though she violates the fundamental code of Jewish morality, he is careful to portray her as driven to this course by the very honesty and integrity of her character in the face of bigotry and hypocrisy. Thus he rejects the charge of "wantonness" as anything but the hate-reaction of a bigoted people to someone who has defied their mores.

Hence, the redemption of his Mary is not so much the saving of a true sinner as the progress of a soul from the wasteland of material values to a knowledge of the values of the spirit. His Mary had never been given over wholly to the flesh as in the other common view of her as courtesan. This is a legitimate interpretation but, at least as Mr. MacClure develops it, also a "safer" and easier interpretation.

I like his Mary as a character in her own right, even though I wish there



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were more depth of conflict in her progression. The devoted Roman, Felix Scaliger, is somewhat faceless and too readily swayed to Mary's and the author's purposes. The dialogue, except in the solemn moments, has rather too lightly modern a flavor.

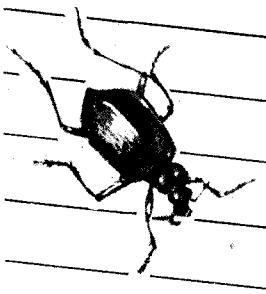
Jesus is well presented and well interpreted in the crisis in which we see Mary offered an opportunity to save Him from the way of the Cross. The most appealing and original passages in the treatment of Jesus occur in our brief glimpse of Him before the beginning of His ministry as a practising carpenter.

—EDMUND FULLER.

NO MUSIC FOR GENERALS. By Frederick Howard. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. War in Mr. Howard's book is not merely the usual compound of blood, sweat, tears, and heroics. It is also a pretty unsavory affair of internal politics in high places, of publicity, and of wily intrigue for position and power. Generals are Mr. Howard's particular target in this mordantly satiric and highly engrossing novel—especially one General Bannery. Out of favor in Washington, General Bannery is determined not only to regain his prestige but to establish himself as supreme commander in a hypothetical Allied theatre of war in the South Pacific. Such a purpose, the general realizes, requires not so much military victory over the Japanese—the time is World War II—as the outmaneuvering of other generals in the theatre, British, American, and Australian. It also requires the use of chicanery and deceit so that well-organized publicity can create a legendary hero to live in the newspaper headlines. And it may involve the wanton destruction of many of the infantry and air corps men under his command; this risk the general is willing to take.

Mr. Howard has jampacked his tale with dramatic incident and revealing insights into the mind of a military man on his way to turning himself into a Messiah. He has also had the sense and the skill not to rely on the rather transitory appeal of the *roman à clef*, though many a reader will greet with delight or dismay his picture of certain Pacific war heroes. For he has constructed his tale with consummate skill, peopled it with a fine gallery of believable beings, and kept things moving at a brisk and absorbing pace. He has even provided a convincing and skillfully integrated love story. But, good military man, he has kept his eye on the main target and with this novel scored a clean hit.

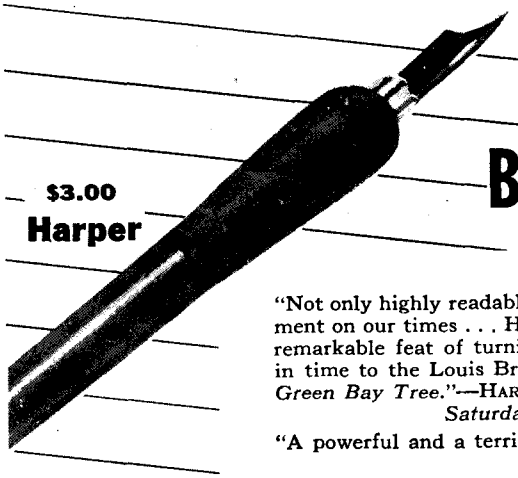
—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.



Mr. Smith

A new novel by LOUIS BROMFIELD

$3.00
Harper



"Not only highly readable, but a trenchant comment on our times . . . He has accomplished the remarkable feat of turning the clock backward in time to the Louis Bromfield who wrote *The Green Bay Tree.*"—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"A powerful and a terrifying book."
—MARQUIS W. CHILDS

"He is in top form . . . This is the novel you have been hoping he would write. It is the work of a thoughtful, capable Bromfield."
—*The Cleveland Press*

4TH PRINTING
James Reid Parker's BOOK
Open House
"20 stories in all . . . any one of them worth the price of the book, making the other 19 pure velvet." — *Chicago Tribune.*
$2.75
Doubleday

—that book about Holden Caulfield!
The CATCHER in the RYE
by J. D. SALINGER
It's the most talked about book in the country today

ARIZONA
IN WATERCOLOR
by NORDFELD
Sept. 10-29
Passedoit Gallery
121 EAST 57 STREET, NEW YORK 22

Looking for a PUBLISHER?
If you are looking for a book publisher, learn about our effective publishing program for new or unknown authors. Under this plan, we have just sold a first book to a famous reprint house for a pocket edition. Perhaps we can start you on a successful career, too. Ask for Free Booklet FF.
Write: Miss Frances Foley
VANTAGE PRESS, INC. 230 West 41st St., New York 18, N.Y.

Help Send Food for the Mind . . .
• Your contribution to the new CARE-UNESCO Book Program will replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe and Asia with the latest scientific and technical books in English. Full information available.
CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everyman's Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs

NEWLY COMPILED AND EDITED
by D. C. BROWNING

HERE, in one splendid 800 page volume are over 6000 famous quotations and 4000 proverbs, indexed in alphabetical order for ready reference. Lines from literature, plays, limericks, speeches, poetry — a treasure house of famous passages and sayings suitable for all occasions.

$3.75 at all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc. • New York 10

More tales of the South Pacific *by* *James A. Michener*

"A humdinger of a book!"—Coronet Magazine
$3.50 at all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE

EVENING MUSIC COURSES
Adult Extension Program 1951-52
Registration Sept. 19-29

"MUSIC & ITS PLACE IN THE WORLD TODAY"

Charles Haywood — James L. Mursell
Leopold Mannes — Richard Rodgers
Phillip L. Miller — Howard Taubman

"MODERN DRAMA & THE THEATRE TODAY"
Kathryn Mansell

For information on these and other lectures and courses write for Catalogue #3B

The Mannes Music School
36th Season
157 E. 74th St. N. Y. C. BU 8-0656

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

TAUT AND TIGHT — 20TH CENTURY INTEGRATION

MILHAUD: SONATA FOR FLUTE, OBOE, CLARINET AND PIANO (1918); LA CHEMINEE DU ROI RENE (1942); PASTORALE (1936). N. Y. Woodwind Quintet; M. Kayes, piano.
EMS 6

The sonata is a major work from powerful early period, unusually serious, crumblingly dissonant, contrapuntal, most original in use of the instruments. "Cheminee" is an easy-going wind suite *à l'antique,* tradition of Ravel, nicely harmonized. The little Pastorale, ABA, is smoothly lyric, surprisingly like the Stravinsky Pastorale now often heard. An impressive cross-section of well played Milhaud, nicely recorded, the mike pickup rather distant, the piano in background.

MILHAUD: TWO SKETCHES (MADRIGAL; PASTORALE), BEREZOWSKY: SUITE (1928). FINE: PARTITA (1948). New Art Wind Quintet.
Classics Editions CE 1004 (Auspices League of Composers.)

A bit belatedly, The League of Composers enters LP with first of series from its N.Y. concerts. The two short, atmospheric Milhaud items are gems to add to above collection (a different Pastorale); Berezowsky's 23-year-old Suite alternates rather didactic modern counterpoint with sunny semi-impressionism, lacking the Milhaud fluidity. Irving Fine's Partita, spare and humorous, stiff-jointed *à la* Stravinsky, stands up well to the older men's work, yet is imitative, restless in the way of the younger generation—testifies to increasing sureness of contemporary idiom, a good sign for our doubtful future. Drier, closer recording than above, an excellent job.

COPLAND: CLARINET CONCERTO (1948). Benny Goodman; Columbia String Orchestra, Copland. COPLAND: PIANO QUARTET (1950). New York Quartet.
Columbia ml 4421

Strange—while youngsters now compose fluently first-off in composite contemporary style pegged out laboriously by those pioneers Copland, Hindemith, Stravinsky, Prokofieff *et al,* the "models" themselves, move on to fresh integrations of their own. Copland now is widening his own familiar idiom to include elements from 12-tone, the dry, dynamic development of short, changiny motives that Stravinsky established, even the prevailing taut nervousness of the younger men like Bernstein, Gould. The Concerto, exploiting Goodman effectively, avoids obvious folkish or jazz elements but is properly outward, by turns tightly rhythmic or expansively lyric; the Quartet, in C.'s more personal and dissonant champer manner, surrounds a closeknit syncopated middle movement with two highly contrapuntal outer slow movements. Internally, both works show a remarkable new fluidity of long line, using the old Copland squared triads, largely minus the old staticity.

WITH LEISURE—MID-19TH CENTURY MAMMOTHS

HUMPERDINCK: MOORISH RHAPSODY. Leipsic Gewandhaus Orchestra, H. Abendroth.
Urania URLP 7020

LISZT: HUNGARIA (SYMPH. POEM No. 9). Munich Philharmonic, Adam Dolzycki.)
Mercury MG 10058

LISZT: CE QU'ON ENTEND SUR LA MONTAGNE (SYMPH. POEM No. 1). Munich Tonkunstler Orch., Strobl.
Mercury MH 10006

DVORAK: THE WOOD DOVE (HOLOUBEK); SIX LEGENDS. Radio Berlin Symphony, Fritz Lehmann.
Urania URLP 7010.

Time marched snail-like in the days when these improbable monsters of music were top concert fare! No music could be further removed in spirit from our own 20th century. Mostly unknown before LP except for standard Strauss, Smetana, etc., and "Les Préludes"—neither radio, concerts nor records could afford a quarter the time—now, on LP the mammoths shuffle forth from sleep, unexpectedly interrupted, unlikely apparitions which, however, add significantly to our audible knowledge of that remote period, the mid-19th century. If you can gear your own tempo to a crawl, if you can spend hours on minutes worth of musical content, you may find these most interesting, thanks to uninterrupted LP and attendant splendid tape recording, for the first time adequate to the gigantic sounds here called forth. You may laugh at the dreadful seriousness of mind, the ominous, absurdly prolonged distant thunderings, the outbursts of honeyed romance, the pompous marchings of doom—but remember that they are a most genuine expression of 19th-century feelings. "Hungaria" is more interesting here than "Ce Qu'on," but the latter has a splendid performance, deep-perspectived recording. Humperdinck has Wagner's endless "Tristan" line, never a break for breath, minus Wagner's coherence and power. Dvorak's Dove flies heavily but the frequent bits of typically personal lyric music help sustain interest, as do the expected Czech dance tunes. The Legends, baby tone poems, are blessed in their brvity.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANCIENT WORLD

(*Continued from page* 18).

arguments particularly relevant for the present generation, why it failed to endure. The task that Montesquieu, Gibbon, Spengler, and Toynbee attempted in the large is reduced here to concrete, unphilosophical terms the general reader can appreciate.

The virtues of the Roman character and Roman administration have seldom been assessed more frankly and convincingly. Mr. Waddy is equally specific but not equally convincing when he moves onto more debatable ground—the causes of the decline. He considers the two fundamental weaknesses of Roman society to have been "lack of imagination" and "the gangrene of slavery." Plagues, inflation, over-regimentation, civil strife, barbarian infiltration were contributing causes no doubt. But "No explanation of the decline of the Empire is convincing if it ascribes it mainly to *things* rather than *people*." Those who prefer to believe that history is shaped by human intelligence and human values rather than by material forces (an interpretation that seems to be gaining in popularity) will welcome this book. And those who like to pursue historical parallels and think that a Pax Americana might be the best solution for the present woes of a disunited world will find important lessons to ponder—not least the calculated limitations Augustus imposed on the system of militant imperialism he inherited.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

PLATO'S LIFE AND THOUGHT. By R. S. Bluck. The Beacon Press $2.50. This is the American edition of a little book published two years ago in England. The author, a former member of Peterhouse, Cambridge University, does little more here than supply an introduction to Plato. But that is all he intends to do and he does it very well. In the first part of the book he traces what is known of Plato's life. In the second part he summarizes the contents of the Dialogues, with special attention to the order in which they were written. A chapter on the origin of the Doctrine of Ideas is particularly valuable. Finally, he includes his own translation of Plato's Seventh Letter, one of thirteen letters historically ascribed to him and one which is now almost unanimously accepted as genuine. The non-specialist seeking an initial acquaintance with Plato need seek no more. This is his book. —R. B.

A stately, gracious woman, ennobled by her art

"Once in a century"

writes Carl Sandburg about Marian Anderson

"I know no voice so full of love for our folk songs and the folk who go on singing those songs. And in the other realm of the great music masters she carries her listeners with her, moving at ease amid the intricate arias and arpeggios of the classics. We like Toscanini's salutation to her: 'A voice like yours comes once in a century.' "—*Carl Sandburg*

Have you heard Marian Anderson sing

Schubert: Ave Maria
Bland: Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Brahms: Alto Rhapsody
Marian Anderson Sings Spirituals
Marian Anderson Sings Beloved Schubert Songs
Saint-Saëns: My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

STOP SAYING THAT TRAVEL IS TOO EXPENSIVE . .

Where do you want to go?

Paris? Hawaii? Round-the-World? London? West Indies? Rio de Janeiro?

Passenger-carrying Freighters Are the Secret to Low-Cost Travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York or California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean two- or three-week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or from New York to New Orleans. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Around the World."

This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort, get 'Travel Routes Around the World'."

The big up-to-date edition is yours for $1, and your dollar also brings you two priceless reports:

1. **FREIGHTER LIFE: What vagabond voyaging is all about. What the ships are like, who goes on them, what you eat, etc. Plenty of photos.**
2. **LANDS IN THE SUN. Where to stay awhile—even retire—in the West Indies, Mexico, Guatemala, and other lands to the south where the dollar buys so much more.**

A big $1 worth. Send for your copies of all 3 guides now. On a sheet of paper, print name and address, write "Send 3 travel guides" and mail with $1 bill to **HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 72 PARKWAY, GREENLAWN, NEW YORK.**

DO YOU KNOW **AMERICAN ART?**

. . one of America's leading galleries of contemporary American art directed by A. D. Gruskin, author of "Painting in the U.S.A.", termed "one of the best all-over pictures of America yet to appear" will help you buy art for your home or help you form an important collection.

Write Dept. S for Catalogs of Exhibitions

MIDTOWN GALLERIES

New Location: 17 EAST 57 ST., N. Y.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
School of General Studies
WRITING

College credit courses in Writing for men and women. Days and evenings. Registration Sept. 20 through Sept. 24. Write Admissions Office, 322 University Hall, New York 27, for Announcement and Special Bulletin.

BUY AND SAVE U. S. BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME FEARS ARE LEGITIMATE

(*Continued from page* 11)

influence enough to oppose it as firmly as we oppose the influence of more openly labeled totalitarianism.

We need to fear the social and political lag that makes the world go on operating in terms of old antagonisms after it has become physically too small and compact to make antagonistic practices any longer tolerable.

A slogan currently employed by the State of California Compensation Insurance Fund is "One accident is too many." With the peoples of the earth knit together as they now are by interdependencies, and with nations progressively mastering the arts of total destruction, even one tension that heightens mutual suspicion and a hair-trigger readiness to breach the peace is one tension too many. Since all wars from now on will be in effect world wars, and since any world war that will be waged from now on will be destructive beyond all precedent, we need to fear every short-sighted demand that we isolate our national selves from the rest of the human race and yield up no jot of our sovereignty. We need to fear the influence of every irresponsible hate-monger whose words, while they carry no official weight, may nonetheless be interpreted by the peoples of other countries as representative of our point of view. We need to fear the influence of every vociferous exponent of white superiority whose incendiary words—particularly when backed up by social and economic practices can only mean to the world's multitudes that they must look elsewhere than to our democracy for leadership that will help them improve their lot. We need to fear the type of political partisanship that is willing to jeopardize our international relations for the sake of winning an election. We need to fear the defeatism of those who, underimpressed by the accomplishments of the United Nations and overimpressed by every failure, are ready to discard this newcomer in the company of human institutions because it has not at once been able to resolve the accumulated antagonisms of the past.

To fear these things is not to stand paralyzed before them. It is to recognize how dreadful their consequences may be and to bend our energies toward the building of a world that is legally one, as it now is physically and economically one.

We need to fear what is happening to the world's children—to the millions upon millions of them who will be the adult contemporaries of our children in tomorrow's world. We need to be not mildly pained, but deeply appalled by the facts that most of the children of this generation the planet around have known more of privation and threat than of sufficiency and confidence. We need to feel at once a cold fear and a warm resolve when we take stock of the number of infants and children who by the violence of nations have been deprived both of that intimate reassurance on which human nature begins its thriving and of those institutional contacts through which the young are initiated into the human tradition. Nothing in the world today is more fearful than the fact that children everywhere are growing up with little reason to believe in human rationality and goodness, and much reason to accept antagonism and violence as the laws of life.

Everything we have learned about psychological health and illness has underscored the importance of childhood experience. We have learned that if we want a sound society we must do unto children not only as we would have them do unto us, but as we would have them do unto all people with whom they associate all their lives. We need greatly to fear the fact that in spite of this knowledge children everywhere are being starved for food and love.

FINALLY, we need to fear the growing sense of helplessness that tempts us to abdicate in all but name the role of free citizen and to leave someone else the decisions that will cumulatively determine the human future.

One of Salo's cartoons, published in the *Detroit Free Press*, shows two college students, a man and a woman, crossing a campus with books under their arms. The woman's face is a study in despair: "I get so discouraged sometimes. Every day there are more things to be ignorant about." There speaks the modern citizen in a mood of self-abnegation that goes far beyond a healthy modesty and that is preface often to a relinquishment of responsibility: every day there are more things to be ignorant about; to be mistaken about; to be vague about; to feel helpless about. Every day it seems easier to let government by consent of the governed go by default—to let it become a mockery in which we say Yes to the most persuasive bidder for our consent without knowing what it is to which we say Yes.

This encroaching sense of futility is something for all free and compassionate men to fear—for its conse-

—*Acme.*

"We need greatly to fear that children everywhere are being starved for food and love."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quence, in many lives, may be a readiness for any ideology and any leadership that promise respite from the long ordeal of feeling responsible and not knowing what to do.

There are certain fears that we need to be afraid not to have—for only if we keenly feel what is at risk can we develop wisdom concerning danger.

We need to fear those tendencies in the human mind that make for obtuseness. We need to fear the destructive influence of the hostile, exploitative personality and of pressure groups that practise totalitarianism in the name of democracy. We need to fear the cultural lag that keeps the physically unified world a chaos of traditional antagonisms. We need to fear the physical, mental, and emotional distortion that this violent age has worked upon the lives of children. And we need greatly to fear our own tired, confused readiness to say we can do nothing.

These are legitimate fears. They attach to clear and present danger. They are on the side of human survival. If our approach to reality is not blocked by internalized fears, so that, anxiously self-concerned, we see threats that do not exist and miss seeing those that do, we will appraise these dangers that mark our age and accept their challenge. We will bring to bear upon them the same courage, rationality, and ingenuity that have in the long past accounted for man's every triumph over the hazards of his estate.

The world we will inhabit before we are much older, and that our children will inherit if they are permitted to live, must, by all the signs, be either much better or much worse than the world we have known. The present balance between life-affirming and life-denying forces is too nervously precarious to be maintained. The eventual swing of that balance may depend in no small measure upon what we come to understand about fear and what we do as a consequence.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Arthur; Lancelot. 2. Lanciotto; Paolo. 3. Rawdon Crawley; Lord Steyne. 4. Chillingsworth; Dimmesdale. 5. Volkonsky; Kuragin. 6. Siebel; Faust. 7. Philip Carey; various Londoners. 8. Ham Peggotty; Steerforth. 9. Bovary; Leon. 10. Enoch Arden; Philip Ray. 11. Mark; Tristan. 12. Aleksey Alexandrovitch; Count Vronsky. 13. Clayhanger; George Cannon. 14. Forsyte; Bosinney. 15. Gabriel Oak; Sergeant Troy. 16. Chatterly; Mellors. 17. Dodsworth; Arnold Israel. 18. Sam Evans; Edmund Darrell. 19. Swann; Forcheville. 20. Frank; Steve Sankey.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

AMERICANA, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE. Huge stock. Weekly London importations. Competent search service. Immediate attention to wants lists. HARLOW ROSS, 6724 Plymouth Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University). Individual lessons or small groups. 25 East 63 St., NYC. TEmpleton 8-3988.

BOOKS

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING BOOK, PLAY, STORY, THESIS, article? Style-improving, editing, criticism, collaboration, research, translations. Also secretarial services. Recommended leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. Circle 5-7735.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS — IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

LITERARY AGENTS 31 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

GHOSTWRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC 18.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC. 18.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.) NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177, CIrcle 6-7441.

PERSONALS

"GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" Air Cruises to the Carribbean. See Nassau, Havana, Jamaica, other gay resorts. Stop-over privileges anywhere. For folder inquire of BOAC, 342 Madison Ave., NYC 17; telephone MUrray Hill 7-8900.

WANTED: to exchange children's bookplates Metta Loomis, 315 North LaGrange Road, LaGrange, Illinois.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense weekends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AGENCY grown too big for one, not yet big enough for two, seeks young woman to invest time and interest learning the field and growing with the firm. Reading French desirable. Box 860-H.

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N. Y.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

YOUNG HUMOR WRITER will correspond with wits or semi-wits. Box 863-H.

FOR RENT: 3½-room apartment, 2 bedrooms. Unusual country surroundings, near Garrison, N. Y. Lease. Box 864-H.

WHEN a two-some becomes a three-some, BABY-SLEEP-RITE is an appreciated gift. Holds child securely in bed. Safe, simple, beautifully made. Pamphlet available. BABY-SLEEP-RITE CO., Box 5071, Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $6.50, doubles from $6.50 to $11; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

VERSATILE MALE, slightly unconventional, would like female correspondence. Box 884-H.

QUITE AVERAGE WOMAN, honest, nice personality, desires equally honest male correspondence. Box 789-H.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

REASONABLY LITERATE, tolerant? Uncluttered background? Woman awanting correspondence. Box 602-H.

FORBIDDEN TO ENJOY real luxury by champagne tastes, beer pocketbook? You too can afford a lovely, lustrous strand of GUARANTEED cultured pearls from the living oyster. Imported directly from the Orient. Buy for yourself, for gifts. Only $23.95 (tax included). Wonderful value. Beautifully boxed. Order today. OVERSEAS COMMODITIES CORP., 26 Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

SEEKING WHEREABOUTS PLAYWRIGHT RICHARD LOCKE and manuscript of his play, "The Moon and Henry Morgan." Anyone having pertinent information please contact Jerry Wald-Norman Krasna productions, RKO Studios, Hollywood, California.

COMPANION, female, intelligent, 40, widely traveled. Accompany child, invalid, to California, South Africa. Box 882-H.

DISCRIMINATING GAL, widely traveled, invites correspondence mature, intelligent gentleman. Box 883-H.

FEMALE, diversified interests, invites intelligent correspondence. Box 887-H.

SECRETARY, personable, musical, insurance and diversified experience, seeks overworked, intelligent boss—object employment NYC. Box 888-H.

IDEALIST, progressive, interested in social science, psychology, literature, classical music, operas, art, photography, travel home and abroad—would enjoy correspondence with middle-aged lady of similar interest. Box 889-H.

MATURE WOMAN, anchored in village doldrums, wants breezy, empathic male correspondence. Box 890-H.

QUIET young woman in quest of her youth wishes correspondence with similar sincere gentleman. Box 891-H.

YOUNG MALE introvert desires correspondence, esthetic or otherwise. Box 892-H.

OLDER WOMAN, musical, not too literary, invites reply from gentleman. Box 893-H.

SUBLEASE, 2-room studio, mid-Manhattan, furnished. Elevator. $120. Box 894-H.

MATURE LADY, *friendly and sincere, varied interests,* seeks correspondence similarly minded gentleman. Box 895-H.

THE LUCKY ONES are living in Taxco, Mexico, these days. For houses, write Alice Crouch, Taxco, Gro. Mexico.

TIME-SAVING book-buyers order by mail. Send check any books mentioned this issue to BOOK CENTRE, 612 North Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

SMALL government family near D. C. will trade good food, good talks for weekend help digging, building, painting, hauling. Couple welcome if wife will help with house and children. Box 877-H.

COOK wants small job for winter after Labor Day. Small inn or guest ranch anywhere but Florida—no restaurants! Only those who demand better than average food need reply to this advertisement. Write: the Chef, Notch Inn, Lanesville, N. Y.

AMBULATORY DESK HELP, intelligent. Available weekends, some evenings. Box 879-H.

YOUNG LAWYER-EXECUTIVE invites correspondence from sincere young woman. Box 880-H.

COUPLE with large home near Boston would share it with detached man with 1 or 2 children, preferably boys half grown. Box 881-H.

FRENCH CAN BE FUN! Speak it in 12 lessons. Parisian, NYC. MUrray Hill 5-4160.

SINGLE WOMAN, experienced secretary and homemaker, wants position. Situation with motherless children preferred. Box 898-H.

REFINED LADY seeks correspondence from mature army officer or doctor. Box 899-H.

ITALIAN AUTHOR, permanent American resident, seeks position teaching Italian or related to literary activities. Box 900-H.

CAREER GIRL invites male correspondence. Interests: people, philosophy, travel, photography, golf. Box 901-H.

QUIET, *cultured hospital-trained, licensed practical* nurse available for private cases. Free to travel. Box 902-H.

PERSONALS

CROW'S NEST TRIPS. Language teacher and wife arrange trips in own private 9-passenger car for Americans coming to Europe. Meet boat anywhere in Europe. Charge total of $15 per day per person—includes hotel, meals, gas, everything. Minimum number passengers 5 (otherwise price higher). Write direct to Donald R. Hart Jr., 2 avenue de Bonneuil, La Varenne-St. Hilaire (Seine) France for planned *trip or plan your own.*

MAN wishes part-time use of apartment or comfortable studio (12 to 5 P. M. Monday through Friday) midtown. Will share rent. Write details to Box 903-H.

IS THERE *responsible, world-wise male, interested* in things serious and occasional fun? Write youthfully mature woman. Box 904-H.

LETTERS PERSONALIZED? Fotostamps! Free samples. Kauffmann, 405 Mountvalley, Hotsprings, Ark.

LAKE MICHIGAN SHORE glorious Sept.-Oct. Modern housekeeping cottages. Fireplaces. Fall prices. Johnson Cottages, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

PUBLISHER-WRITER seeks girl Friday, secretary, research assistant. Similar experience or college research background essential. Middle west. Box 907-H.

YOUNG MILITARY OFFICER, dissatisfied with present life, desires correspondence with modern, liberal-thinking female. Box 908-H.

FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE sought by young newspaperman. Box 909-H.

JOB WANTED. Former college instructor, philosophy, mathematics. Personable, fluent, orderly. Type, edit, rewrite. Machinist 4 years. NYC, ALgonquin 5-7048, or write Box 911-H.

NEWSWRITER for world-wide radio network seeks part-time writing, publicity job. Heavy newspaper, *public relations experience.* Yale M.A., Ph.D. Box 912-H.

BIBLIOPHILE, somewhat lonely, desires congenial correspondence with mature sincere girl. Box 913-H.

SECRETARY, male, desires employment full-time permanent, or part-time evenings. NYC. Box 914-H.

YOUNG MALE, unconventional, tolerant, often lonesome, seeks correspondence. Box 915-H.

RESEARCH SPECIALIST will handle individual or organization work. Call NYC, FLushing 8-6745.

JOB WANTED: B.A. English, veteran. Experienced publishing, book advertising copywriter, amateur playwright, secretary. Box 916-H.

MALE SECRETARY-COMPANION, liking travel, desires position with gentleman. Box 918-H.

ARE YOU a stimulating and traveled male? Do you like the arts, sports? Gal with sense of humor, tolerance, and liking for people will exchange ideas. Box 919-H.

RENT: October-June, 1 mile from village, 7 rooms, oil, heat, electric kitchen: $70 monthly, if owner, a writer, may come for weekends of work: $90. otherwise. P. O. Box 238, Sharon, Conn.

PERSONALS

MAY WE HELP YOU find that house in the Berkshires of *Massachusetts? Old Houses Dept., The Rock, RFD,* Williamsburg, Mass.

TIME'S A FLEETIN! Will mature, sincere male write gracious, versatile woman? Box 922-H.

UNPREJUDICED YOUNG MAN will correspond on any subject—male or female. Box 923-H.

ENJOY WINTER in Bermuda. Rent owner's charming home. Box 924-H.

HAVE IDEAS FOR RADIO, television series, but no connections. Need collaborator. Box 925-H.

AFRICAN NEGRO STATUETTES, primitive wood carvings, hand-carved by the natives of Kenya in rare African hardwoods. All original carvings—no two alike. Size: 4 inches tall. Price: $1.75 postpaid. (Illustrated circular on request) EASTWEST, 491 Lawrence Road, West Hempstead, N. Y.

FOLK-GUITAR, quick results in congenial beginners classes. NYC, MOnument 2-9588.

IDEAL FOR WRITER or retired couple. Modern 5-room house, attractive features, 2 baths, Kent, Conn. Elevation 1,100 feet, 67 acres, garage, farm buildings. Lease 1 to 4 years, $1,600 annually, available Nov. Box 862-H.

CULTURED FRENCH WOMAN wishes to exchange French correspondence for English. Box 858-H.

LITERATE, interested, although lazy and laconic male, desires interesting correspondence. Box 840-H.

FEELING CREATIVE? New, exciting ceramics and part-time painting courses offer that needed outlet. Study with interesting people, distinguished faculty. Call or write the BROOKLYN MUSEUM ART SCHOOL, NEvins 8-4486, Dept. SR, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

NOVELIST will exchange with another woman board and pleasant room for reading and typing. NYC, WAtkins 4-8643.

VACATIONS

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, good food, boating, fishing, swimming, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY: "Where French cooking is an art and resting is a pleasure." Also transient meals.

SEPTEMBER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Country splendor. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

BOULDER BROOK on Lake Kezar, Center Lovell, Maine, is wonderful in September.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful fall vacationland. Excellent accomodations. Sports. Restful. Delicious meals. Low fall rates. Folder.

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

☐ 1 YEAR FOR $6
☐ 2 YEARS FOR $11
☐ 3 YEARS FOR $15

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *Zone*..... *State*.....

(Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

9-15-51

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 912

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Famous London tavern, founded by Raleigh, haunt of Ben Jonson, probably Shakespeare, etc.

B. Kindly, eccentric old sailor in "Dombey and Son".

C. Cross-grained.

D. Letter of Greek alphabet.

E. Stockfish soaked in lye water for better cooking (Scandinavian).

F. American publisher whose wife wrote "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," etc.

G. Pertaining to the common live oak.

H. Infestation of plants by certain spiders (2 wds.).

I. Mollified; conciliated.

J. Illuminated manuscript of the Gospels (Trinity College, Dublin; 3 wds.).

K. First woman in America to be a state supreme-court judge (1884—).

L. Flannel, from Latin for wool.

M. Woolly.

WORDS

16 108 52 137 159 101 132

109 133 86 106 84 80

160 107 97 69 178 150 50 35

155 70 9 98 10 184 7

182 161 145 116 76 75 171

143 115 158 87 148 121 134

147 105 32 38 22 19 24

114 142 130 59 175 94 156

166 15 44 51 74 102 131 173

153 164 5 185 11 58 26 113 89 139 39

128 30 71 93 12

99 21 123 46

64 152 47 169 34 110

DEFINITIONS

N. Sketches; hasty impressions (French).

O. Author of a noted song of triumph for victory (Bib.).

P. An ear stone in many teleost fishes.

Q. A bassoon player.

R. Place where children were sacrificed by fire to Moloch (Bib.).

S. American painter (1846-1929; "Monarch of the Farm" in National Gallery).

T. Quixotically adventurous.

U. American woman suffragist (1818-93; called first woman's rights convention, 1850).

V. A primer.

W. American lawyer, noted wit and after-dinner speaker (1834-1928).

X. Set of formal questions put to a candidate, etc.

Y. Describing the machine in title of impressionistic play by Elmer Rice, 1923.

Z. Name of some cheerful people in Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

Z'. Destroying by slow disintegration.

WORDS

28 138 149 42 167 165 151

57 33 126 136 83 62 2

127 1 183 63 157 141 79

45 31 181 154 117 120 8 18 37

4 82 174 118 13 112

146 65 6 17

140 129 168 90 54 66

14 78 60 77 88

36 96 3 170 27 23 72 91 144

48 56 29 68 122

135 41 95 49 73 67 163 125 61

53 20 85 25 180 103

40 119 176 177 104 81 124 92

172 162 43 100 179 111 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 P	2 O	3 V		4 R	5 J	6 S	7 D		8 Q	9 D	
10 D	11 J	12 K	13 R	14 U	15 I	16 A	17 S		18 Q	19 G	20 Y		21 L	22 G	23 V	
24 G	25 Y	26 J	27 V		28 N		29 W	30 K	31 Q	32 G	33 O		34 M	35 C	36 V	37 Q
	38 G	39 J		40 Z	41 X	42 N	—	43 Z¹	44 I	45 Q		46 L	47 M	48 W		49 X
50 C	51 I	52 A	53 Y	54 T	55 Z¹	56 W	57 O		58 J	59 H	60 U	61 X		62 O	63 P	64 M
	65 S	66 T	67 X	68 W	69 C		70 D	71 K	72 V	73 X	74 I	75 E		76 E	77 U	
78 U	79 P	80 B		81 Z	82 R	83 O	84 B	85 Y		86 B	87 F	88 U		89 J	90 T	91 V
92 Z	93 K	94 H	95 X		96 V	97 C	98 D	99 L	100 Z¹	101 A	102 I	103 Y		104 Z	105 G	
106 B	107 C	108 A		109 B	110 M	111 Z¹	112 R	113 J	114 H		115 F	116 E		117 Q	118 R	119 Z
	120 Q	121 F	122 W	123 L		124 Z	125 X		126 O	127 P	128 K	129 T	130 H	131 I	132 A	
133 B	134 F		135 X	136 O	137 A	138 N	139 J	140 T	141 P	142 H	143 F	144 V		145 E	146 S	147 G
148 F	149 N		150 C	151 N		152 M	153 J	154 Q	155 D	156 H		157 P	158 F		159 A	
160 C	161 E	162 Z¹	163 X	164 J	165 N	166 I		167 N	168 T	169 M	170 V	171 E	172 Z¹	173 I		174 R
175 H	176 Z	177 Z	178 C	179 Z¹	180 Y	181 Q		182 E	183 P	184 D	185 J					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

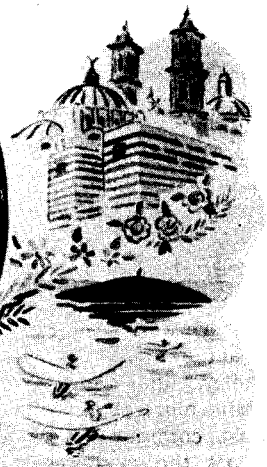
you need a holiday...

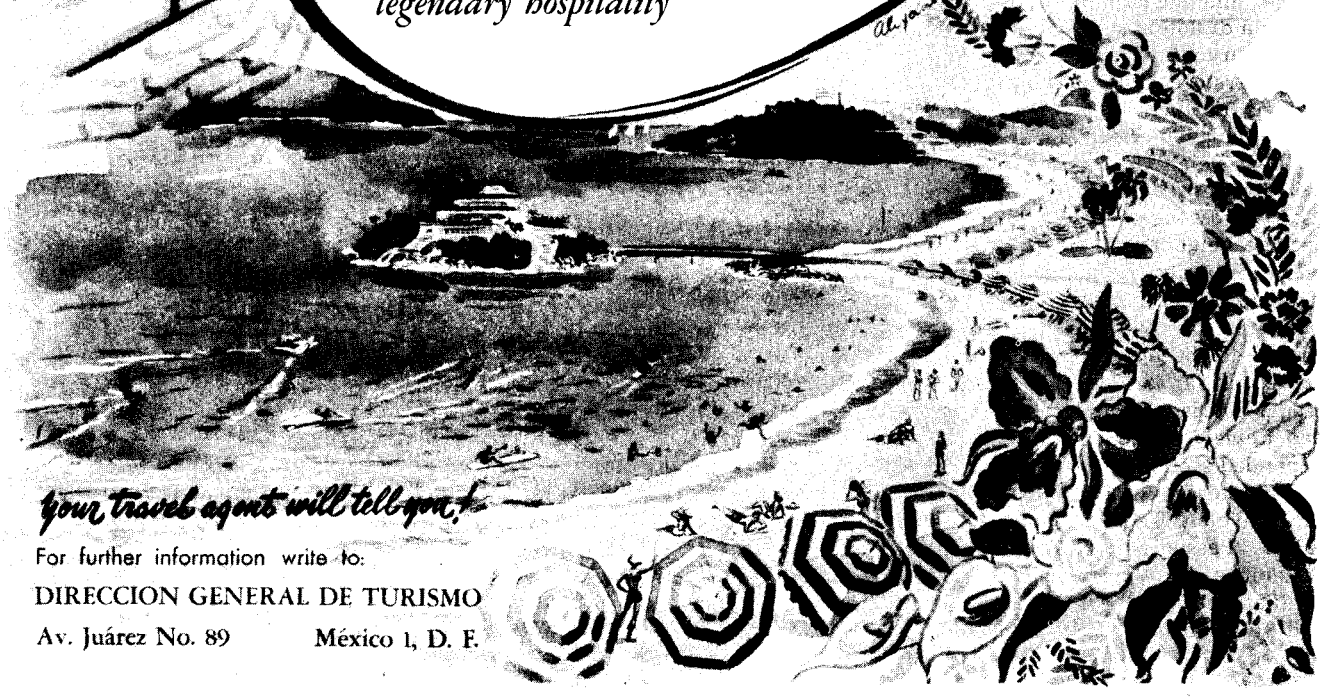
Mexico

is the place!

Yes! Mexico is the place for you to relax and enjoy life! Because Mexico offers you more than any other country - A trip to Mexico means culture, see modernistic buildings, places of incomparable beauty and a climate with 365 days of sunshine. You need to be near home and to have a pleasant holiday - Visit Mexico today! Your money goes further and you can stay longer.

Mexico waits for you with its legendary hospitality





your travel agent will tell you!

For further information write to:

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Av. Juárez No. 89 México 1, D. F.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCTION

TODAY A PASSPORT not only opens the door on congenial adventure; it involves the bearer in an act of world citizenship, in a task of international understanding. In an era when, more than ever before, peoples must communicate with each other across the barriers of distance, language, and custom every tourist becomes a diplomat.

It is urgent that the United States be understood abroad and that our citizens in turn understand the history, achievements, and aspirations of our neighbors. In a shrinking world where airplanes race the sun itself across oceans all nations have become neighbors.

The Saturday Review believes that its readers seek more than the surface pleasures of sightseeing; that they prefer to become more deeply involved in a foreign land than the casual tourist. Therefore, *The Saturday Review* plans regularly to devote expanded sections to various countries whose interest and significance beckon the traveler. These sections will be called "Passports." They will aim to be guides for the intelligent tourist to the history, life, literature, arts, and sights of that part of the globe studied.

"Passport to Mexico" is the first of these new sections. It seems especially fitting that this "Passport" should be devoted this week to our picturesque neighbor south of the Rio Grande. September 16 in Mexico is Independence Day. This week Mexico will be celebrating 130 years of independence from Spain; and yet the blood, culture, and language of Spain are as inextricably a part of Mexico as those of England are of the U. S.

It is our hope that this "Passport" will make the enlightened tourist's trip to Mexico more rewarding, enabling him to return with a larger concept, clearer understanding, and warmer appreciation of our southern good neighbor. The administration of President Miguel Alemán, through its Government Tourist Bureau, headed by Dr. Francisco del Río y Cañedo, an ebullient ambassador of good will to the entire globe, is striving to make Mexico one of the world's major tourist attractions. How well they are succeeding a brief visit will easily reveal.

With greater leisure, more earning power, and faster transportation the near and far corners of the earth are becoming more and more accessible to more and more people in the United States. It is to them and to their mission in international understanding that this and future "Passports" are dedicated.

Saludos, amigos!

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

CONTENTS

THE IDEA AND THE HERITAGE
By Henry Bamford Parkes 38

MEN AND LETTERS
By Philip and Alice Raine 40

BUILDERS, ARTISTS, SOCIAL PLANNERS
By Anita Brenner 41

PORTRAIT OF MEXICO CITY
By Salvador Novo 43

THE INCREDIBLE LANDSCAPE
By Herbert Weinstock 45

BRAVE BULLS AND BRAVE MEN
By Tom Lea 46

PAINTING AND REVOLUTION
By Jean Charlot 48

MEXICAN FOLK ART
By Fred Leighton 50

A LAND THAT SINGS AND DANCES
By Pru Devon 51

PEPPERS IN THE POT
By Luisa María Alvarez 53

FOOTLOOSE IN MEXICO
By Horace Sutton 54

MEXICAN-AMERICAN SLANG
By Felipe García Beraza 61

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEXICO

The Idea and the Heritage

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Henry B. Parkes

IN ONE of his early fantasies H. G. Wells imagined a machine that would travel through time. A journey across Mexico offers a similar experience. Within a few hours one can pass through several thousand years of history, from Indian villages whose way of life is still largely pre-Columbian, past colonial churches and haciendas recalling the age of medieval feudalism, to the technology and intellectual ferment of a twentieth-century city. Probably no other country in the world presents so many sharp contrasts or comprises such diverse traditions. Certainly no other country has faced comparable difficulties in the task of creating that national consciousness and sense of unity which are necessary for any political order not based on force. This makes Mexico a peculiarly fascinating country for the social scientist as well as for the tourist.

There are three main elements in the cultural pattern of Mexico: the Indian, the Spanish, and what (for lack of a better word) may be called the Modern. Mexican history for the past century and a half has consisted largely of a bitter struggle to find a stable balance between them. Since in many ways they are sharply opposed to each other, it is not surprising that for a long time revolution was more or less chronic. What is, in fact, truly remarkable is the development in recent years of a political stability based not on the dominance of any one of these elements but on the recognition that each of them contains values that should be preserved.

The Indian element is the most pervasive in the Mexican pattern; but, since it is not expressed in any system of ideas, it is also the most difficult to define. For at least fifteen hundred years before Columbus southern Mexico was the center of Indian civilizations, some of which, especially the Maya society of Yucatán, produced remarkable architecture and sculpture and made astronomical and mathematical investigations which were in some ways more advanced than those of Europe. The Spanish conquest destroyed the higher manifestations of Indian culture but did not break the continuity of the Indian tradition. Half the people of Mexico still live in village communities which have retained much of the social organization (including communal ownership of land), the popular art, and the rituals and beliefs of their Indian background. More than four-fifths of the population are partially of Indian descent. Much of the special flavor of the Mexican way of life is a product of its Indian heritage. The Spanish conquerors commented on the gracious manners of the Indians and on their love for music and for flowers in words that could still be echoed by any modern visitor to Mexico.

FOR three hundred years Mexico was a Spanish colony, and was controlled by Spanish officials and clerics and by a "creole" landowning aristocracy of Spanish descent. The original objective of Spanish rule was to Christianize and Hispanicize the conquered Indians; and this aim was pursued with extraordinary energy, though with limited success. There was much that can be admired in Spanish imperialism, especially in the sixteenth century before it had begun to degenerate. Spain promoted education, economic advance, and the arts and sciences. Some ten thousand churches, built during the colonial period, many of them esthetic masterpieces, survive today as visible manifestations of the Spanish achievement. And, although

Henry Bamford Parkes, author of "A History of Mexico," is a professor at New York University who has been an aficionado of our southern neighbor for many years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Indians were by no means free from exploitation, viceroys and friars made genuine efforts to protect them. Unfortunately, the Spanish heritage in Mexico is not easy to reconcile with the liberal ideals of modern civilization. It meant authoritarian and paternalistic government, religious intolerance, and the dominance of the creole aristocracy.

The struggle to make Mexico a modern country began in 1810 when Miguel Hidalgo, a parish priest inspired by the ideals of the American and French Revolutions, proclaimed rebellion against Spain. Mexico won her independence, after eleven years of devastating conflict, in 1821. To the Indian peasant masses and the creole landowners and clergy was henceforth added a third group: a professional and business middle class who wished Mexico to adopt the progressive ideals and machine technology characteristic of Great Britain and the United States. The Mexican intelligentsia have, in fact, always been extremely receptive to new currents of thought, often without recognizing their inapplicability to native conditions, and during the past century a series of different ideologies —laissez-faire liberalism, Comtian positivism, anarcho-syndicalism, and Marxist Socialism—have left their mark on national development.

During the middle nineteenth century Mexico was torn apart by a conflict between the Spanish heritage and the new liberalism. The liberals triumphed under the leadership of Benito Juárez in the movement known as La Reforma, which separated church and state and confiscated the lands of the clergy. When the clericals invited French intervention and tried to set up Maximilian of Hapsburg as emperor they were defeated partly by the heroic resistance of Juárez and partly by the opposition of the United States. Hostile not only to the Spanish but also to the Indian heritage, the liberals attempted also to break up the village communities in the belief that economic progress was dependent on private ownership of land. But Mexico could not be transformed into a country like the United States. The period of La Reforma was followed by the long dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz lasting (with one interruption) from 1876 to 1911. Beginning as a liberal and retaining the liberal belief in private property and technological progress (financed by foreign capital), Díaz formed an alliance with the church and the landowners. Thus the Porfirian system meant a fusion of the Modern and the Spanish elements in the national heritage. The Indian was excluded. Widely regarded as incapable of civilization, the Indian masses were deprived of their lands and subjected to intense exploitation both by the old creole landowners and by the new business groups.

—*The Museum of Modern Art.*

"Agrarian Leader Zapata," by Diego Rivera—"greatest figure of the Revolution."

THE great revolution which began in 1910 was, to a large extent, a reassertion of Indianism. Blindly and destructively, under the leaders who were mostly self-seeking and had little comprehension of what was happening, the masses of the people fought for land, economic freedom, and their share of the national heritage. The greatest figure of the Revolution, the peasant chieftan Emiliano Zapata, regarded it as a movement to reconquer Mexico for the Indians and destroy both the Hispanicism of the colonial period and the capitalism of the Díaz era. The chief concrete achievement of the Revolution was the Constitution of 1917 in which for the first time an attempt was made to integrate all three elements into a single pattern. The political framework was liberal and similar to that of the United States, while the rights given to organized labor reflected twentieth-century progressive ideals. Government regulation of private property and, in particular, Government ownership of the subsoil reflected not only modern progressivism but also the paternalism of the Spanish heritage (under Spanish law the subsoil had belonged to the crown and could not be alienated). And the provisions for agrarian reform represented a conscious return to pre-Columbian Indian practices. Each village had a right to land, which was to be held by the community as a whole; and it was hoped that the values of the Indian way of life could be combined with those of modern education and technology.

Since 1920 there has been no change of Government by violence in Mexico, the country has grown progressively

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more peaceful and more respectful of democratic liberties, and each successive administration has been guided by the principles of the Constitution, although with changes of pace and emphasis. Agrarian reform was most rapid during the presidency of Cárdenas, and by the end of his administration in 1940 nearly half the agricultural land had been restored to the village communities. During the past decade emphasis has shifted to industrial development. It is easy to point out what has not been achieved. Mexico faces very fundamental economic problems due to the fact that its population is increasing much more rapidly than its food supply (hence the flow of laborers into the United States). Economic inequalities continue to be acute and conspicuous, and a large part of the population still lives below the subsistence level. But what is more important is that Mexico for the first time in its history has achieved a political stability not based on force. This has been due to the development of attitudes whose significance is not restricted to Mexico alone.

ONE might summarize the central idea of modern Mexico by suggesting that it has gradually come to recognize that it must be Indian, Spanish, and Modern at the same time, and that a diversity of races and traditions can be a source of strength and enrichment rather than of conflict and weakness. So stated the Mexican idea seems simple. Yet where else in the modern world, with its propensity (manifest even in the United States) to impose a single racial, cultural, or ideological pattern, and with its fear of diversity, can one find a comparable example?

Tension, of course, continues between different elements in the national pattern. There are spokesmen of Indianism (such as Diego Rivera) who glorify pre-Columbian civilization and like to depict all Europeans as barbarians. Many scholars and writers regard Spain as the sole source of civilization in Mexico and would like to re-establish authoritarian government under the guidance of the Church (this tendency has probably grown stronger since 1940, and has had popular expression in the Sinarquista movement). Meanwhile the magnetic influence of the way of life in the United States is increasingly widespread and conspicuous. But such conflicts can be creative as well as destructive, and it is improbable that they will again result in violence. Mexicans appreciate too highly the peace they have achieved to allow it to be destroyed.

Men and Letters

By PHILIP and ALICE RAINE

IT IS A generally accepted dictum in Mexico that its literature—especially as it concerns fiction—is still in an "amorphous stumbling" stage, far from the depth and maturity which would place it on a level with other nations in world literature. This negative criticism usually continues by comparing Mexico's writers with Mexico's painters, whose outstanding position in the world of art is so securely established. Not long ago José Luis Martínez, the brilliant critic whose "Literatura Mexicana del Siglo XX" is an excellent review of Mexican literature in this century, unleashed a storm of controversy when he pessimistically described Mexico's dearth of first-class writers. His opinion, however, despite many wounded feelings, is generally accepted.

Yet why need a country which has produced in the last fifty-odd years such writings as the social philosophy of Antonio Caso, the poetry of López Velarde, the searching thoughts of José Vasconcelos, the essays of Alfonso Reyes, and Mariano Azuelo's novel of the revolution be apologetic for its contribution to world literature?

As in all of Latin America, the most popular literary form in Mexico, along with poetry, still is the essay. It is a mode of expression dear to the heart of the Latin American, and indulged in possibly too frequently by some Mexican writers to the detriment of the more creative, fictional branch of literature. Some of this writing has little intrinsic worth, despite the elegance of the style and the fine language employed. That this insistence on language stems from the hold still exercised over letters in Mexico by the venerable Spanish *Academia de la Lengua* there can be no doubt. Fashions in letters are still set by the Academy—in Mexico almost as much as in the other Spanish-speaking countries of America, despite Mexico's real political and intellectual emancipation from Spain in almost every other field.

The ablest exponent of the essay at its best in Mexico—and the rest of Latin America for that—is the great humanist Alfonso Reyes, most beloved and honored of all Mexican writers, whose 125 volumes can compete with the most prolific writing of our times, and whose work the English speaking world has this year been given the opportunity to sample with the publication by Knopf of "The Position of America and Other Essays," translated by Harriet de Onís.

The subjects of Reyes's essays are as varied as the flowers which bloom all year in the valleys and along the volcanoes' slopes of his beloved Mexico. They may range from literary criticism to anecdotes to deep and penetrating philosophy, more poetry than prose in its intuitiveness. Some of the less respectful of the younger generation have accused Reyes of being too far removed from today's bitter realities, but, as Ivor Brown once asked: "Why not write of daffodils?"

Aside from Reyes, three other essayists stand out—Julio Jiménez Rueda, who started out writing novels and plays, made his reputation with erudite essays, but is now mainly known for his carefully documented historical works; Antonio Castro Leal, Mexico's representative in UNESCO—one of the few whose elegant style is considered to be influenced by English and American writers—who made his mark as essayist, poet, and critic; and Daniel Cosio Villegas, whose "Ex-

Alfonso Reyes—"the great humanist."

Philip Raine, Cultural Attaché at the American Embassy in Mexico City, and his wife, Alice, are close students of Latin-American literature who have contributed many articles on this and related cultural subjects to various publications.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tremos de America" contains excellent political and historical essays verging on the philosophical, and who exerts wide influence throughout the Americas.

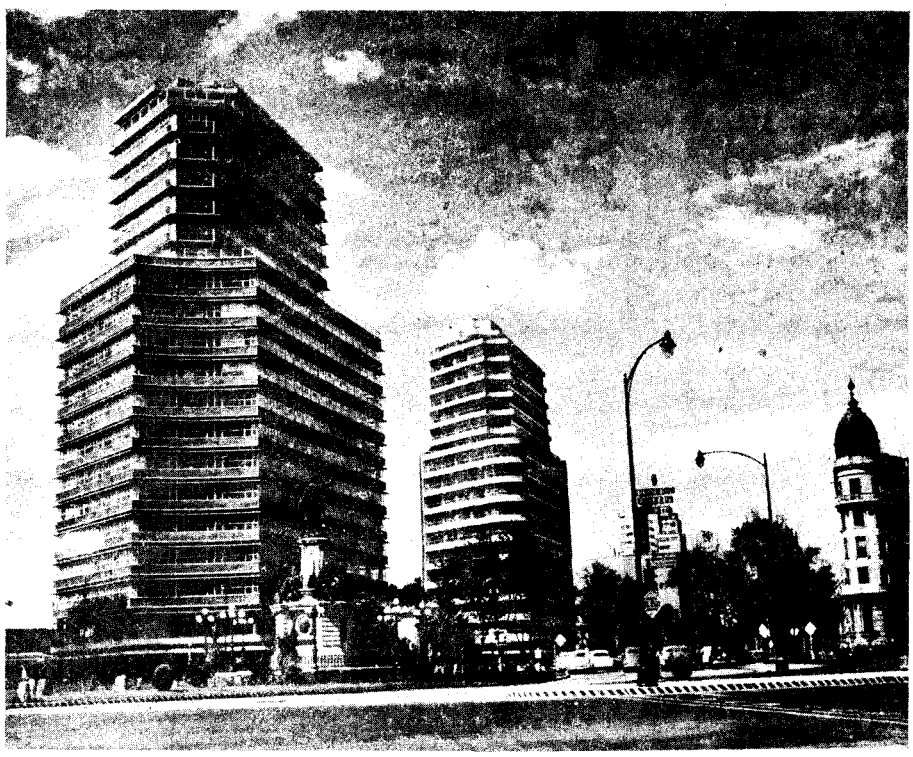
Poets are probably still among the most popular of Mexico's writing citizens, and a good poetry reading can draw a large-sized audience which, if it cannot compare with a bullfight crowd, is still considerable. The death of Xavier Villaurrutia, author of many plays and volumes of verse (among them: "Nocturno Rosa," "Nocturno de los Angeles," "Reflejos") and the centenary of the death of López Velarde —author of the poem "Suave Patria" —were remembered in long editorials and many *homenajes*. No poet of the United States could ever expect the devotion which his art calls forth in Mexico and the other Americas.

Probably the most popular, certainly the most fashionable, among the new poets today is Guadalupe Amor, a young, attractive, and unconventional woman whose features have already been immortalized by most of Mexico's artists from Diego Rivera on. Pita Amor has almost become a cult; the famous and the great come to her "salons" and when she visits the various universities of the country to read her poetry the students "listen at her feet."

If Pita Amor is Mexico's most fashionable poetess, certainly its poet most internationally known is Jaime Torres Bodet, Director General of UNESCO, formerly Minister of Education, and later Minister of Foreign Affairs of his country. Many who know him in his official capacity may not know him as one of Mexico's finest poets. While the world of letters can regret that his official duties have all but made it impossible for him to continue his literary work, Mexico can be proud of his contribution in a broader cultural field than poetry alone.

One of the reasons that Mexicans belittle their modern novelists is probably that they, too, keep waiting for the "great Mexican novel," ignoring meanwhile the fact that the ebullient, often experimental, sometimes poor, and sometimes excellent writing being published is a healthy sign of the vitality of letters. That anyone should dedicate himself to writing novels altogether is indeed admirable in a country where even a best seller will never get you on easy street. A book selling 4,000 copies here is considered a success and Rubén Romero, author of the popular "Pito Pérez" series, once stated that 600 pesos, then about $120, is usually the maximum profit he expects from a book. Under such conditions continued devotion to fic-

(*Continued on page* 66)



—*Samuel A. Montague.*

Columbus Circle, Mexico City—"modern architecture in Mexico is keyed to restlessness."

Builders, Artists, Social Planners

Modern Architecture in Mexico

ANITA BRENNER

THE STORY of modern architecture in Mexico is keyed to restlessness: experimentation, voracious use of new ideas, and a vigorous creative drive that again and again breaks with tradition and precedent, every kind of "imposition," and expresses itself in a great variety of solutions for similar requirements. Houses, office buildings, schools are all "custom-made," one of a kind; and the resulting non-uniformity, the at times dramatic, at times absurd, and apparently helter-skelter contrasts startle foreign, and especially American, visitors very much. Mexico City's residential sections, particularly, are an amazing opposite to any American city, with its neat repetitive rows, alike even to the hydrangea, the iris, the evergreen by the doorstep.

This perennial seeking for something else and something new, to make something more and something different, to project bigger and bigger plans and yet more far-reaching answers to cultural and social needs, is a phenomenon of modern Mexican life visible in architecture; but it pervades every activity—politics and business as well as the sciences and the arts. It is the mood of urban Mexico today.

Moreover, as distinct from life in the United States, very few people stay within one activity or specialty. They shift and overflow and engage in several kinds of things at once, as if pushed by some need to connect and integrate with, to encompass every phase of national life. Writers and artists take part in politics as a matter

---

Anita Brenner, author of many books and articles on Mexico, has been a leading interpreter of the Mexican scene, particularly the arts, for years. She now lives in Mexico City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of course. Politicians are much interested in the arts and devour the social sciences. Businessmen and politicians are all amateur architects. Advertising men often combine selling their products with promoting new ideas, teaching new processes, etc., and are usually more enthusiastic about that than about rolling up the pesos.

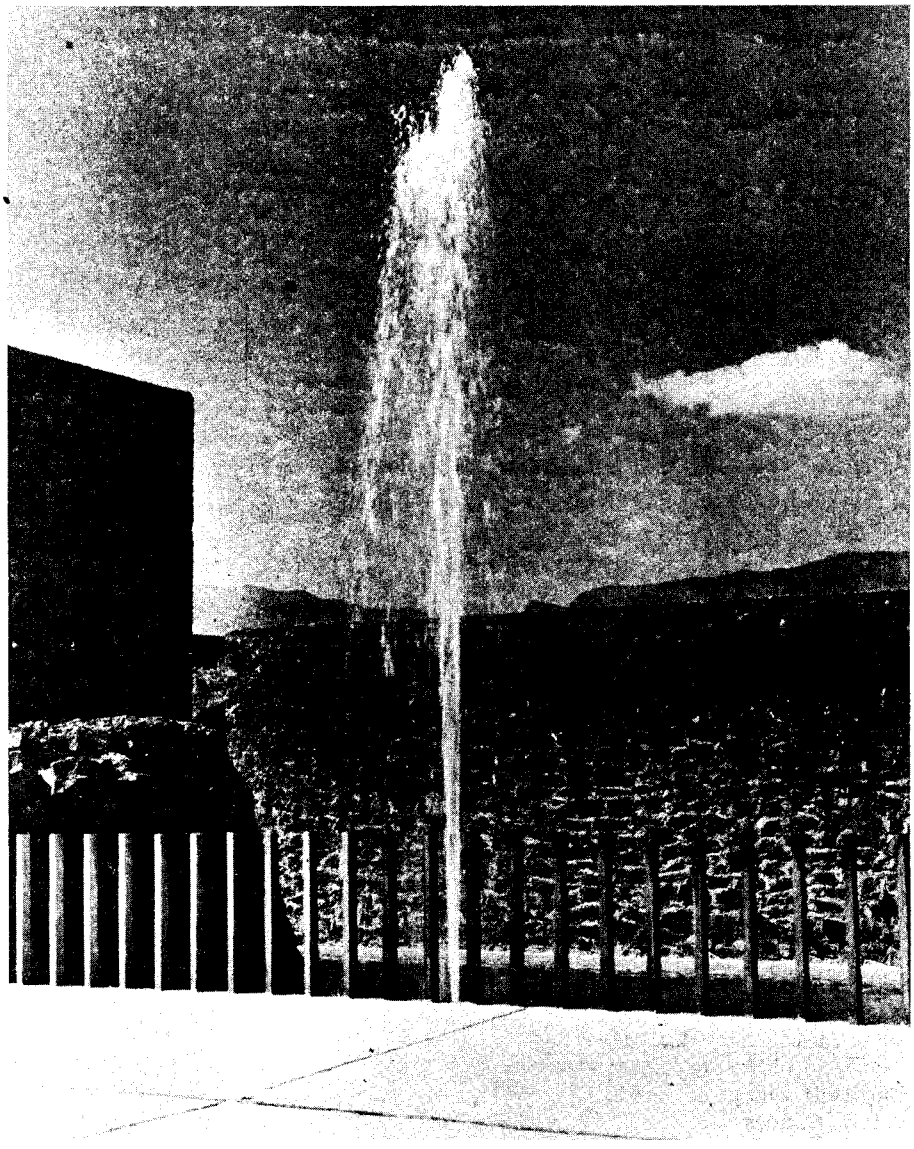
Within these rapid social and emotional criss-crossing currents it is hardly surprising that architects should as a rule feel themselves to be not engineers nor artists primarily, but social planners; and should look upon engineering and art as tools rather than as aims; and upon money and prestige often as tools also and by-products. This is the accepted and respected doctrine, at least, from which all Mexican architects talk, however far some work at times might seem from honest and unassuming social use. And, even so, this is not only talk. It is a standard of achievement sincerely believed in and wished for; just as, for example, every politician feels himself to be or wants to be thought of as a good revolutionary and is much hurt if it is suggested, publicly or privately, that he may not be.

The kaleidoscopic, chameleon-like character of Mexican life today is very well described by Federico Sánchez Fogarty, a brilliant advertising man who, as head of public relations for the Tolteca Cement Company, gave the first strong push and exerted a decisive influence in the development of modern Mexican architecture.

> Look at any of us [he says] and you never know whether what we're doing is done for love, money, or by just pure accident. Tomorrow any one of us may be up to something entirely different. But at whatever stand you find us we're very earnest and busy about it, we throw ourselves completely into what we're doing, and we want to feel not only that we're doing well but that it's beautiful. That's a very important element in it. For instance, here in Mexico we've never accepted the idea that concrete is ugly. No, by George, we work at it and work at it determined to find its beauty or make it so. Another thing—we just can't do the same thing twice. Like that anecdote about the Indian who decorated a chair for Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and she wanted another to match, and he said no. Of course not. He couldn't—it would have been a bore to repeat the thing.

What the restless, let's-do-everything, let's - change - everything - quick mood of Mexico today is caused by depends on who is doing the explaining. Historians say it springs from the revolution of 1910-1920, from which, cer-

(*Continued on page* 65)



Jardines del Pedregal—"a remarkably imaginative development."

National Normal School—"we just can't do the same thing twice."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait of Mexico City

By SALVADOR NOVO

Salvador Novo

YOU experience your first contact with history when the plane that sets you down in Mexico City lands at the airport. There is in such a landing a sort of meaningful symbolism —of the union of the oldest things with the most modern; of usefulness and of present-day living in the transformation of enduring old things into an airport in which every fifteen minutes a plane either lands on or rises from a stretch of land that was a lake only yesterday, the lake of Texcoco.

Nowadays there are many ways of getting to Mexico City: by train, by bus, or by car on highways through startling landscapes, or by plane. But another means of transportation to Mexico City has disappeared; a means for which Hernán Cortés, who arrived on horseback, got busy building boats —by water.

For the old Aztec city of Tenochtitlán itself was built, like Venice, over water. Canoes loaded with flowers moved about its clean streets, and goods from the surrounding countryside arrived in the city by way of Texcoco Lake which, turned into a plain at the present time, receives the air travelers. The Spaniards did not care for water. They filled the canals, demolished temples and houses, and transformed a city of lakes into a commonplace city. Texcoco and Xochimilco, however, escaped from dessication then. It was not until long afterwards, at the beginning of this century, that Porfirio Díaz drained Texcoco Lake—thus paving the way for the dry site of the air door that Mexico City now opens to its visitors.

The air traveler enters Mexico City through its oldest part. It is likely that while crossing Valbuena Park in the car which takes him from the airport to the city, he may have to stop and wait for the passing of a tiny museum train, like those that can be seen today only in Western films, but which still keeps running in Mexico to carry passengers to Puebla. Later he will arrive, by the narrow streets of that old part of the city, at the Zócalo or Plaza de Armas. He should stop there to take a good look at a great plaza built by the Spaniards—a plaza on which the whole history of Mexico City has taken place. To the north is the Cathedral, built where the main Aztec temple used to be and where the Aztecs performed their human sacrifices. Cortés razed that temple to the ground and it was replaced, after three centuries of slow work, of superimposition of styles, by this sumptuous edifice—the most beautiful church in the Western Hemisphere. To the east of the Zócalo, filling all that side of the plaza, is the Palacio Nacional, wherein have lived the highest Mexican authorities, from the viceroys who built it on the ruins of Aztec palaces to the presidents of the Mexican republic.

On its southern side the Zócalo opens out into a wide and enormous avenue called Veinte de Noviembre, that runs between two modern buildings built in a conservative style that harmonizes with the colonial style of the Cathedral and the National Palace. They are the two buildings of the City Hall or Ayuntamiento, the first of which was erected on the site of the old Ayuntamiento that was used in colonial times. The western side of the plaza opens out into three arteries that lead into the old city, whose heart is the Zócalo. These avenues are called 16 de Septiembre, Francisco Madero, and 5 de Mayo. From the Zócalo looking towards the east one notices that on this side of the plaza the architecture is neither as homogeneous nor as grandiose as it is on the other three sides. Outside of the Monte de Piedad, of colonial origin, the other buildings occupy the site of a colonial market that burned down, and on whose ruins were gradually built, up to the nineteenth century, private homes of different modern styles. Thus it is possible to see from the Zócalo how Mexico City has evolved through several architectonic styles during its growth, and how the old city stopped that growth in the nineteenth century.

If the traveler sets out from the Palacio Nacional towards the north by way of Argentina Street, he will arrive before long at the most traditional and conservative sector of the city. There he will find the Universidad de Mexico, old bookstores which still contain bibliographic treasures, and the Escuela Preparatoria, which originally was the Colegio Virreynal de San Ildefonso, a large and very beautiful building of *tezontle* that has three sumptuous patios. It was there in 1921 that the great Mexican mural paintings of today had their beginnings, where Diego Rivera painted his first fresco and José Clemente Orozco painted his. Afterwards Diego Rivera covered with his frescoes the walls of the Ministry of Education, which is so close to the Preparatoria, and finally went with his brushes to the Palacio Nacional, which he also painted. In this sector Mexico City is full of old churches. It was the center of colonial convents and schools. Face to face with the church of Santo Domingo, which is also in front of a handsome square, is the Escuela de Medicina, housed in a gloomy building that formerly was the headquarters of the Holy Office of the Inquisition.

IF, instead of going northwards from the Palacio Nacional, the traveler decides to go towards the south he will get on Pino Suárez Street and reach at the corner the modern Palacio de Justicia, which contains murals by José Clemente Orozco and which was built on the site occupied for many years by the famous market El Volador. But that street, on which can still be found a few interesting colonial buildings, such as the house of the Counts of Santiago de Calimaya rebuilt in 1779, that street itself has a very important history. In the days

---

One of the leading writers and journalists of Mexico, Salvador Novo is also regarded by his contemporaries as one of the foremost students of the colorful history, architecture, and life of his nation's capital.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Moctezuma it was the causeway of Ixtapalapa. And on that causeway the timid Aztec monarch set out to meet the daring Spanish conqueror, brought him into Tenochtitlán, and lodged him in his own palace, where the Zócalo now is.

In all probability, however, the traveler would now like to arrive at his hotel and settle himself there. The car will take him along 5 de Mayo Avenue or along that of the 16 de Septiembre to Juárez Avenue or to the Paseo de la Reforma. To do that it will have to take him to the crossroad of San Juan de Letrán Avenue, and he should stop there, for after the Zócalo this is the most important crossroad in the city for several reasons—historical reasons, of course. When the Spaniards took possession of the city, razed it to the ground, and then began to rebuild it, what is now the street of San Juan de Letrán was the limit of the viceroyal city. Beyond this point the Indians lived miserably all the way to what is now Alameda Park and further to the west up to what then were the distant towns of Tacuba and Atzcapotzalco. So that it can be said that the new city begins at San Juan de Letrán, moving towards the west and having as the axis of its growth Juárez Avenue and that Paseo de la Reforma that Emperor Maximilian built to connect his residence at Chapultepec Castle with the forementioned viceroyal Palacio Nacional, where he had his offices. Thus, in this crossroads at San Juan de Letrán the traveler catches a glimpse of all the directions and tendencies of a city rooted in its past and vigorously growing towards an unpredictable future.

The Alameda, an old and enormous garden rectangular in shape that was built by order of the viceroys and is now used, as before, as a park, is separated from San Juan de Letrán by the Palacio de Bellas Artes, wherein is installed the Museo de Artes Plásticas and where Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros have painted frescoes; where huge exhibitions of paintings are constantly held, and where the seasons are of opera, ballet, theatrical performances, and symphonic concerts.

IT IS very interesting to observe the difference that prevails between life as led along Juárez Avenue, on the southern side of the Alameda, and life as it is lived along Hidalgo Avenue, on its northern side. Hidalgo Avenue is wide and quiet, with little traffic, and surrounded, in front of the Alameda, by old houses and colonial churches. The business chiefly done along this avenue is spiritual business. In the churches miracles are bought. Unmarried women buy sweethearts from St. Anthony in an old church outside of which one can purchase flower wreaths for the dead of the day and, a little further on, coffins at sundry prices and styles to bury the dead of the day. It is possible to think that the austerity of Hidalgo Avenue is due to this sad trafficking, by contrasting it with what goes on across the Alameda on Juárez Avenue, overflowing with traffic, stores, hawkers of silver things, movie houses, and restaurants—full of living people who do not think of the dead and who look for and find on that avenue everything that makes human existence cheerful and comfortable.

In all probability the traveler will stay at one of the hotels along Juárez Avenue—the Del Prado or the Regis, or, further along on the Paeso de la Reforma, in the Hotel Reforma. In none of these first-class hotels will there be anything to remind him of what he might have seen outside surviving from past centuries. Their comfort is perfect and up-to-date. And he will feel at home in any of them even if he has had as transitory homes the best hotels in New York, London, or Paris.

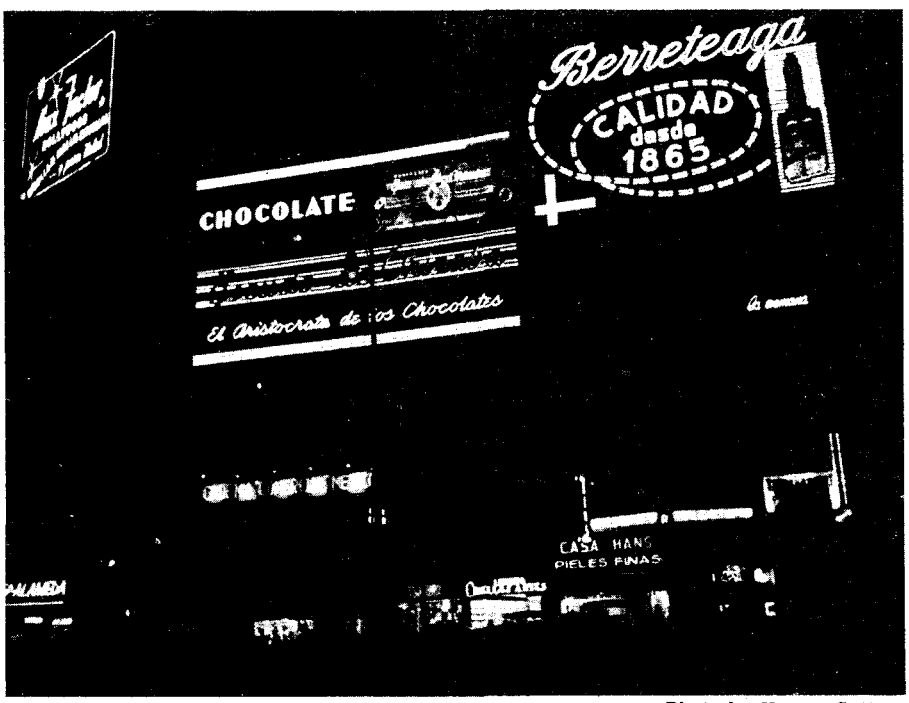
El Caballito, or Little Horse, by which diminutive we have nicknamed the statue of Carlos IV, which is one of the finest in the world, is the first in a series of statues that all along the Paseo de la Reforma fill the double purpose of perpetuating memorable episodes of Mexican history. Around it are the newspapers, and there begins the life of nightly luxury of the city. Restaurants and cabarets are waiting there for the traveler to amuse and feed him. From north to south runs Bucareli Street, which was the old Bucareli promenade of colonial days and which is now a business street both picturesque and full of traffic.

At the crossing of the Paseo de la Reforma and Insurgentes Avenue is the new and true center, the axis of the modern city. Insurgentes Avenue really begins in the city of Laredo and ends in the port of Acapulco. Which means that a traveler by car can enter Mexico by the Laredo highway, arrive at Mexico City at the northern extremity of Insurgentes Avenue, cross the whole city from north to south, and leave it behind on his way to Cuernavaca, Taxco, and Acapulco.

Half way on Insurgentes Avenue one finds the *Ciudad de los Deportes*, or Sports City, with playing fields and, above all, with the largest bullring in the world, in which is performed Sunday after Sunday the national rite of bullfighting. The growth of the city does not stop on its southern side either. On top of El Pedregal, a rocky zone ever since many centuries ago a volcano covered it with lava, *La Ciudad Universitaria*, or University City, is now being built. As soon as it is finished those students that are now crowded together inside the colonial buildings of the old city, will move over to the modern buildings of their new city.

The food and the pleasurable entertainments, the music and the local

(*Continued on page 62*)



—Photo by Horace Sutton.

"... the life of nightly luxury of the city."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Incredible Landscape

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

Herbert Weinstock

THE VARIEGATED separate regions of Mexico, often magnificent in themselves, become incredible in juxtaposition. Although Mexico is extensive as nations go (in Europe only the Soviet Union is larger), what makes it so difficult to comprehend—and leaves it, when comprehended, so nearly unbelievable— is the closeness with which it houses strata of history and two vertical miles of climatic variety. Road by road, street by street, age by co-existing age, altitude by altitude, fantastic contrast is Mexico's everyday commonplace.

From the Río Grande to Guatemala, from the Gulf and the Caribbean to the Pacific, Mexico supplies delight to the attentive ear as well as to the eye and the traveling mind. One automobile adventure through the incredible landscape begins in a state with the flowerlike name of Tamaulipas, where the double city of Laredo-Nuevo Laredo shades off southward into wilderness. Behind the traveler the International Bridge lies between him and Texas, which, by its impressive lack of contrast, supplies a perfect portal to the peaks and declivities ahead. At first, on forty-five miles of curveless pavement undeviatingly determined to cover the shortest distance between two points, the scene is an extension of southern Texas. Then mountain foothills swim slowly up far to east and west, and suddenly ahead. These low-lying approaches to the Sierra Madre Oriental are only plump, well-rounded babies. But soon long S-turns and pocket valleys lead to the crest of Mamulique Pass and foretell the many Mexicos ahead, the native homes of the unlikely.

Only as far from Laredo as Philadelphia is from Washington, busy Monterrey, capital of Nuevo León, appears two-thirds Mexican and one-third Texan. Yet here the wide-flanked mountains of the north, often seeming to have been cut from paper-thin rock by a madman and then pasted against the sky, bring in the note of strangeness. Right over the city, too, Saddle Mountain, with its two peaks and semi-circle of dip between, reproduces in giant size a "recognizable" piece from a jigsaw puzzle.

SOUTH of Monterrey citrous groves freshen the undulating valleys, otherwise sparse in vegetation and bordered, somewhere far off, with terrace upon terrace of lofty cardboard mountains, the profile of which often suggests the back of a petrified dinosaur. Only near Ciudad Victoria—another capital, for we are again in Tamaulipas—do the tropics announce themselves in earnest, a stoic metal sign marking the Tropic of Cancer. The vegetation luxuriates, becomes less familiar, spinier, lacier, or more dense and purposeful. The knife-edged mountains are giving way gradually to more sober monsters that uncover roundness and mass to the eye. Ciudad Victoria itself is full Mexico. No trace

---

The vocation of Herbert Weinstock is that of executive editor for Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., book publishers, but his avocation is that of an ardent Mexicophile who spends as much time south of the border as possible.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Texas here, and not much of the world we know. The plaza bustles at the center of activity, whereas Monterrey's plazas are just off center, and flat-walled, smooth-plastered buildings rise white, pink, yellow, blue, and green from the sidewalks' edge.

Beyond Victoria, agave and cactus, sturdy with sun, grow gigantic. Tropical flowers nameless but to botanists, vines of mammoth growth, clumps of bamboo, everywhere punctuate the flat or sloping spaces between the constant, ever-unfolding mountains and the sudden, twisting canyons. Back behind Monterrey the altimeter rises to 2,500 feet, but at Valles it sinks to 295 just before clear hints of the stupendous climb ahead become manifest. Day and night the air stirs with the odors and plain smells of the tropics. Daylight dies abruptly over the western mountains and the surprising star-map of the torrid zone unrolls in soft blackness. This landscape is peopled, of course (but that is not my subject here) by the Mexicans, themselves as incredible and often as startling and beautiful as their land. Up that slope there, too, or just down that singing canyon, there are ocelots and jaguars and mountain lions, turkey, deer, and quail. Overhead, lazy in their familiarity with mountaintops and sky, float and turn the *zopilotes,* the vultures (so beautiful there, so hideous close at hand) without which the odors of these tropics would not be sweet or even bearable.

Close beside the Río Moctezuma, the jerrybuilt "Thomas and Charlie" of the tourist — Tamazunchale — crowds sweltering among foothills, no farther above sea level than parts of Staten Island. None but the desperate or the daredevil will leave it for the south too early in the morning or too late in the afternoon. For mountain fog is dangerous and may blight perhaps the most consistently spectacular views of mountain scenery along any main highway in America. In something under sixty miles the road rises one mile by swooping, twisting, doubling back, describing hairpin turns, clinging to the edges of escarpments, and rounding out, well protected by sturdy fences, to the edges of profound chasms. Then it dawdles for a while before tearing upward again, this time to 7,500 feet. To encompass this great sparsely peopled wilderness of peak upon peak upon peak remains outside the power of any machine (typewriter, camera, whatever) less complex and fine than the perceptive human eye.

Jacala, Zimapán, Ixmiquilpan, the names continue melodious in the soft, singsong Mexican speech. Between Actopan and Colonia, on the great cen-

(*Continued on page 63*)

Brave Bulls and Brave Men

TOM LEA

Tom Lea

THE FIESTA BRAVA, the spectacle of the bulls, is as strongly rooted and avidly followed in Mexico as it is in Spain, the country of its origin. It is a peculiarly Latin ritual devoted to a celebration of man's spirit in triumph over the brute force and terror of death.

Without understanding this ritual character of the spectacle the non-Latin sneers at bullfighting as an unsporting sport—a cruelty, a bloody depravity; the non-Latin is, of course, perfectly entitled to his hot feeling of virtue and superiority. In it he becomes a kind of spectacle himself, attending a plaza to cheer for the bull, in English, and to yowl, in English, that his only interest in the dirty business is to see one of those bums with the sword and silk pants get a horn in the gut.

There are others who do not confuse the spectacle with sport, who realize it is not an open competition between matched opponents, but a tragic drama in which man lives by his bravery and himself deals death to the force which would take life from him. The core of bullfighting is a symbolic tragedy of man dealing death while subject to it himself.

—*Horace Sutton.*

"... a peculiarly Latin ritual."

Death, blood, rending physical violence are visible realities in the bullring. These are strong ingredients. They are not entertainment. They require strong response, and they get it. People go to a plaza for no mild amusement. They go to be stirred. They are stirred, one way and another. Around the theme of death emotions are raw, occasionally exalted, seldom polite.

A *corrida de toros* achieves its power by the quality of the elements that form it: the bulls, the men. They are both very special types.

The fighting bull, the *Toro de Lidia,* has been bred for more than four centuries and carefully registered since 1790. It is the *only* breed of bull suitable for the bullring, and it has no other use, no other reason for being. Such a bull is neither goaded nor trained nor abused to make it vicious. Through selective breeding only the *Toro de Lidia* is born with a prime instinct to use its horns to kill anything that disturbs it. A newborn calf will charge a man.

The breeding and handling of these lethal beasts is a skilled occupation conducted usually by *aficionados* on ranches exclusively devoted to this pursuit. Fighting bulls are tested for bravery around the age of two and turned loose on wide pastures to live untouched, like wild ranging animals, until they are ready for combat two years later. Then they are usually given a few weeks of grain and protein feed to provide them with added weight and strength before they are loaded into heavy individual boxes, like cages, and shipped by truck to the bullring corrals a few days before the fight.

They should be sent to the ring when they are four years old, weighing at least 900, and on up to 1200

Tom Lea, author and painter, combined his talents to write and illustrate the best-selling novel "The Brave Bulls," which subsequently was made into a successful motion picture about bullfighting in Mexico. Mexicans think he is "muy torero," which is bullfight slang for "a real expert."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Veronica del Berrendito."

pounds. With their weight and power they are remarkably nimble on their fine legs and small hooves. The crest of neck muscle, that swells thick when the bull is aroused and makes the thrust of the horns powerful enough to toss a horseman and his mount into the air, is a distinguishing mark of the *Toro de Lidia*. The predominant blood line in Mexico makes the fighting bull there usually black. It is sleek, fine-haired, powerfully muscled, fast, sharply and dangerously horned, and must be approved by an official veterinarian as without defects of limb, horn, or eye before it can enter a ring.

The men who fight these bulls are as extraordinary as the beasts. A good bullfighter has a desire, a fever to fight bulls. This fever can be explained in many ways, and it cannot be fully explained in any way at all, but it is a fact. The man with this fever has enough control of his reflexes to plant his feet and not only meet but control the charge of an enraged beast. To this he must add art. He must create a formal ritual drama from the danger, bloodshed, and death. If his performance lacks the quality of art it is a brute exercise without meaning and without excuse.

To be an artist a *torero* must follow the three basic precepts of bullfighting: *Parar*, stand still while the bull charges; *Templar*, exercise a sense of timing, of slow suavity in all movement; *Mandar*, dominate the bull by aggressive action based on bravery and knowledge. A *torero* must not only work close to the horns, he must work there with grace and beauty of movement, in confidence, power, and serenity of spirit. That is what to look for at a *corrida*. That is what to applaud, and when it is absent what to protest loudly.

The high season of bullfighting in Mexico is during the winter and spring. In the summer and fall the *novilleros*, the young hopefuls not yet full-fledged, hold forth in the plazas at reduced prices, usually with inferior bulls. Except on certain holidays and special occasions *corridas* are held on Sunday afternoons. They draw for an audience a complete cross-section of Mexican life from highest to lowest. Almost every town of any size or kind of prosperity in Mexico has a *plaza de toros*.

THE two big bullrings of the Republic, the Plaza Mexico seating about 55,000 and El Toreo with half that capacity, are both at Mexico City; the bullfight world of Mexico is centered around them. The bullfight critics—they are not merely called reporters, and their opinions are often formed by the fees they receive from interested parties—rate a *matador* mostly by his performances in the capital. The business of all impresarios, bull-breeders, managers, and agents is focalized in Mexico City and most matadors live there.

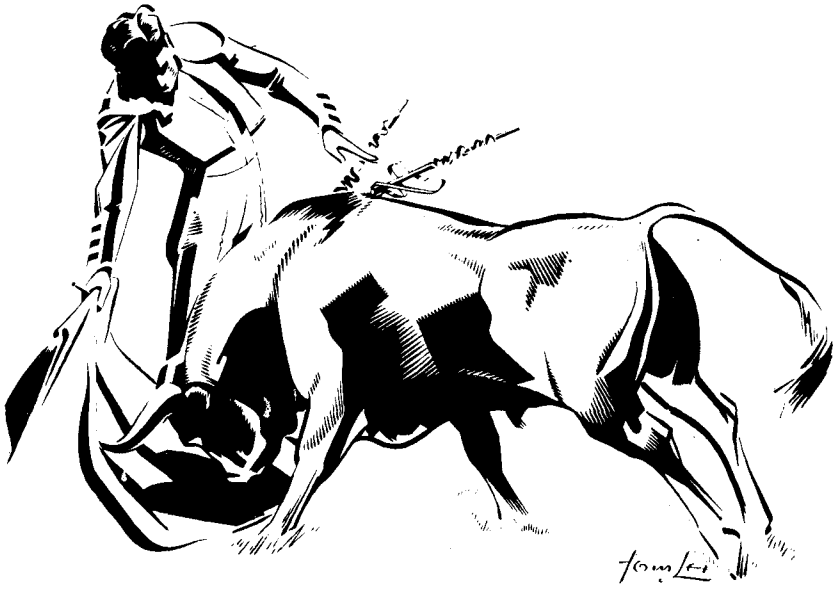
Among them there is no great, outstanding figure today. There are several fine and highly competent matadors who have inspired afternoons, but there is no one of the stature of a Manolete against whose steel lesser artists can strike their flints to brighten and vivify the fiesta. There are no young matadors coming up who promise to shake the world. The spectacle is at present in one of its phases unsparked by animating genius.

In Mexico the spectacle is also in danger of serious deterioration on account of the bulls. The anti-*aftosa* quarantine prevents importation of new seed stock from Spain, where *aftosa* (hoof-and-mouth disease) is said to be endemic; the blood lines of the fighting breed in Mexico go unrefreshed meanwhile. A weakening and worsening grows more and more apparent.

Bullfighting is compounded of the illusions of those who practise it as an art and the corruptions of those who promote it as an industry. Above venality there somehow flowers the peculiar mordant spirituality that gives the Fiesta Brava its life, its grip upon those who engage in it and those who witness it.

There is a great deal more to a *corrida* than meets the eye of a one- or two- or ten-time spectator. Beyond his own personal impressions, the wise visitor to Mexico will do well to reserve sweeping judgments of what he sees in a ring. It is necessary to attend the plaza for years to acquire a full understanding of all the elements of a performance, to judge the conditions of a bull and the style and skill of a matador in meeting those particular conditions, to recognize for what they are the courage, cowardice, art, knowledge, ignorance, luck, fakery, displayed in the course of an afternoon of bulls.

Yet when the visitor sees a good man facing a good bull he will know it, whether he has ever been to a plaza or not. The combat will enter into him, fill him, hone at his heart. He will not name it, but he will learn something about man, about his glory, his baseness, that he did not know. It will exalt him and wring him dry and he will not forget it. He may go again to look for it, to look deeper into it.



"Muletazo de Rafael Rodriguez."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Painting and Revolution

JEAN CHARLOT

Jean Charlot

MEXICAN art is as a whole characterized by a quality of *mexicanidad,* a term that could be translated as mexicanness. This assertion would constitute a frightful commonplace if the forms that Mexican art has taken through the centuries were not so varied and at first contact so disparate that the search for, and detection of, their common spiritual and esthetic denominator needs a flair and knowledge above the average.

Three periods in the long history of Mexican art evoke clear, if over-simplified images: the Mexico of pre-Hispanic antiquity, its art-forms geared to the gesture of the priest wrenching the throbbing human heart from inside the cage of living ribs; colonial Mexico, when a sea of converts worshiped before a sea of images as tortured and bloody as any idols, or else as gilded and hieratical as a viceroy's retinue appearing to his subjects from atop a balcony. Thirdly, there are today's murals, always scaled to bigness and often to greatness.

Besides these well-defined periods, Mexico is further enriched by the arts of two times of transition, both keyed to crucial upheavals; lacking these less known periods, the three well-known styles, antique, colonial, and modern, would be hard put to prove their inner oneness. In the sixteenth century the Conquest threw open to overseas influences the closed world of forms and colors informed with sacred meanings that the Aztec artist evolved and mastered; it was as if an Egyptian decorator of the third millennium B.C. had been placed in the presence of works by Titian or Tintoretto and bid to copy them. That a regional flavor survived at all after this *grand écart* is proof of the sturdiness of Mexico's esthetic instinct. Shedding their pagan skin, the idols were renewed into Christian holy intercessors. For a short time the art of conquered Mexico adopted a Byzantine stiffness as the novelty of the subject matter piled new terrors on top of the old esoteric dogma. Soon familiarity with heaven bred a mood of loving appreciation and from then on Christian grace informs even the more roughly hewn stone.

The second period of transition is much closer to us in time, but even less known today than are the shifting forms of art at the time of the Conquest. Politically the nineteenth century was filled as much with disasters and revolutions as had been the sixteenth century; but everything now was geared in reverse. As it seceded from Spain the young Republic wished obscurely for an art of its own. This time the problem was how to break away from European art and to trace one's way back to primitiveness, though none of the patriotic artists of that time would have cared to express it that bluntly. A formidable task confronted the generation born early in the century, nurtured to masterhood at the Regal Academy of San Carlos under the coldly shining star of Mengs's teachings. At heart they knew well that Spanish art, even official Spanish art, was great in its achievements. Yet it was their higher duty to turn their back on the Greek masterpieces cast in plaster that were a gift to the school from the Crown of Spain, so splendid as to arouse enthusiasm in no less a connoisseur than Baron de Humboldt. The young men of the 1840's gleaned what revolt they could from shreds of the work of Goya, impolite, cynical, brutally frank at times, a work mysteriously tuned to their own as yet unexpressed quality of *mexicanidad* that needed another century to mature. It was the time when the Indian sculptor Patiño Ixtolinque carved local stones with due regard for their natural grain and shape. Though his subject matter remained academic—women symbolizing virtues—the brown hand managed the chisel with all the discretion of a stone-age sculptor, and the cheesecloth ceased to hide the monolith. A rich residue of Mexican esthetics awaits the patience of the modern appreciator of the work of a master muralist of the mid-nineteenth century, Juan Cordero. He covered thousands of square feet of walls and cupolas with heroic compositions. His gift for chromatic dissonances that his well-meaning friends denied or minimized is what endears him to us today.

Modern Mexican art is said to have been born of a revolution, or rather the Revolution, started in 1910 and still "in the air" today. Perhaps, however, in the esthetic sense it was no more than a return to the past, a reassessment of an honorable patrimony. The Revolution proved useful mostly as a cog, the piece of machinery needed to join together ancient walls and young muralists. To make frescoes possible it was imperative that there be men in power unafraid of public opinion. As it turned out, *ca.* 1920, these upper-dog politicos were in fact desirous to ram down the throat of the bourgeois the consciousness of defeat and a squirming sense of their social predicament. Bohemians in their twenties, or at most their thirties, were given public walls to paint as other men had been given palaces to sack, but the resentment at such a breach of etiquette, being of a cultural nature, simmers up to this day. The champions of genteel taste, who were also the opponents of the

---

Southwest painter and muralist Jean Charlot is also an art critic who has closely followed the great school of painting which emerged in Mexico and made such an impact on the rest of the world. He has just finished an important mural at Arizona State College.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orozco's fresco "Prometheus" at Pomona College, California—"modern Mexican art is said to have been born of a revolution."

upstart regime, patiently waited for the public revulsion that would get rid of these mural monstrosities and herald the political humiliation of their enemies. These frescoes, once condemned so roundly, have by now become a national pride and even an international asset. Not even the aging men who commissioned the works when they were young, as a lusty *beau geste*, understand how it all came to pass, but they breathe the more easily.

What happened is that the artists commissioned to paint walls felt how these noble seasoned buildings dictated a task vaster than a display of personality: if their work was to be successful it should prove to be more, a mouthpiece for collective feelings that at the time ran their gamut from the passionate mayhem of active revolution to the stilled depths of meditation that precede and follow action wherever Indian blood is concerned. Perhaps the best proof that the painters acted not unlike mediums is the fact that regardless of their leftist mouthings they produced such masterpieces of religious art as Orozco's series on the life of Saint Francis, or Revueltas's "Devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe," fit expressions of their people.

EACH school of art may be summed up in a single esthetic canon. For example, the Greek ideal type, be it a bronze athlete or a marble Venus, flexes his muscles or exhibits her curves as a king set within a vacuum. The Mexican Indian prefers to take his stand in nature with a kind of artless camouflage, flesh color melting into the color of earth; the Greek theatrical gesture gives way here to less exposed ones, bending and squatting. In consequence some time throughout the years 1920-25 an ideal Mexican type was evolved that has already become a classical art form, as shorn of paraphernalia as was the Greek nude man. Intent on duplicating Indian ways, the muralist found to his delight that to paint this brown man clad in white better all that was needed was a severely limited palette of lime-resistant pigments, all earth colors that are the very nuances of earth, and dust, and straw, and dark flesh. Esthetic considerations blended with technical ones led to the rebirth on a large scale of true fresco.

Once they had asserted themselves the muralists could not hold long the allegiance of a slightly younger generation, come to artistic maturity in a milieu that took murals for granted, and thus looked for excitement to a different fare. If we list the antithesis of mural work we also define this very natural reaction. The very big gave way to the very small, the quick coverage of vast areas to a miniature technique, and decorative simplifications to a patient rendering of accumulated detail. Perhaps Julio Castellanos, now dead, remains the star of the anti-mural trend.

In the Paris of the 1920's cubism proved a natural ally of our brand of muralism, imbued as both were with an architectural spirit and at least a groping towards collective expression. When cubism gave way to surrealism these secret affinities were severed, and a few Mexicans attempted to forge another link, this time on a new basis. It remains the specialized role of masters like Mérida and Tamayo to help international critics bridge over what in their work is orthodox modernism towards the mysterious lands of Amerindian thought and culture.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexican Folk Art

FRED LEIGHTON

IN AZTEC MEXICO, as in Mexico today, much of the social and economic life of the common people centered in the market place, to which all products and wares found their way for barter and for sale—each class of product in its own section or area of the market. Bernal Díaz del Castillo, soldier of Cortés and sturdy chronicler of the conquest of Mexico, wrote of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, Cortés marched to the grand square (near the Zócalo of today) . . . When we arrived there we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, as well as at the vast quantities of merchandise . . . each kind had its particular place, which was distinguished by a sign. The articles consisted of gold, silver, jewels, feathers, mantles, chocolate, skins dressed and undressed, sandals, and other manufactures of the roots and fibers of nequen . . . other places in the square were appointed to the sale of earthenware, wooden household furniture, such as tables and benches, firewood, paper . . . and wooden vessels highly painted . . . the entire square was enclosed in piazzas, under which large quantities of grain were stored and where were also shops for various kinds of goods."

Such was Aztec Mexico, so still today are the markets of Mexico—teeming with men, women, children, animals, and wares of all description. To the ancient Indian crafts the Spaniards added new materials and new techniques, new plants and animals: steel and wool, the Egyptian loom, the potter's wheel, the orange, and the burro.

The great friend of the Mexican Indian Don Vasco de Quiroga—that fabulous Spanish jurist and early student of Sir Thomas More, who entered the Church a full-fledged bishop and became Bishop of Quiroga in the State of Michoacán—organized the Tarascan natives into craft villages with results almost Utopian: the lacquer villages, the copper-working, bedspread-making, pottery, and wood-working villages whose crafts persist even today and may be seen in every market place not only in Michoacán but throughout the Republic of Mexico. So on through the Colonial period, through the nineteenth-century phases of self-rule, so on through the bloody revolutionary years of 1910-1920, on along into the industrializing days of the last decade, the Indians, the villagers, the country folk of Mexico have continued to make and to trade among each other their own furniture, earthenware, huaraches, basketry, wool and cotton weaving, *rebozos* and *serapes*, silver jewelry, mats and hats of palm and rush, leatherwork and toys—a fascinating wealth of useful and beautiful articles.

It is the full rich array of these native crafts, their color and their beauty, their simple utility and their modest price, the combined results of art, necessity, and tradition, which inevitably overwhelm the foreigner traveling in Mexico and subject him to their spell, no matter with what determination to avoid handicrafts and market places he may have entered Mexico.

Handicrafts relieve the severity of modern architecture, lend a note of human warmth to the modern interior. Several trends in American life make the well designed, well executed bit of native Mexican craftsmanship so acceptable to young moderns—the trend toward casual living, the trend toward "out of door" living in summer and in the simulated summer of glassed-in porch or room. It is the instinctive sympathy the machine age habitant feels for the product of the artisan, the individual's fusion of heart, mind, and hand in something both useful and beautiful.

So as the American travels in Mexico he often feels an almost nostalgic kinship with the richly woven *sarapes* and *rebozos*, the soft-toned pottery bowls and jars, the iridescent shimmer of the blown glass, the metallic softness of hand worked silver. It is part of the lure of the past, the lure of the unknown, the lure of travel in a foreign country—a country so near geographically, so distant culturally—and all the time so close to our human beating hearts.

Fred Leighton, vice-president of the Mexican Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.A., is a student of Mexico's folk art who became one of the leading importers of these handicrafts into this country.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Land That Sings & Dances

PRU DEVON

Pru Devon

TO HEAR the music and see the dances of a country is to have two intimate keys to its personality. Music in Mexico is so vital a part of life as to seem part of the blood stream of an extremely sensitive people.

This music divides itself rather naturally into three basic groups, classical, regional, and popular.

Classical music is rarely "typical" in quality even though many outstanding Mexican composers such as Carlos Chávez have drawn on folk-themes for some of their inspiration. There is a certain international flavor to such music that prevents one from feeling it in terms of geological boundaries. This very quality of limitlessness virtually absorbs whatever there might be in the way of local atmosphere, of native color.

For an excellent introduction to the classical realm of modern Mexican composition, there are two scores conducted by Chávez himself, "Music of Mexico" (Decca DL 9527) and "La Hija de Colquide" (Decca DL 7512) which are well worth listening to. For a general feel of the country's musical variety the listener might turn to Columbia's "A Program of Mexican Music" or perhaps to a collection of typical tunes Xavier Cugat has recorded for Victor.

Mexico is one of the world's strongholds of genuine regional music with hundreds of completely distinctive songs, dances, and costumes that belong definitely to a particular section.

In every land the arts mirror the ethnic background and history of the people. In Mexico it is relatively simple to recognize the cultural background of the visual artist, but with music the situation becomes involved. Most Latin American countries have three strong primary racial forces, Indian, European, and African, and it is in the blending of these conflicting elements that the interest and the confusion arise.

Most of the folk music in Mexico today is far more redolent of Spain than of either pre-conquest America or Africa. If by good fortune, however, one discovers a fiesta, say in Oaxaca or Tehuantepec or on Lake Pátzcuaro or perhaps in Querétaro, there is a good chance to catch the authentic Indian flavor. At such ritual-dances as the Plume-dance (Oaxaca) or Los Voladores (the flying-pole dance) the ancient combination of small drum and primitive flute combine in hauntingly mournful sounds. In the general region of Veracruz there are excitingly complicated rhythms, suggesting a connection with the fairly localized Negro population.

Again, there is the vital matter of instruments. Before the Spaniard introduced strings, music was limited to percussion supplied by a wide variety of drums and rattles, and to the slender melodies of simple wind instruments, neither being conducive to the development of emotional music. With the coming of the guitar, an entirely new element was born. Today the guitar is, of course, the most popular instrument in the country. Besides being a pleasing and versatile instrument, it lends itself naturally to spontaneous singing; therefore, lyric melody pretty well supplanted the more primitive forms.

The word "regional" is more appropriate than "folk" in referring to the vast wealth of music that lies between classic and popular. Such famous songs as "Guadalajara," "Ay Jalisco no te Rajes," and "Xochimilco" are so well-known and so full of local atmosphere that one is apt to assume that they are actually folk-songs, but their composer being known, technically they cannot qualify. A slight familiarity with the general types of regional music adds tremendously to a visitor's pleasure in Mexico and establishes a warm, friendly bond. There are many opportunities to request the playing of something special by the ubiquitous native musicians and even if one knows no particular title, being able to request a native form or type is a pleasure, and at the same time gratifying to the musicians, suggesting that one is *muy simpético*.

The *canción* is of course a song, but usually one with pronouncedly national flavor, so that one finds the Mexican *canción* quite distinct from one from Argentina. Some pleasing ones to ask for are "Xochimilco," "En los Altos de Jalisco," "Mañanitas Tapatías," and "Pajarillo Barranqueno."

Here are a few *canciones* that are

—Horace Sutton.

"... the music is emotional in appeal and enchantingly original."

A devoted fan and curator of authentic Latin American music, Pru Devon has won a large audience for her program over radio station WQXR, for which she plays the guitar, sings, and also acts as disc jockey for recordings of new and old tunes from the Americas. She has a particularly soft spot in her heart for Mexican music.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

currently available in the U. S. A. (titles are given, followed by performer, and in parentheses the label, with V for RCA Victor, C for Columbia, and D for Decca):

La Barca de Oro; Copitas de Mexcal. Trio Calaveras. (V 70-7244)
Farolito; Allá en el Rancho Grande. Tito Guizar. (V 82588)
La Golondrina; Ay, Ay, Ay. Pedro Vargas. (V 83490)
La Borrachita; Estrellita. Pedro Vargas. (V 83493)
Currucucu; Me Das una Pena. Fernando Fernández & Lupita Palomera. (V 23-1537)
Desesperadamente; El Organillero. Elvira Rios. (D 21154)
Cuatro Vidas; Sin Ti. Elvira Rios. (D 21177)
Río Colorado; El Gato y El Ratón. Hermanos Reyes. (C 6498-X)
Súplica Ranchera; Soy Michoacana. Hermanas Padilla. (C 6188-X)
Las Cuatro Milpas; La Porteña. Laurita y Ray. (C 5622-X)
Las Mañanitas; Jarabe Tapatío. Quinteto Típico Mexicano. (C 2570-X)

The *corrido* is a narrative ballad of pure folk origin. Exploits of national heroes, crimes, accidents, and any dramatic occurrence were the original inspiration for the early *corridos*. The *corrido* is an obvious descendant of the old Spanish *romance* and even maintains some of the old traditions, such as the melodic phrase incessantly repeated, relieved by instrumental inserts. Interesting ones to hear in Mexico might be "El Corrido Villista," about the exploits of Pancho Villa, and "El Dia de San Juan," a crime of passion. Here are some that are available in the USA:

La Feria de las Flores; Ven. Jorge Negrete. (V 23-0117)
La Vieja Chismosa; Corazón Mexicano. Trio Calaveras. (V 70-7327)
Juan Charrasqueado; El Hijo de Juan Charrasquedo. Las Mochecitas. (V 23-0710). Jorge Negrete. (V 23-0844)
El Abandonado; El Corrido de Canánea. Miguel Aceves Mejía. (V 23-1036)
El Hijo Pródigo; El Huérfano. Trio Coahuilteco con Arpa y Guitarras. (C 6234-X)
Juan Soldado; Corrido de Riviera. Trio Los Aguilillas con Arpa y Guitarras. (C 6430-X)
Jalisco Nunca Pierde; Hace Un Año. Hermanas Padilla. (C 5671X)
Ay Jalisco no te Rajes; Rancho Alegre. Hermanas Padilla. (C 6166-X)
Yo soy el Corrido; Tequila con Limón. Hermanas Padilla. (C 6194-X)

The *canción* and the *corrido* are primarily songs of regional types. The *jarabe, jarana, huapango,* and *son* are the principal dance forms. Although with these very Mexican dances there is nearly always a song, it is the rhythm and the fascinating use of instrumentation that is the distinguishing feature. The *jarabe* is a graceful pursuit dance performed by a couple apart, the man with hands behind his back, the girl very demurely slightly raising the front of her skirt. They both tap rythmically with their feet in the Spanish *zapateado* tradition. The *jarabe* that is most widely known is, of course the "Jarabe Tapatío" commonly known as the Mexican Hat Dance.

The *huapango* is one of the most intriguing rhythm-patterns in the world.

The word originally meant the platform of boards on which the dance was executed but today it is a generic term for both fiestas and typical dances of the Gulf of Mexico region, particularly around Veracruz. The steps are very complicated and rapid, and the orchestration even more so. The usual instruments are those used by *mariachi* bands (guitars, guitarrón, and fiddle) augmented by harp. Incidentally the *mariachi* is quite a national institution, being groups of more or less itinerant musicians who, like the minnesingers and troubadours of medieval Europe, wander about from fiesta to fiesta earning their livelihood by their spirited music. Some famous old *huapangos* are: "La Mujer de Chucho," "La Potranca," "El Torito Huasteco," and "Toro Coquito." Some that are available in USA:

Guadalajara; Allá en el Rancho Grande. Tito Guizar. (V 32858)
Mi Pueblito; La Puntada. Trio Calaveras. (V 23-5184)
Cásate y Verás; El Huasteco. Hermanas Padilla. (C 6026-X)
Cocula; Por un Amor. Hermanas Padilla. (C 6178-X)
La Bola; Los Pavos Reales. Luis Pérez Meza. (C 6305-X)
La Charreada; El Gallito Colorado. Luis Pérez Meza. (C 6462-X)
El Huejutleño; Molango. Trio Chachalacas. (C 6279-X)

Just as the *huapango* embodies the height of rythmic complexity and delight for the Gulf Coast region, so the *son* first flowered in the "Tierra Caliente" of Michoacán and Jalisco, electrically exciting and challenging to dancer and listener equally. The Spanish word "son" means "sound," but that gives no concept of the richness of cross rhythm and varying tempos. Indeed the outstanding quality of the Mexican *son* is the strong, vivacious accompaniment, ever changing, fluctuating most elusively. (For those who don't speak Spanish it is helpful to know that the word is pronounced almost as if it rhymed with bone). Old ones to ask for: "Las Inditas," "Son Guarrense," "Soldado de Levita," "Son Huasteco," and the "Son Chiapaneco" from Chiapas. Available *sones* in the USA:

El Chiu-Cho; Así No, Papacito. Miguel Aceves Mejía. (V 70-7386)
Otra Copa, Compadre; El Forastero. Trio Calaveras. (V 23-1525)
El Sinaloense; Tú solo Tú. Luis Pérez Meza. (C 6431-X)
El Pajarito; Cosas que Pasan. Trio Los Panchos. (C 6210-X)
La Malagueña; Cielito Lindo. Trio Calaveras. (V 23-0712)

Rounding out the field of regional dance music recordings, there is a truly remarkable album put out by the Ethnic Folkways Corp., called "Songs of Mexico," consisting of superb performances by the little-known Trio Aguilillas. In the album (which includes intelligent analysis by Joseph Hellmer who discovered the group) are "La Malagueña Guerrerense, Fandango Costeño;" "El Cascabel Son Jarocho"; "Engaño, Huapango"; "El Gusto Planeca"; and "La Media Calandria." This collection is a really valuable addition to available authentic recordings. Another record featuring two famous regional dances is:

Las Chiapanecas; Sandunga Chiapaneca. Orquesta Típica Mexicana Lerdo (C 5666-X)

Mexican popular music, bolero, blues and fox (absorbed from us), mambo (currently fantastically successful), and vals, the universal standby . . . are very easy to find practically anywhere.

There are numerous outstanding hits by well-known performers, in fact too numerous to list. Instead it is suggested that you choose what you like from among the recent popular recordings by Tito Guizar, Pedro Vargas, Elvira Rios, Fernando Fernández, Chucho Martinez Gil, Toña la Negra, Pérez Prado and others.

In the final analysis, most people get more satisfaction and nostalgia from the music classified as regional than any other type collected during holidays abroad. In Mexico there is a rich abundance of it, and it is evocative, emotional in appeal, and enchantingly original.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peppers in the Pot

LUISA MARIA ALVAREZ

Luisa Maria Alvarez

IT HAS BEEN said that Mexicans eat history, because Mexican cooking is linked to tradition and interwoven with legend.

Like culture and art in Mexico, it is a blend of Indian and Spanish. Centuries-old Indian dishes and equally old Spanish delicacies are part of everyday menus in the Mexico of today. In many dishes European and Indian ingredients are mixed, while in others the indigenous ingredients are cooked in the Spanish manner.

It was Spanish nuns in the Spanish city of Puebla, eighty-five miles southeast of Mexico City, who created Mexico's nation dish, the *Mole de Guajolote* by glamorizing the native turkey (*guajolotl* in the Aztec tongue), with a fantastic sauce to which they gave the Aztec name of *mole*, and wherein they combined chocolate, peanuts, cinnamon, sesame seed, almonds, cloves, black pepper, and several kinds of hot peppers. Legend tells us that the Puebla nuns awaiting the visit of a newly appointed Viceroy created the elaborate dish in an effort to make their welcome feast memorable.

Chocolate is a perfect example of the Indian-Spanish blend. Indigenous to Mexico, the Spaniards found that the drink made from cacao beans, unsweetened, was a favorite at the Aztec emperor's table. They added sugar and occasionally substituted milk for water. Hot chocolate is still a favorite in Mexico today. Cinnamon flavored cakes made of cacao beans are melted in hot milk and whipped into a steaming froth with a carved wooden *molinillo*.

Meats—veal, lamb, pork—gifts of Spain to Mexico, are cooked according to old Indian formulas or smothered in sauces which feature tomatoes, another of Mexico's gifts to the world, and hot chili. The indigenous peanuts are widely used for meat sauces. Lamb, barbecued *à la* Indian is as typical of Mexican cuisine as *mole*. To prepare it a hole, according to the size of the meat to be cooked, is dug in the ground and lined with large porous rocks on which are placed branches and small kindlings. A fire is lit and kept burning until the walls of the pit become very hot, and then removed. The pit is then lined with maguey leaves and the meat, prepared as for roasting, is placed on top of the hot stones, covered with maguey leaves, and then heaped with earth. A large fire is built on top and kept burning for several hours. Then

the meat, by now properly barbecued, is unearthed.

One of the country's chief delicacies is fish. It is served raw, smoked, baked, stuffed, pickled, broiled, fried, or boiled, and bathed with piquant sauces. And the importance of fish in the Mexican diet goes back to pre-Conquest times.

Mexican bread, which became a part of the country's diet during the Colonial period as wheat was unknown in pre-Conquest Mexico, is entirely different from Spanish bread and cakes. Mexicans adopted Spanish ovens and Spanish wheat and created something different — the *pan dulce* (sweet bread)—small, bunlike, not-too-sweet cakes which are eaten with the morning coffee. There are more than a hundred varieties.

A strong appeal characterizes Mexican dishes. They are rich looking, with appetizing aroma, and in many cases there is the chili-hot quality that plays directly upon the taste glands. Because it takes time and infinite patience to prepare many dishes, the best of Mexico's rich cuisine is to be found only in the homes.

The old-fashioned typical Mexican kitchen has a long *brasero*, a built-in stove of tile or brick with large and small grates wherein to build charcoal fires. From hooks on the walls hang earthenware pots of all sizes, wooden ladles, and a variety of beautifully decorated equipment skilfully designed for the precise purpose required. Beneath the *brasero*, or on some near-by table, is a *metate*, grinding stone made by hand from porous volcanic rock. In the modern city kitchens, with gas stoves, electric refrigerators, etc., the earthenware pots and the rock *metate* survive. The *metate* is used to grind corn which has been soaked overnight in lime water and which after grinding is patted into pancakes that when cooked are the *tortillas*, basic food of the people. Today *tortillas* are made and eaten with as much gusto as they were centuries before Columbus discovered America.

EARTHENWARE pots, so widely used in Mexico, retain heat and give a special flavor. No self-respecting Mexican cook would dream of cooking rice in anything but an earthenware dish, and any one who has tasted the fluffy, seasoned Mexican rice will agree as to its excellence. Rice, by the way, is classified as soup. Broths and creams are called "wet soups" and rice, macaroni, and vermicelli "dry soups."

There are three kinds of restaurants in Mexico City, those serving European dishes exclusively, the "typical" ones which serve Mexican food, and those with an international cuisine which includes one or several local dishes, such as *tacos* and *pulque*. *Tacos* are savory concoctions made of *tortillas* stuffed with chicken, pork, lamb, or other meats, toasted, or served with highly seasoned sauce. *Pulque* is the fermenting honey water of the maguey plant.

Most restaurants in Mérida, Yucatán, offer the delicious native dishes, flavored with annatto. The tasty white fish of Lake Pátzcuaro is served at the Posada de Don Vasco near the lake. The best *chalupas* in the city of Puebla are those sold in the stalls at the Paseo de San Francisco Park. *Chalupas* are a sort of open sandwich, with *tortilla* instead of bread, fried, and garnished with shredded chicken, pork, sausage, cheese, chili, lettuce.

Luisa Maria Alvarez, magazine editor and authority on Mexican cooking, is an executive of the Mexican Government Tourist Commission. A skilful chef herself, she believes native Mexican cooking is something not only to be enjoyed in Mexico, but has recipes for homeward-bound North Americans.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Footloose in Mexico

HORACE SUTTON

Horace Sutton

THE FACTS OF MEXICAN LIFE. I hope the Texans will pardon me for my seeming liberty in lumping their empire with the states of California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. But if you form a hypothetical, geographical coalition of all those territories you will get a land mass of about the same size as the Republic of Mexico.

Mexico sits with its head in the laps of all the states mentioned above, with the exception, of course, of Colorado. Its feet nudge up against Guatemala, on the south, with one toe on the border of British Honduras. Along the 4,500 miles of coastline on the Pacific and the 1,700 miles along the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea the country is low, flat, and hot. The center of Mexico, however, is one immense plateau spiked here and there by great mountains.

Some 26,000,000 people live in Mexico, half of them pure and full-blooded Indians, the other half part Indian, part Spanish. For the most part they speak Spanish, and if that seems an obvious nugget of intelligence there is a well-established travel agent in Mexico City who swears that an American lady after her first day in Mexico was heard to remark, "I took four years of French in college, and honestly I can't understand a word." The language of course differs widely from the Spanish of Spain, just as the English of, say Newcastle-under Lyme, differs from the chatter of Memphis-alongside-the-Mississippi.

A great misapprehension has sprung up that Mexican temperature all year around is about the same as St. Louis in the middle of August at three in the afternoon. In the first place half of Mexico is north of the southern extremities of the United States, and, what's more, the average altitude along the great plateau is 6,000 feet, not very much less than the height of Mount Washington in New Hampshire. The weather is, indeed, so changeable and varied that rural Indians have adopted the serape, an emergency blanket-and-cape which is folded and carried slung across the shoulder when not in use.

Although the temperature in many parts of the country is temperate, the Mexicans live as if they were sitting astride the Equator. Lunch can run anywhere from half past one in the afternoon to four o'clock, and many people still take siestas. One goes to dinner at nine.

Americans who want to return with happy memories of Mexico must decide beforehand to pass up salads, raw vegetables, and be careful where they order pork and fish. Don't ask if the local water is safe to drink. The alleged purity of the water has become a point of local honor, and headwaiters and hotel managers will insist theirs is as unblemished as Little Nell. Don't drink it, except in Mexico City. Order a bottle of Tehuacan bottled spring water instead. Be careful of ice cubes. A good way around a cold Scotch and soda is to order some of the excellent Mexican beer which is rich, malty, and not nearly so carbonated as our brews. Try Carta Blanca, Bohemia, or XX's, pronounced *dos eck-ess*. For the first few days in the high altitudes (or, for that matter, in the hot lowlands) don't eat or drink too much, because you'll have trouble digesting.

High or low, digestive troubles are not one of the major problems of the Mexicans. A local delicacy is the worms which grow in maguey cactus plants, sold in baskets made of cactus skin, ten pesos for a handful. To cook, drop live worms in pot of boiling oil and simmer. That brings me to the

---

Horace Sutton, travel editor of The Saturday Review, *has just returned from an extended tour of Mexico to gather the latest information for* SRL *readers on the sights, facilities, accommodations, customs, and prices in that mecca of tourists.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obtain more than 7% interest for your savings

with MEXICAN NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS

(BONOS DEL AHORRO NACIONAL)

BONDS MAY BE BOUGHT FREELY IN ANY AMOUNT

A) United States citizens may purchase National Savings Bonds in Mexico and take them back to the United States. They can also be ordered by mail from the United States by writing directly to Patronato del Ahorro Nacional, Mexico, D. F.

NO EXCHANGE RESTRICTIONS

B) The Mexican peso is freely convertible into U. S. dollars in unlimited amounts. Consequently, any person cashing Mexican National Savings Bonds can convert them, without tax or payment of any kind, into U. S. dollars and take them out of the country.

HIGH YIELD

C) The Bonds are sold initially at one half their face value. For example, the one thousand pesos Bond is sold for five hundred pesos and increases quarterly in redemption value until in ten years time the redemption value is equal to the face value of the Bond. This means a net average yield of 7.1773 %.

PAYABLE AT SIGHT. YOU CAN GET ALL YOUR MONEY BACK AT ANY TIME, PLUS ACCRUED INTEREST.

D) The Bonds are redeemable on demand (cash on sight) at any time prior to the maturity date. The redemption value is always higher than the purchase price.

INCREASING RETURNS

E) The Mexican National Savings Bonds have very high and increasing yields. During the first year the net yield is 3.1 % tax free. By the second year is 5.3 % tax free. By the third year it increases to 6.3 %. During the 5th year the net yield is 7.5 %; the yield during the 8th year is 8.5 % and in the tenth year reaches 8.98 %. THE AVERAGE YIELD OVER THE TEN YEAR PERIOD IS 7.1773 % FREE OF ALL TAXES.

QUARTERLY DRAWINGS TAX FREE

F) In addition, the Mexican National Savings Bonds participate in quarterly drawings, with a probability of 1 in 4,000, and may obtain an additional premium equal to ten times the purchase price.

G) The Bonds are free of all Mexican taxes, including inheritance taxes.

INSURED AGAINST LOSS OR THEFT. MAY BE ISSUED TO BEARER

H) Mexican National Savings Bonds may be registered, individually or collectively, in the name of one or more persons. In this case, they are protected against loss and may be recovered in full. The Bonds may also be issued to bearer for convenience of the buyer.

FULL GUARANTEE COMPARABLE TO U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

I) Mexican National Savings Bonds are fully guaranteed. Both the Federal Government and Bank of Mexico will pay them in full at any time, with accrued interest. They may also be cashed on sight at any private bank.

SELLING PRICE

J) The Bonds are issued in denominations of 25.00, 50.00, 100,00, 500.00, 1,000.00, 5,000.00, 10,000.00 and 50,000.00 pesos. The selling price is in each case one half the face value.

K) You may obtain further information by writing for our special pamphlet to the Sales Department of Patronato del Ahorro Nacional, Balderas 36, Mexico, D. F. We will be pleased to suggest various solutions to your investment problems, large or small; short term or long run.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Horace Sutton.*

"Taxco is a movie set by M-G-M with characters by Central Casting."

iguana, a lizard whose skin is used for shoes and handbags, and whose flesh looks like the white meat of chicken and tastes like fish. The *tortilla,* a substitute for bread, is a hefty pancake of cornmeal dough, and frequently they are manufactured at street corners or bullfights by ladies who sit on the ground, pound the batter together with their palms, and drop the pancake onto a portable cooker. Once you wrap a *tortilla* around a piece of pork or chicken or cheese, or anything that happens to be kicking around the pantry, it is no longer a *tortilla* but a *taco,* a Mexican sandwich. And if a taco should be rolled and dunked in tomato sauce or *mole,* a rich sauce made of chile, spices, and chocolate, it becomes, in turn, *enchiladas.*

The unit of Mexican exchange is the peso (*pay-so*), which is worth about twelve cents, roughly eight to the dollar. In spite of the advantageous exchange for *norteamericanos,* many Americans will have a short case of apoplexy when they look for the first time at a Mexican menu and read "De Luxe Hamburger Sandwich Plate—$4.00." The symbol we use for dollars is also used by the Mexicans to indicate pesos. The price of the hamburger is forty-eight cents, not four simoleons.

Comparable items such as meals and hotel rooms are for the most part outstandingly less expensive below the border than above it as subsequent quotations of rates will shortly indicate. And ladies who are wild for bargains, and most ladies are, will have a mad, gay time poking around for silver, perfume, and flowers. On the way to the house of a friend this summer I stopped in an Indian market and bought four dozen oversized gladioli for what amounted to $1.25.

It is the custom to tip between 10 and 20 per cent of a check, but you will be overtipping if you translate the value of pesos into American money before taking care of a bellboy or a porter. Cab drivers are not tipped. As a Mexican explained to me, "It is not necessary to tip them as they already overcharge you." Actually, cabs are cheap and no ride inside Mexico City should be more than six pesos, and most short trips are two or three.

Americans are frequently in the habit of looking upon all foreign tender as stage money, a propensity which is especially unpleasant to the Mexicans. I stood behind a countryman at the cashier's desk of a Mexican hotel recently as he paid his bill. Reaching into his pocket and extracting a wad of pesos he said, "How much is it in this stuff?" "In this stuff," the Mexican girl answered in icy English, "your bill is sixty-three pesos." I was embarrassed to follow him.

Americans will also avoid local disdain by refraining from wearing shorts or slacks anywhere except at a resort; by asking permission before taking anyone's picture; and by not recoiling in abject horror if a Mexican greets you like an old friend. Old friends greet by embracing gustily and thumping each other in the kidneys.

HOW TO GET THERE. By air Pan American World Airways flies DC-4s daily from Houston to Mexico City, connecting with Eastern Airlines coming down from New York.

Anyone in Miami or thereabouts can make it in an hour to Havana, then catch the luxury DC-6 flight of Mexicana Aviation which scoots across the Gulf to Mérida, then to Mexico City. Mexicana also flies fast DC-6 service between Mexico City and Los Angeles.

American Airlines offers connecting service from any of its domestic services, and also the only direct service

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from New York. American also offers a through luxury flight from Los Angeles comparable to its New York-Mexico service.

Guest Airways flies daily from Miami to Mexico connecting with a National flight between New York and Miami.

BY CAR. The roads are surprisingly good and little traveled by automobiles, although you will find a sprinkling of goats, sheep, pedestrians, and cattle all in a general state of apathy. Check your insurance broker before leaving home to see if your automobile policy covers you in Mexico. If not you can arrange for coverage at the AAA office in Laredo, Brownsville, or El Paso. By all means bring your ownership certificate. You must get an automobile permit from Mexican customs at the port of entry, and it is good only for six months and is not renewable. Unless you want to get salted away in the pokey until Easter don't sell your car in Mexico.

BY TRAIN. The main rail route lies via the Missouri Pacific from St. Louis to Laredo, then over the tracks of the National Railways of Mexico to Mexico City. From the east the Pennsylvania RR has a through car to San Antonio, but the New York Central and the B. and O. require a change at St. Louis in addition to the change at San Antonio. From New York it takes three nights and four days, from Chicago two nights and three days, and from Los Angeles three nights and four days.

INSIDE MEXICO. You can sign up for regularly conducted tours of all or part of the country or of individual cities with travel agents like Wells Fargo (the local name for American Express), or Mexico Travel Advisers, both reputable organizations with American ties. Mexicana or Aeronaves de México will whip you around by air inside the country.

Mexico City has a population of 3,000,000, an elevation of 7,349 feet, and quite probably is the oldest city on the continent, founded by the Aztecs in 1325. Those who live there call it Mexico, the way New Yorkers drop the "city" from New York. Mexico is in the middle of a building boom, and great new futuristic skyscrapers of brass and glass and colored mortar stand stiff against the sky. There are those who say that Mexicans coming home after a few years abroad fail to recognize the streets.

It was startling when I arrived in Mexico on a fine summer evening recently to find these bold new buildings reaching up for international recognition. On the sidewalks squatted Indians and their babies. Some were sell-

NO MATTER
how long you plan to stay...
YOU'LL SEE MORE

of Mexico by MEXICANA

"Mexico is so big-and our time is limited!" That's the lament of many travelers, but don't let it worry you . . . because MEXICANA, Mexico's leading airline, offers you deluxe daily flights between Mexico City and all the other important cities. So, whether your time be limited or ample, make Mexico City your headquarters and let MEXICANA fly you to the most distant centers of attraction.

Mexico is not only a lush vacationland. It's a place where your dollar buys a lot more, too. Travel by MEXICANA is relatively inexpensive, as are hotel accommodations and meals. At low cost the whole panorama of Mexico is yours to explore.

Consult your travel agent or

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
AGENTS FOR
MEXICANA DE AVIACION

For "Good Neighbor" Gifts
See your "Good Neighbor"
DELGADO'S
MEXICAN HANDCRAFTS
31 W 8 (Greenwich Village) New York 11
Jewelry: Silver & Copper • Textiles
Pottery • Clothes • Gifts, etc.
Bullfight Subjects
Personally selected Handcrafts
from Latin America
We invite you to browse
(WE SOLICIT NEW HANDCRAFTS)

Personalized Travel

. . . to fascinating Mexico. For an extraordinary vacation "on your own," visit lovely Mexico City, the Pacific resort of Acapulco, the Valley of Orizaba, Taxco, Cuernavaca —with exclusive use of private car. Travel plan modified to your personal wishes. 16 days, $227. 17 days, incl. trans. from N. Y. by air, $479.20.

Many other plans. Write or call:

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL INC
47 EAST 47th St., N. Y. 17, MU. 8-0185

AT YOUR SERVICE INCORPORATED
Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.
Tel. GRANT 1-2617
Mexico Tours arranged . . . also independent travel by plane and train. Fiesta excursion fare September 15th-December 15th, $190.65 plus tax.

XOCHILT
MEXICAN RESTAURANT
• A REAL MEXICAN FOOD HOUSE •
SELECTED BEER & LIQUORS
146 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing newspapers, some were begging, and some were nursing. As the dusk came down dozens of gasoline lanterns were turned on, and they screeched against the darkness with a green-white light of the hue that a firefly throws. In the glare Indian vendors hawked a thousand trinkets of Mexican silver, and men walked up and down with armfuls of colorful costumes for children, spangles dancing.

As I have been telling you, it's cool in Mexico even of a summer's evening, and men stroll by in topcoats. The weather is sort of perpetual spring or perpetual early fall, and there isn't much difference in the seasons except that summer is the rainy season and the flowers are better. You climb a flight of stairs and the breath comes fast; you're all set to give yourself a silent sermon about cutting down on smokes and dissipation when you remember the altitude. Like living halfway up the Matterhorn.

When it comes to picking a hotel, the biggest and the newest is the Del Prado, 600 rooms, 600 baths, 600 radios. It is located on the Avenue Juarez, opposite Alameda Park, handy to the office buildings, theatres, and restaurants. It has a soignée night club on the lower floor, a dining room decorated by Diego Rivera, and telephone operators that speak English and act as your secretary. Says one when she takes your number, "Roger, dodger!" The Prado's rates: 30 to 60 pesos a day European plan, doubles 40 to 70, and there are a number of luxury suites with private terraces.

In the same class, slightly less in price, is the Reforma, which has 250 rooms, sits on the broad and beautiful Paseo de la Reforma, and in its intimate residential way is reminiscent of the George V in Paris. Singles 25 to 50, doubles 30 to 60. In the family style but still catering to the American taste is the Geneve, away from the center of things, with rates that run 15-40 single, 25-50 double. The Ritz, the Prince, and the Regis are all commercial hotels in the downtown center charging 18 to 35 single, 25 to 45 double.

Most of the eating in Mexico City is done in the restaurants, for one thing because the hotels operate on the European plan, and for another because there is an excellent list of places to dine. No one should miss Sanborn's which has an immense restaurant offering American dishes served by girls in Mexican costumes, and a number of nooks where you can buy American drugs, American magazines, guidebooks, perfume, silver, and postcards. It also has a *Fuente de Soda* where you can get a Latin version of a black-and-white.

There are a half-dozen restaurants in town which have thick carpets, exquisite decorations, silver service plates, soft music, and excellent international fare where you can eat for less than three dollars. In this class there is the Jena at Avenue Morelos No. 10 where the atmosphere is elegance and the theme is Napoleon's victory over the Prussians and the Saxons at Jena in Thuringia in 1806. I'm not altogether sure what this has to do with a restaurant, but the tablecloths are decorated with a plan of those proceedings in full color. Since all j's are pronounced like h's, ask for the *hay-na,* or they'll think you're daft. In very much the same mood is the One-Two-Three at Liverpool 123, which has no Napoleonic trappings but offers instead a garden with all manner of caged birds. I have a menu from the place before me and I wish to report that a T-bone steak "from Chihuahua" (they mean the province, not the dog) costs 14 pesos, Breast of Chicken Alfonso XIII is 12 pesos. Among the desserts chocolate cake lists for 3 pesos, or 36 cents, but you can spend six-bits on Mangos Flambée.

Sunday may be a day of rest for everyone else, but it will keep the tourist in Mexico City hopping. Sunday mornings everyone trundles out to Xochimilco (they call it so-chee-meel-ko), fourteen miles southeast of the city, to see the floating gardens. The section was once a settlement for Aztec nobles, who built rafts which they anchored in the lake. Eventually the rafts became covered with earth and reeds and so became islands, affixed to the lake-bottom. Through the canals formed by the islands, the local natives, who still speak an Aztec patois, float little skiffs covered with fresh flowers. Truth to tell, I'm not quite sure whether the boats or the original islands are supposed to be the floating gardens. It has all become quite a Sunday carnival, however, and as your skiff is poled down the cypress-bordered canals, water-borne vendors glide up to you in other boats selling blankets, pottery, and beer. An Indian girl in a canoe paddles up with a hull

—*Horace Sutton.*

Cuernavaca—"an aura of exquisite peace."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full of orchids, a barge bearing a photographer slides by. Your picture is taken on the way down and the print is delivered to you on the way back. The Mexicans come to Xochimilco, too, hiring a whole barge on which they load entire families down to third-degree cousins, food for the whole entourage, and a stove.

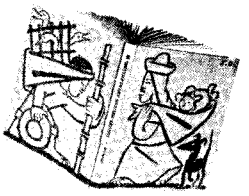
It is said with considerable truth that the bullfight, which is called for Sunday afternoons at four, is the only thing that ever goes off on time in Mexico. The bullfight season runs from October through April, although amateur fights, called the Novilladas, are held during the rest of the year. You can buy a ticket at your hotel, from your travel agent, or at the stadium itself which happens to be the largest bullfight arena in the world. It seats 50,000 and when the winter fights are on a man without influence, luck, or an oversized wad of cash might be hard put to get a seat. The stadium is a deep and perfect saucer, and you can buy your seats on the *sombra* side (shady) or on the *sol* which, like the bleachers, is less expensive. The usher may plop a cushion under you, a service which brings a small price, but it's worth it. Get there early, as the crowd is also a show.

CUERNAVACA. It is forty-seven miles over a fine highway to Cuernavaca, a small town with an altitude three thousand feet lower than Mexico City and a climate that is renowned. It was popularized first by the Aztec emperors who came in the summer, then by Cortés, and ultimately by Emperor Maximilian and Carlotta. It is still a resting place today for visiting barons from the U. S. and of Mexico who have built magnificent estates equipped with swimming pools and platoons of servants, who come cheap below the border. For the here-today-gone-tomorrow tourist there is the Cathedral, built like a fortress, which Cortés founded in 1529, and across the street his white house, now the Posada La Casona, a boarding house. The Palacio Cortés, now the State capitol (for Morelos) has murals by Rivera, donated by Dwight Morrow, former U. S. Ambassador to Mexico.

The hotels are designed for those who will stay for a while, and anyone who wouldn't want to should surrender himself for analysis. One of the pleasantest is the Hotel Mandel, on Highway 3 before reaching Cuernavaca from Mexico. It seems to sprawl all over the place, with drooping trees, a swimming pool, and an aura of exquisite peace. A double room is thirty-five pesos a day, for two, European plan, or ninety pesos for two

intimate visits with
COVARRUBIAS
RIVERA
OROZCO
GOITIA
MONTENEGRO
FERREIRA
MARTINEZ
DR. ATL
CHARLOT
TAMAYO
and 35 other great Mexican Artists

An exciting tour of Mexico's art Renaissance!



45 CONTEMPORARY
MEXICAN ARTISTS
by Virginia Stewart

Vital . . . warm . . . colorful and rewarding as a Mexican trip. Text records Mexico's great contemporary artists as they talk and write. The camera catches the very essence of these lively personalities—and their paintings, lithographs and sculpture.

Over 150 fascinating illustrations. End sheets are 4-color reproductions of flower vendor fresco by Alfredo Martinez. You'll be proud to own this beautiful book, richly done, vibrant with Mexico's new vitality. 208 pages, 8½ x 11. Cover is an original Charlot lithograph directly on the cloth. Regular price, $10.00.

SAVE $1.50

Use This Advance Order Form

Mail this coupon today to your bookstore, or to Stanford University Press. Advance offer expires October 15, 1951.

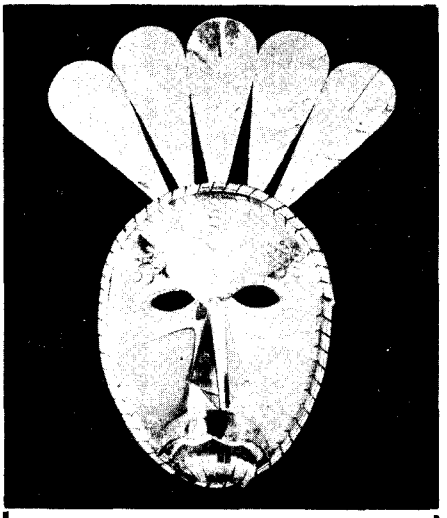
Please send me . . . copies of 45 Contemporary Mexican Artists by Virginia Stewart, at special PRE-PUBLICATION PRICE OF $8.50. (Offer expires October 15, 1951.)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford, California



TIN MASK
AZTEC WARRIOR, HAND FASHIONED IN MEXICO BY NATIVE CRAFTSMEN

Are you a mask collector? Do you enjoy a decorative note that is dramatic, exotic, both ancient and modern?
Here you feel the inscrutability of America's past . . . the very drum beat of the Teponastle.

MASK — 17" High $6.50 Postpaid
Send check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s
Write for Gift Leaflet

FRED LEIGHTON, INC.
Dept. SR
15 East 8th Street, New York 3
1514 Wisconsin Ave., N. W., Washington 7, D. C.

★ YALE ★

Pious . . . barbarous . . . colorful . . . magnificent

MEXICAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

by George Kubler

"Professor Kubler writes with ease and erudition . . . Civil and religious building, painting and sculpture, materials and human elements are handled with a luxury detail."—LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, *New Republic.*

Over 400 illustrations.
2 volumes boxed, $15.00

at your bookseller
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven 7, Connecticut

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEXICO

TWO-WEEK De Luxe Tours Escorted in MEXICO

Weekly departures by rail or air... finest hotels, including del Prado in Mexico City...guide-interpreters ...Pyramids at Teotihuacan... Puebla, Fortin, Cordoba, Orizaba, Tehuacan . . . Floating Gardens of Xochimilco...Acapulco by the sea ...romantic Taxco...historic Cuernavaca.

Typical Rates

From New York by Air.....$455.20 up*
From Chicago by Air.....$414.40 up*
From Los Angeles by Air...$353.00 up*
*Plus tax. Lower rates after Oct. 1

Pre-Arranged Independent Tours

Go any day, any way...by rail, air or motor. 3-11 day program in Mexico, economically-priced. English-speaking guides.

For reservations or information see your Travel Agent or Dept. SR 9

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travel Service

65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Carry American Express Travelers Cheques

T. PHILIP TERRY PUBLICATIONS

Terry's Guide to Mexico—by T. Philip Terry $4.75
Completely revised 1947 Edition; 932 pages 4 maps and 20 plans. The recognized Standard Guidebook to Mexico. Complete travel information also chapters on history, customs, archaeology, ethnography, language, foods and all phases of Mexican life.

Terry's Short cut to Spanish
—by T. Philip Terry $3.00
A combination grammar and phrase-book presenting a new and easy method specializing in the Spanish of the Latin Americas. 534 pages.

Terry's Spanish-English English-Spanish Pocket Interpreter—by T. Philip Terry.....$1.00
A phrase-book giving the phonetic pronunciation of each word and enabling the user to speak Spanish at once in any situation. 143 pages.

Publisher: ROBERT C. TERRY
P.O. Box 292 Dedham, Mass.

FOLK MUSIC FROM THE ETHNIC FOLKWAYS LIBRARY:

Mexico, Peru, Haiti, Cuba, U.S.A., Spain, India, Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Middle East, Indonesia, Ukraine, France, South Arabia, Tibet, Greece, Iceland, etc.

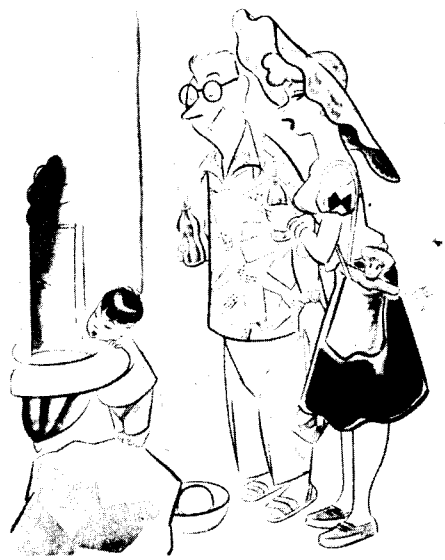
For catalog "L" write to:

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
117 West 46th Street New York 19, N. Y.

meals. (100 pesos comes to $11.56).

A fantastic spot is the Hacienda Vista Hermosa, twenty-five minutes from Cuernavaca. Once a home of Cortés, who got around more than Washington, it became a sugar mill in the sixteenth century. It was abandoned from 1912 until 1943 when the Del Prado management took it over, and turned it into a lovely country hotel. It has a swimming pool built under the arches of an old Cortés aqueduct, gives its guests great Spanish keys to open their rooms, hews unwaveringly to the sixteenth-century motif. There is boating and fishing for black bass in Lake Tequesquitengo, fall hunting for duck, quail, and wild pigeons. There is also a tiled *taverna* in which to eat and a long green drink called the General MacArthur, presumably because one will make you see stars. There are fifty-seven rooms, fifty more abuilding, and the rate is either 120 or 160 pesos a day for two depending upon the view from the window.

TAXCO. On the road from Cuernavaca to Acapulco, Taxco is a movie set by M-G-M with characters by Central Casting. It is everybody's idea of Mexico. There is the village square with the iron bandstand again, very much like Cuernavaca. Back and forth across the Plaza there is the continuous movement of the peons with burros, of women with *rebozos* bulging with sleeping children, of men carrying a mountain of baskets. Back and forth they pound across the cobblestones slipping down the hilly paths, and trudging up the snaking alleys, for very little of Taxco is built on a single level. You watch the parade from the second floor porch of a bar where the walls are murals of donkeys dancing on their hind legs, or from Bertha's, a tiny saloon run by a lady of generous size and a gold, toothy grin.



—Antonio Arias Bernal.

Looking down, too, are the laurel trees and the fine façade of the rose-hued Church of San Sebastián. It was built in gratitude by José de la Borda, a Frenchman who developed the silver mines and a tidy fortune.

All the winding streets are lined, shoulder to shoulder, by shops full of silver and tinware, and some, indeed, with paintings and furniture. The mines, the factories, and the shops are all at hand, and the prices are a third, a quarter, sometimes a fifth of what you would pay north of the border. You can occasionally bargain, but the shopkeepers are inured to haggling, and the price won't drop very far. You can deal with American merchants on a toney basis at places like Bernice Goodspeed's where you must ring the bell and wait to be admitted. Or you can climb the alley known as the Soto La Marina with silver shops on both sides. On the way there are hotels, rising in class with the altitude. First, at the Plaza San Juan, the Santa Prisca, then on up the steep Soto, the Rancho Telva, a pleasant spot owned by Wells Fargo, and finally the handsome Victoria with a broad stone dining terrace looking into the town. Taxco's hotels, like the town, are built on a dozen different levels, with arches, balconies, catwalks, and stairways connecting the rooms, the bar, the dining room, and the office. It sometimes becomes a bit of a game to find your way home. You can lazy away the winter for anywhere from $6 to $10 a day per person with food.

ACAPULCO. The road from Cuernavaca and Taxco falls into the sea, conveniently, at Acapulco which yields nothing in beauty to the harbor at Hong Kong or the Bay of Naples. As a young upstart among the great seaside resorts of the world, Acapulco stands up handsomely against the glories of Cannes, Monte Carlo, San Remo, the Lido, and Deauville. It is, moreover, handier and cheaper. Around the cove that is Acapulco stretch the hotels, the nightclubs, and the villas, some sitting on the rocky knolls looking down into the water, some nestling by the edge of the sea.

There is a Morning and an Afternoon Beach, although people swim at both at all times of the day. They also loll on paddle boards, churn the still water with bicycle rafts, and go puttering off in glass-bottomed boats to see speckled blowfish and other pink elephants of the sea. The water is warm as a bathtub, but it is not as hot as the sand where bathers collapse for hours and sip Carta Blanca or Seven-Up or milk out of a green coconut.

Acapulco's famous divers jump from the 140-foot heights of La Que-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brada cliffs several times a day or whenever they have accumulated about five dollars worth of pesos. They scale the cliff face in bare feet, kneel in front of the tiny altar at the top, wait for a favorable wave, then jump into a tiny channel between the walls of rock. A nightclub called La Perla has a counter where you drink facing the sea, and a dance floor overhanging the sea, supported by cement beams. Since the club looks out over the cliffs and the water, the evening floorshow is a jump, by the light of a flaming bonfire, into the black waters.

Less hair-raising entertainment is available over at the Copacabana where you shed your shoes and socks and dance on the sand beach, the water occasionally lapping your bunions. From the Beachcomber, alongside the Reforma Casablanca Hotel, the backdrop for the entertainment is a fantastic view of the harbor below.

The newest of Acapulco's wide assortment of hotels is the Caleta which sits on a wind-swept bluff, three minutes walk from the Morning Beach. Every room in the place has not only a bath but a porch with a clear view of the Pacific. The Caleta was so successful in its first season that it is expanding and will be able to put up 350 people by the time winter sets in. Coming, too, is a swimming pool and a dance floor by the edge of the sea. The rate per day: $8.50 per person, meals included.

Hotel de las Américas, part of the Del Prado syndicate, is still going strong and offers life in cottages that nestle around an old watch tower, a nightclub, and a swimming pool on the premises. The Club de Pesca, which looks like a modernistic spread eagle, has a harborside pool, a second-story nightclub, and a fishing dock with two power boats. Acapulco is, among many other things, the center for some of the best sailfishing in the world. The Club de Pesca will rent you a boat for $30 a day, and it always posts yesterday's

Mexican-American Slang

THE BORDER slang that flourishes along the frontier between Mexico and the United States is neither Spanish nor English, but frequently a combination of the worst linguistic elements of both tongues. It has a harsh, unpleasant sound.

This slang is called *pochismo* which itself is derived from the word *pocho*, the colloquial Mexican term for a Mexican-American. It is, in fact, spoken not only by thousands of Mexican immigrants in the United States, but as well by Mexicans living below the Rio Grande. All along the border, on the American and Mexican side, and as deep into the USA as Saint Paul and Detroit, the words the *pochos* have coined are of current use. Some words belong to the everyday speech of Monterrey and Tiajuana, while others, carried by "wetbacks," have reached Mexico City. Undoubtedly Ciudad Juárez may well be called the capital of "Pochilandia," unless, of course, San Antonio (Tex.) claims this linguistic privilege.

The word *pocho* became of current use about fifteen years ago with the publication of José Vasconcelos's autobiography "Ulyses Criollo." To describe an individual as *pocho* is a mixture of affection and insult. The word was needed and stayed. Better than any other it describes the hybrid mixture of U. S. attitudes in the Mexican mind.

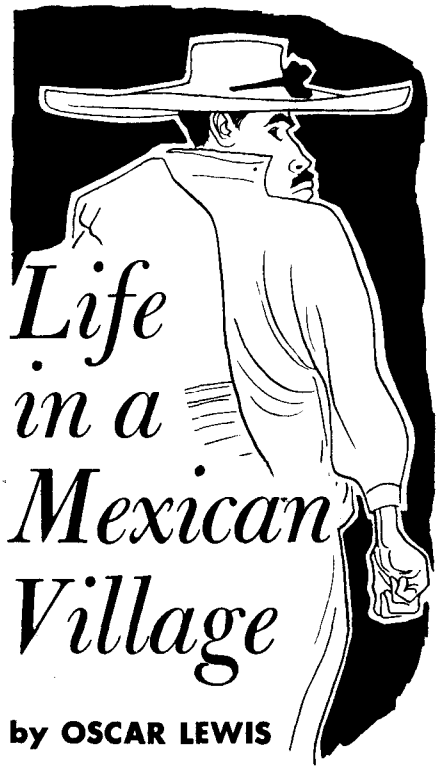
Not a single *pochismo* has added to the beauty of our Spanish language; on the contrary the new words are ugly, hard to listen to, and difficult to read. Here are some examples:

Marqueta—market; *parquear*—to park; *brecas*—brakes; *troca*—truck; *basqueta*—basketball; and even worse ones such as: *guaifa*—wife; *chaina*—chain; *chipiyar*—shipyard; *traque*—track; *chante*—shanty.

Among the verbs there is one which well deserves an essay: *aguasamar*. It is, believe it or not, a corruption of the expression: "What's the matter?"

—FELIPE GARCIA BERAZA.

Felipe García Beraza is a professor of Spanish in Mexico City.



Life in a Mexican Village

by OSCAR LEWIS

A book more truly intimate than fiction, more comprehensive than history — a picture not only of life in one village but also of the total human Mexican spirit.

About 60 miles from Mexico City, just off a main highway, lies the typically Mexican village Tepoztlán, studied two decades ago by the eminent anthropologist Robert Redfield. Now, creating an almost unparalleled event in popular anthropological research, another anthropologist, Oscar Lewis, with a full battery of modern research devices, takes a penetrating **second look** at Tepoztlán, its people, and their ways of life.

DR. REDFIELD SAYS OF THE BOOK:

"Dr. Lewis has written an account of a Mexican people rich in fact and provocative in ideas. He ably presents this people as existent institutions, as history, and as personalities, bringing out illuminating interrelationships. He has once more shown the power of social science to revise its conclusions and to move toward the truth. For these reasons I praise and recommend this book."

512 pp. Illustrated by Alberto Beltrán.

At your favorite bookstore $7.50

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS

URBANA, ILLINOIS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A travelling companion and glowing camera record of your trip

MEXICO

Laredo to Guadalajara

By ERNEST KNEE. No auto trip to Mexico will be worth a peso without these magnificent photographs taken along "the world's most scenic highway"—Laredo, Texas, down to Mexico City and over to Guadalajara. The fertile valleys, spectacular mountain passes, the new and ancient cities, the gay costumes are beautifully recorded. $3.00

TEMPLES OF YUCATAN

A Camera Chronicle of Chichen Itza

By LAURA GILPIN. One hundred and seventeen exquisite photographs of mysterious Chichen Itza and the Mayas of today, plus a lively text on history, legend, customs, and architecture. $5.00

At all bookstores

Hastings House, Publishers

New York 22

VISIT AAA BORDER OFFICES on your MOTOR TRIP TO MEXICO

Highway Reports • Maps and Guides • Tourist Card Applications • Automobile Permit Applications • Many other services always available at:

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASS'N

International Travel Department

Brownsville, El Jardin Hotel
Laredo, Plaza Hotel
El Paso, 916 N. Mesa Ave.
McAllen, Frontier Hotel

TRAVEL AAA ALL THE WAY

catch which normally weighs in at somewhere around eighty pounds.

The fast and painless route to Acapulco is by plane. Aeronaves flies three roundtrips a day between Mexico City, and the flying time is one hour.

YUCATAN. Life isn't nearly so flossy over in Yucatán, that bulging province on the Atlantic side, dead south of New Orleans. Yucatán, in the land of the Maya, is so different from Mexico and from anything else that it has lately been attracting the Hollywood set who would travel several miles for something novel.

You can get to Yucatán via Mexicana, the Pan American affiliate, which stops in Mérida en route between Mexico City and Havana. An orange bus with a rusted top and a Coca-Cola sign on the back, with a bell that clangs like a trolley, will take you into town. For transport inside the city the natives call a *pulpito,* a carriage drawn by a pigmy horse of a strain originally brought over by the Spaniards. The ladies wear a white bag of a dress with embroidery on top, called a *huipil,* and the men wear white shirts and shorts of material so porous they often tie on an apron for decency's sake.

In the country the houses are made of mud and sticks, painted white and topped with a thatched roof. Most have a windmill in back to pump the water from the *cenotes,* which are underground rivers. Half the world's rope comes from the *henequén* plants that grow in bunches of rapier-pointed sprays in the flat fields of Yucatán.

The early citizens in Yucatán were pure Mayans, and they evolved the most advanced culture of the New World. The ruins of their great civilization are at Uxmal and Chichén Itzá and a number of places in between. Barbachano's Travel Service, which, as the other agents say, owns the ruins, will meet your plane and arrange tours for you. The greatest collection of ruins are at Chichén Itzá, eighty miles east of Mérida, where in a six-mile square is a group of twenty pyramids, temples, and shrines. The Mayaland Lodge right at the ruins is the best hotel in Yucatán, and that especially includes the Hotel Mérida in the city of the same name. The Lodge follows the Mayan motif, has a bath for every room, tile floors, a number of cottages, and a new swimming pool. Allow at least two days for Chichén Itzá, one day for Uxmal (oosh-mol), fifty miles from Mérida. One might even try to stay long enough to sample a local delicacy of turkey stuffed with pork and draped with a black sauce made of burnt peppers. Well, as T. Bankhead once said, "If you haven't tried it, don't knock it."

MEXICO CITY

(*Continued from page 44*)

color are in Mexico City a very rich inheritance suitable for every taste and every purse. Perhaps there is no other city wherein, as in Mexico, every time the traffic stops the traveler is offered fruits, cheeses, sweetmeats, maguey worms, and even lottery tickets that can transform him into a millionaire in twenty-four hours. But the night is even richer in her offerings of gastronomic and auditory pleasures. If we go towards the north in San Juan de Letrán we enter into the very heart of the nocturnal, popular amusements of the city. It is there one finds the popular theatres, the canvas tents out of which the great comedian Cantinflas emerged suddenly to become the idol of both Mexico and Latin America. Thereabouts one can drink *tequila* at the bars, and listen to the *mariachis* who circulate there, guitar in hand, disguised as Mexican cowboys.

All I have said so far is, in bold outline, what present-day life is in the ancient city of Mexico. A city in which a simultaneous existence is lived by the Cathedral and the colonial churches, by native marketplaces, by the proud Bankers' Club, the stands where *enchiladas* (meat and *tortilla* sandwiches) are sold together with the different broths from the Lagunilla, *posadas,* or "lodgings" for the Child Jesus and dances held in the poorer neighborhoods while in the palaces of the rich high-class formal receptions sumptuously take place. The old, rich families, which formerly resided along the Paseo de la Reforma, have fled from the noise into San Angel, into Coyoacán, El Pedregal, and Las Lomas of Chapultepec. The families of the poor, who yesterday lived in the convents of the old city transformed into apartment houses having many patios and no hygiene, today are beginning to dwell in buildings many stories high, called "multifamiliar," and divided into modern and hygienic apartments. The city undergoes constant transformations. Within it, between the past and the present that peeps into the future, we Mexicans live happily. Four centuries ago Cortés looked upon it from on high and it seemed sheer magic to him. Nowadays the traveler can scan it from the hills of Chapultepec at night palpitating with countless lights —filling its valley, stretched between the centuries, alive and everlasting. Below its roofs sleeps, endures, survives, and is reborn the greatness of Mexico City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INCREDIBLE LANDSCAPE

(*Continued from page 46*)

tral plateau at last, a sign registers the highway's summit, 8,209 feet. Now sixty-odd miles of well-tended agricultural lands mark the way to Mexico City. Even here, always above 7,000 feet, mountains rise on all sides into the sky. If it is the right season or a lucky day in the wrong one, far off to the south and east the snows of Popocatépetl and Ixtaccíhuatl will show where Mexico itself reaches all but its highest point. That point is down in the state of Veracruz where Citlaltépetl—the Mountain of the Star—known as Mount Orizaba, picks the sky at 18,696 feet, outsoaring California's Mount Whitney by 4,200 feet, and being outsoared on this continent only by Logan in Canada and McKinley in Alaska.

The Laredo-Mexico City highway shows one thousand or ten thousand aspects of the incredible landscape. But not all, not even nearly all.

Go, for example, from Mexico City over the Continental Divide 10,486 feet up in the evergreen forests of the state of Mexico near Río Frío on the road to Puebla. Drive down the staggering valleys beyond Puebla and Tehuacán to Orizaba, Córdoba, and Veracruz. Rivaling the silverpoint cone of Fujiyama, Mount Orizaba is man's very dream of the volcano. At its base, around Fortín, pineapples and gardenias grow among the leathery green of coffee bushes shaded by trees to which lianas and orchids cling. Hibiscus and bougainvillea splash the white and flat-tinted walls and fences. At Veracruz you can learn what the Mexican educator-writer José Vasconcelos was remembering when he described the savor of the tropical shore as constituted of seaweed, iodine, and detritus and said: "*Privada de belleza el alma mientras ignora el trópico,*" roughly "The spirit is deprived of beauty until it knows the tropics." Drive from raucous Veracruz along the sea-wall past Villa del Mar and out to Boca del Río while the Gulf swells and topples on the sand and the nodding palm trees rustle. Think, then, that you are less than 225 miles from the chilly evergreen forests of Río Frío, nearly two miles above you.

Or go to Michoacán, that Oriental and somehow saurian state of lakes, islands, and volcanoes (one of them that demented eight-year-old, Parícutin). There Lake Pátzcuaro has the air of a Far Eastern ancientness. It surprises no one that these waters are rippled by watersnakes or that here the strange animal called *axolotl* forgets to grow up, remaining in the larval stage, a water animal through breeding time and to death, unless drouth or the hand of man forces it to forsake the waters and develop the appurtenances and habits of a land-living salamander. When the Tarascan Indians pole their long dugouts over these mountain-reflecting still waters, talking softly in their twittering polysyllabic language—one of their towns is called Parangaricutirimícuaro—Michoacán might be the home of Ainu or Turkoman.

Always in Mexico, everywhere, in Oaxaca, Morelos, Campeche, Hidalgo, Chiapas, wherever, the landscape changes suddenly from what is almost credible to what cannot be believed at all. Desert, sierra, scoriac canyon, many-leveled villages and towns (Taxco, Guanajuato) that are really inhabited mountainsides, aquamarine Pacific bays (Mazatlán, Manzanillo, Zihuatanejo, Acapulco), the ruin-strewn flatnesses of Yucatán—all are *tras lomita,* just beyond the little hill. Some of these regions live in this century; others are arrested in the era of Díaz or Santa Ana or Moctezuma, even of Quetzalcoatl and the other god-heroes of the Toltec-Aztec-Maya pantheons. In all directions from Mexico City, which was already magnificent Tenochtitlán before Columbus was born, the road miles ray out through climatic zones and through time. Mexico is states of mind and emotion as well as places and people. What I have tried to evoke here is not the best part of it, which is certainly the Mexicans themselves, what they have done for a millennium and more and are doing now, but it is one of the best parts. Geography and history have been kind to us in placing just beyond our southern border a vast unspoilable area so refreshing to eye, ear, heart, and mind as Mexico's incredible landscape and all it holds.

DIRECT FROM PARIS

TWO MAGNIFICENT COLLECTIONS OF

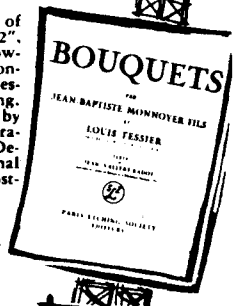
GENUINE ETCHINGS

Specially Priced!

Fine Color Etchings . . .
Magnificent Quality . . .
From the Paris Studios

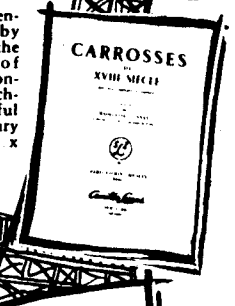
"BOUQUETS"

A luxurious collection of 28 etchings, each 9" x 12", depicting the famous flowers of Jean-Baptiste Monnoyer, Fils, and Louis Tessier, painters for the king. Introduction written by Jean Vallery-Radot, Curator of the Fine Prints Department of the National Library of France. Postpaid complete, $15.



"CARROSSES DU XVIII^e SIECLE"

Carriages of the 18th Century. Introduction by Madeleine Connat of the National Archives of France. With 9 exceptionally beautiful color etchings showing the graceful carriages of 18th Century France. Each etching 6" x 8". Complete, $7.50.



READY FOR FRAMING

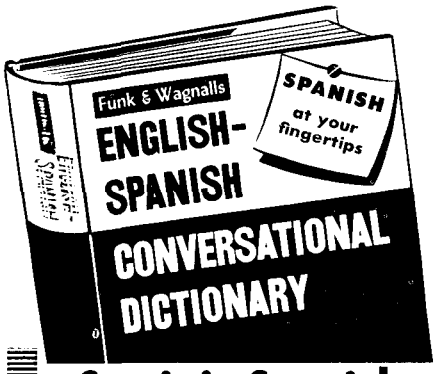
OTHER ALBUMS AVAILABLE

"BARTOLOZZI" — 12 etchings, 9" x 12", depicting the Months of the Year, $12. "ROSES & BOUQUETS" by Redoute, 12 color etchings, size 14½" x 20", complete, $30. "FLEURS & FRUITS" by Redoute and Prevost, 12 color etchings of flowers and fruits, 12½" x 18½", complete, $26. "CAMELLIAS" — Text by Auguste Van Geert. 12 beautiful color etchings of Camellias, 9½" x 12½", complete, $15. "FRUITS" — Text by Madeleine Connat, 8 most beautiful color etchings, 9½" x 12½", complete, $12.

PARIS
ETCHING SOCIETY
36 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WORLD'S LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF FRENCH COLOR ETCHINGS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Say it in Spanish

QUICKLY and CORRECTLY

Here is on-the-spot help for the English-speaking traveler who knows but little Spanish! It gives instant access to the Spanish phrase or sentence he needs—**when he needs it.** An unique system of alphabetizing—by verbs—places thousands of sentences at the fingertips of the user. A second section translates and defines 17,000 practical English words and phrases. Handy pocket size, flexible cloth binding.

by JOHN E. AGUIAR

University of San Francisco

At all bookstores $3.00

FUNK & WAGNALLS

153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

COLOR PRINTS OF MEXICO

A Perfect Gift for Christmas!

Through his magic camera the famous photographer, Mario Bucovich, has captured the exotic beauty, drama and alluring charm of Mexico. Each full color picture, suitable for framing, is printed directly on stiff matting, measuring 13½" x 20". Four groups, eight scenes each: Valley of Mexico, Oaxaca, Acapulco, Puebla.

EACH SERIES—$10.00 Postpaid

Send check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

Write for Gift Leaflet

FRED LEIGHTON, INC.

Dept. SR

15 East 8th Street, New York 3

1514 Wisconsin Ave., N. W., Washington 7, D. C.

Traveler's Tales

MEXICO: LAREDO TO GUADALAJARA. By Ernest Knee. Hastings House $3. A slim album of photographs designed to invoke a memory or create a longing. As Mr. Knee explains in the less than a page of text you'll find herein the scope of the book is limited since it is confined to a small area on either side of the road from Laredo to Mexico City and from Mexico City to Guadalajara. Mr. Knee's subjects are frequently church fronts and towers taken in bright tropical sunlight, broad landscapes of mountain ranges incredibly reduced to a rectangle a few inches square, and rather typical street scenes. There are a few portraits, but mostly the people are incidental to the view.

* * *

The Mexican Bookshelf which follows represents a listing of volumes on various facets of the country. They have been published, or revised and republished, between last summer and this, excepting for a few pertinent titles which are not as yet in the stalls, but which appear on the new fall lists.

NEW GUIDE TO MEXICO. Revised and augmented by Frances Toor. Crown, $2.50.

HISTORY OF MEXICO. Revised Edition by Henry B. Parkes. Houghton Mifflin, $5.

NEW WORLD GUIDES TO THE LATIN AMERICAN REPUBLICS—Volume on Mexico edited by Earl Parker Hanson. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. By Sanford A. Mosk. University of California Press, $3.75.

THE ENCOMIENDA IN NEW SPAIN: THE BEGINNING OF SPANISH MEXICO. Revised and enlarged by Lesley Byrd Simpson. University of California Press, $3.75.

GOOD FOOD FROM MEXICO. By Ruth Watt Mulvey and Luisa Maria Alvarez. M. Barrows, $2.75.

MEXICO: LAREDO TO GUADALAJARA. By Ernest Knee. Hastings House, $3. Reviewed in this issue.

MEXICO IN SCULPTURE, 1521-1821. By Elizabeth Wilder Weismann, $7.50. Coming Nov. 6.

MEXICAN TALES: A COMPILATION OF MEXICAN STORIES AND LEGENDS: Fourth Edition. By Bernice Goodspeed. W. S. Heinman, $4.50.

MAYA HIEROGLYPHIC WRITING: Introduction. By J. Eric Thompson. Carnegie Institute, $7.50.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MEXICAN NATION. By George Frederick Kneller. Columbia University Press, $3.50.

BAROQUE AND ROCOCO IN LATIN AMERICA. By Pal Keleman. Macmillan, $16.50.

JOURNEY WITH GENIUS. By Witter Bynner. John Day.

MEXICO, A LAND OF VOLCANOES. By Joseph H. Schlarman. Bruce Publishing Co., $5.

MEXICO, THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE AND BREAD. Knopf, $3.50.

IN THE LAND OF THE FEATHERED SERPENT. By Paul M. Hanson. Herald Publishing House, $3.

LIFE IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE: TEPOZTLAN RESTUDIED. By Oscar Lewis. University of Illinois Press, $5.

GUARACHA TRAIL. By Dr. George Parker. Dutton, $3.50.

45 CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN ARTISTS: A TWENTIETH CENTURY RENAISSANCE. By Virginia Stewart. Stanford University Press, Coming, $10. —H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILDERS, ARTISTS, SOCIAL PLANNERS

(Continued from page 42)

tainly, there came a great impetus to do the country over nearer to everybody's heart's desire. Economists say that the rise of new wealthy groups and the rapid changes in financial and social position account for the multiformity and drive of Mexican activity, including its building. Bankers say that the enormous interest in building, as such, is due to the feeling that this is the most secure form of property and to the fact that certainly a good deal of money can be made out of it—builders generally figure a 30 per cent profit on residences at least. And psychologists say that the instability of life in Mexico makes for feelings of weakness and inferiority which seek compensation in tremendous projects and great objectives and is expressed precisely in restlessness and eternal seeking for more and different and newer and, above all, final solutions to all problems. Perhaps they are all saying essentially the same thing in different ways.

WHAT one sees at first glance in architecture and feels in urban Mexican life is inconsistency, zig-zag, conflict, incoherence, all on a greatly ambitious scale. Underlying this, however, there is a steady growth. In architecture one sees the search for, and approximations towards, adjustment between building and social needs: realistic cost, realistic function, and the natural beauty produced by at-homeness in the surroundings. The leading architects pride themselves on the fact that in their best work they have achieved these ends; and criti-

cize each other most harshly on such grounds as extravagance, showiness, and "foreignness."

There are at present three trends, or rather groups, of architects leading modern building. Most successful and fashionable is the Mario Pani group, who get the cream of big building. Their forte is elegance, which at times falls into artiness and, much imitated by mediocrities, has filled the city with a lot of productions that try to be chic but are emptily pretentious. Next most successful is the group headed by Luis Barragan. Their Jardines del Pedregal, a residential section on (and in) a lava flow on the outskirts of the city, is a remarkably imaginative development, and, indeed, an original one. Least moneyed, but most interesting, is the group of experimenters, planners-for-use, and at times lyric poets of things native, pioneered by José Villagran Garcia and Juan O'Gorman. Carlos Lazo, president of the Society of Architects and a talented, creative man, is identified with this group.

University City, a gigantic project for a national university campus, also on the lava flow south of the city, is largely in the hands of this group, although the over-all planning was done by the firm of Pani-Del Moral. The general execution of the project is headed by Carlos Lazo. It is by far the most exciting job of architecture being done in Mexico today and contains all the striving for great ends, the experimentation, and the search for something new, something original, something above all basically Mexican that is the newest objective of the youngest, or most restless, builders. It sounds vague but has begun to emerge as a type of architecture in which the modern idea of building for use, based squarely on native materials, techniques familiar to native workmen, and including beauty as just as much a need as comfort, does indeed accommodate itself to the landscape and expresses the wants and dreams of the people.

The Pan American Shop

"Handcrafts of Distinction"

Jewelry, Ceramics, Textiles, Woods, Leatherwork, Tinware, Basketry, Clothes, Footwear and A Wide Collection of the Native Arts and Crafts from Latin America for home and personal use.

(Write for free folders)

822 LEXINGTON AVENUE at 63rd St. New York 21, N. Y.

NOW!

LOWEST SUMMER FARE

via Guest Airways

COOL MEXICO

ONLY $222.20 plus tax

30 Day ROUND TRIP

Direct Daily Service via Miami

For this low, low price of a ticket to Mexico alone, you can enjoy TWO vacations in one...with a stopover, if you wish, at Miami Beach!

Scheduled, four-engine service all the way — National Airlines or Eastern Air Lines non-stop to Miami ...GUEST AIRWAYS non-stop Miami-Mexico City!

Ask about low-cost all-expense tours to Mexico

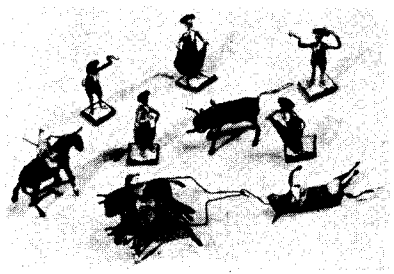
Scheduled International Airline

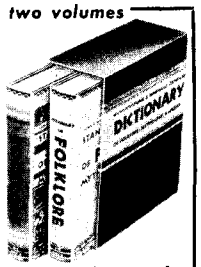
GUEST AIRWAYS

80 East 42nd Street, New York City
Phone MU 2-7461 or your travel agent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 cruises in one!
the NEW
GRAND CARIBBEAN
Cruise
MEXICO • GUATEMALA • COSTA RICA
SOUTH AMERICA • THE WEST INDIES
JAN. 30 • 38 DAYS
M/S Stella Polaris
• A rare opportunity to visit Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean Islands — all on one comprehensive cruise. 17 top-interest Caribbean ports — plus extensive inland trips in Mexico, Guatemala and Costa Rica. Private yacht atmosphere — superb Scandinavian service and cuisine. Limited passenger list. Make reservations now . . . Rates from $975 (incl. shore trips)
2 Other Inviting Cruises to the West Indies and South America
Jan. 8 • 21 Days . . . Rates from $420
Mar. 9 • 18 Days . . . Rates from $360
All cruises sail from New Orleans
also MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE EXTRAORDINARY
in cooperation with The House of Travel, Inc.
March 31 • 68 Days • 39 Ports • from $1690
Call your local travel agent
or write: CLIPPER LINE
BERGEN STEAMSHIP CO., INC.
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENTS
576 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.


Arrange a bull fight in your own living room. Fifteen tiny, lifelike figures represent all the motions of the drama. They'll fascinate a child; delight a traveler, aficionado or miniature fan. Figures are 1" high, brightly colored. $1.50 the set postpaid.
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
822 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

Now . . . complete in two volumes
Standard Dictionary of FOLKLORE Mythology and Legend
Edited by Maria Leach


These two volumes gather together in one major, overall survey the folklore, mythology and legend of the world — the gods, heroes, tales, motifs, customs, songs, dances, games, guardian spirits, demons of the various cultures. Available at all bookstores. Volumes may be purchased separately at $10.00 or together, boxed—$20.00.
FUNK & WAGNALLS 153 E. 24th St. N. Y. 10, N. Y.

MEN AND LETTERS

(Continued from page 41)

tional writing is certainly the mark of the true artist.

Luis Alberto Sánchez, the Peruvian critic now teaching in California, notes that though "Latin America is a novel in itself it has no novelists." Commenting on this observation the Mexican Salvador Pineda, considering three of the best-known novels of the hemisphere south of Mexico, states that "geography is the central character of the American novel." How much difference is there in this picture and that of the novel in Mexico?

The difference is considerable and easily delineated: It lies in the Mexican novel of the Revolution. No Latin American country has had the revolution that Mexico began in 1910 and no Latin American country has novels like the Mexican novel of the Revolution; in fact, most of Mexico's best novels were written at the end of that cataclysmic period in Mexican history. "El Aguila y la Serpiente" by Martín Luis Guzmán, a novel of the Revolution from the point of view of its leaders, and Mariano Azuela's "Los de Abajo" (The Underdogs), the classical novel of the Revolution as seen by the ragged, oppressed Mexican who fought it, are two of the best known. It interests us here because of its contrast with those novels in which "geography is the central character." Real men and women people this novel. "Los de Abajo" presents the naked reality of the Revolution in all its ugliness but also in all its self-sacrificing beauty. Thirty-four years after its publication, Azuela was granted last year the coveted National Prize of Arts and Sciences.

ONE MIGHT think it very curious but the Latin American novel has to a great extent neglected love as a driving motive in its fiction. In the cheaper, pot-boiler novels there is often quite a bit of talk about love, and the villain who "takes advantage of the virgin" is a favorite character. These novels should, of course, not be considered in the same category with "good" literature, except from a sociological point of view and as an example of the attitude the Latin writer has towards this emotion which plays such an important part in our own literature. Love here is not all-conquering; instead it is usually frustrated by external forces, such as natural disasters, social-economic problems, class differences, or, most recently, unions and syndicates. According to José Martínez, the only exception in Mexico to this general rule is Agustín Yañez's "Al Filo del Agua," the story of a small Mexican town in which—apart from one hurried rape scene—no overt love or love-making plays a part, though the suppressed sex-yearnings of the men and women seem to suffocate the sun-drenched houses. Realism, coupled with poetry, a sustained mood of brooding, clear characterization, and logical sequence of events makes this probably the best modern Mexican novel. It is surprising that "Al Filo del Agua" has not been published in the United States, for here is an excellent example of how a good novel rises above the regionalism of its scene.

Gregorio López y Fuentes, author of the unforgettable "El Indio" (published in the United States in 1937 under the same title, translated by Anita Brenner, and illustrated by Diego Rivera), despite his demanding duties as managing editor of one of Mexico's leading dailies, *El Universal*, has also kept up his literary output. His most recent work, a short novel, is "Milpa, Potrero y Monte" (Corn-patch, Corral and Mountain), and though it does not repeat his earlier success it, too, is an example of regionalism transcending its boundaries.

These are all writers in their middle or later years. Mexico can also boast quite a promising crop of young novelists and short-story writers, some already "made" and some who have yet to make their mark. Sergio Magaña's successful play "Los Signos del Zodiaco" and several good short stories give promise that the novel he is working on will be worth serious attention. Fernando Benítez's able semi-fictional treatment of several subjects promises that his coming novel will set a high standard. José Revueltas, the talented young writer of a talented family which has produced an outstanding composer and a sister who is a fine actress, demonstrated in "Días Terrenales" (Earthly Days), which had a "deviational" theme and led to his being temporarily shoved off the Communist party train, that he can write honestly and well. Perhaps he will do it again.

No—Mexico has no more reason to be discouraged about the state of its letters and the men who compose them than does any country in the world today. In fact, one could make a good case for the prophecy that the country may be on the edge of an important and fruitful period for literary production.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEXICO *the joy of living*

fishing
skiing
swimming
bullfights
cockfights
jai-alai
horse racing
hunting
serenades
delicious cuisine
the best hotels
night clubs, etc.
everything to please the most discriminating taste.

In Mexico you can enjoy complete relaxation... so come to the place where you can enjoy more comfort . . . and at so little cost. In Mexico you have 365 days of sunshine skiing, swimming, fishing, bullfights, jai-alai, cockfights... all the sports and pleasures that you ever dreamed, of. Only a few hours by plane, a few days by automobile or train from home.

And while in Mexico a long-distance call will put you in contact with your home or business in a few minutes.

Your money in Mexico goes futher and you can stay longer. Plan your trip to Mexico today... relax with the JOY OF LIVING.

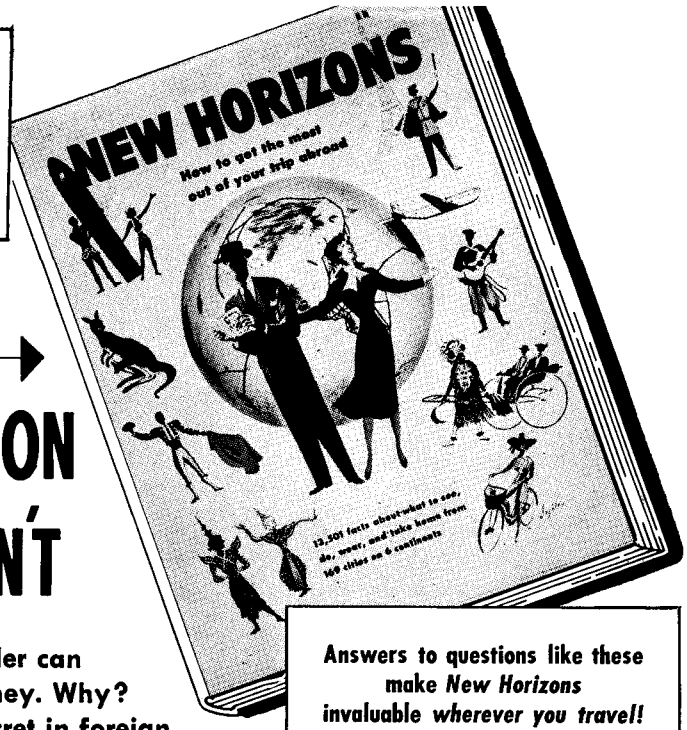
DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Av. Juárez No. 89 México, D. F.

Your travel agent will tell you!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES A. MICHENER
Well-known author of "*Tales of the South Pacific*," says, "A take-along 'must' for everyone travelling abroad."

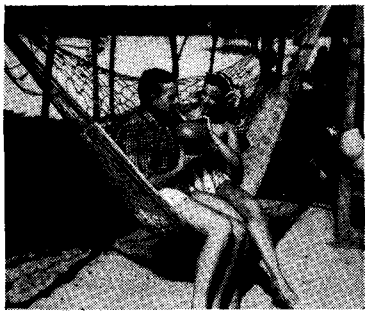
LOWELL THOMAS
"Surely few more useful books on how to travel have ever been published . . . wish I had thought of writing it myself!"


NEW HORIZONS
How to get the most out of your trip abroad
13,501 facts about what to see, do, wear, and take home from 149 cities on 6 continents

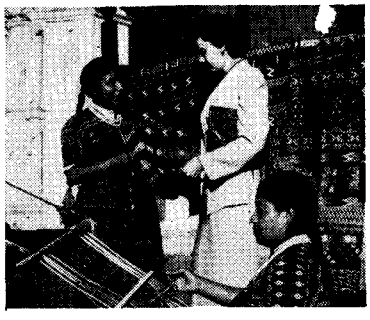
This book tells you

HOW TO TAKE THAT VACATION YOU THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T AFFORD

The experienced traveler can travel for half the money. Why? Because the whole secret in foreign travel is to know in advance what conditions you will meet when you get there!



"At Acapulco, Mexico," says *New Horizons*, "hotels are numerous, super deluxe to modest." You'll enjoy life also at *Pie de la Cuesta Beach* (above), just up the coast. A rum coconut makes a wonderful "sundowner."



Antigua, Guatemala, has many charming villages nearby, where you can buy beautiful hand-woven goods in striking native colors, and at a bargain! Scene above is in picturesque San Antonio. *New Horizons* suggests many side trips like this.

● With *New Horizons* as your guide, you know *exactly* the right clothes to take. Right off you save money . . . no need to buy extra clothes abroad to suit the climate! You know how to have fun . . . how to see and buy the worth-while things that make all the difference between a *good* vacation and a *poor* one!

Over 50,000 copies already sold for $1 each!

Only a world airways system serving 83 lands on all 6 continents could possibly have produced this book! 196 pages packed with 13,501 up-to-date facts, hundreds of photographs, plus especially drawn maps. Yes, only Pan American's world-wide system could do such a comprehensive on-the-spot job . . . and offer such a book for only one dollar!

Examine this fabulous book at Absolutely No Risk!

So confident is Pan American that you will agree *New Horizons* is more useful than any travel book you have ever read, we will cheerfully refund your dollar, plus return postage, if you decide it isn't everything we promise! But you're sure to get your money's worth! A leading publisher wanted to bring out *New Horizons* for $3.95 . . . yet Pan American offers it to you for *only* $1, postpaid. Tear out coupon and mail today. You'll be glad you did!

Answers to questions like these make *New Horizons* invaluable *wherever you travel!*

- What should you wear in Mexico City? See page 105, What to Wear.
- When is the dry season in Guatemala? See page 106, Climate.
- Can you get along with just English in Mexico and Guatemala? See pages 103 and 106, Language.
- Would you order mole de guajalote—and like it—in Mexico? See page 103, Food.
- Where in Guatemala can you find the best bargains, in shops or in the open market place? See page 107, Shops and Stores.
- What companies offer package tours to outlying points of interest in Guatemala? See page 107, Sightseeing.
- Where is the silver center of Mexico? See page 104, Sightseeing.
- What sort of wild game is available in Yucatan, Mexico? See page 104, Sightseeing.

* * * *

- Does perfume really cost less in France? See page 20, What to Buy.
- How do you arrange to see a gold mine in Johannesburg? See page 181, Sightseeing.
- When can you see special Hawaiian holiday celebrations? See page 143, Calendar of Holidays.

PAN AMERICAN
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

THIS COUPON PLUS ONE DOLLAR MAY SAVE YOU HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS ABROAD!

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS, Dept. NH-Q, P. O. Box 1111, New York 17, N.Y.

I enclose $1 for my postpaid copy of NEW HORIZONS. If I don't agree this is the most useful travel book I have ever read, I will return the book and you will refund my dollar, plus return postage. (Please make checks payable to Pan American World Airways, Inc.)

Name_____
Please Print

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED